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THE
WORKS
OF
BEN. JONSON.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

CONTAINING

The DEVIL IS AN ASS.		The MAGNETIC LADY,
The STAPLE OF NEWS.		OF HUMOURS RE-
The NEW INN, OR		CONCILED,
the LIGHT HEART.		

L O N D O N :

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and P. DAVEY and B. LAW.

MDCCLVI.

THE
WORKS

OF

FRANCIS JONSON

VOLUME THE FOURTH



THE
DEVIL
IS AN
ASS.
A
COMEDY.

Acted in the Year 1616.

By the KING'S MAJESTY'S Servants.

Filæ voluptatis causâ, sint proxima veris.

Hor. de Art. Poet.

VOL. IV.

A

DEVELOP

22

COMMEDY



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confi
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THE
PROLOGUE.

THE Devil is an Afs: that is, to-day,
 The name of what you are met for, a new play.
 Yet, grandees, would you were not come to grace
 Our matter, with allowing us no place.
 Though you presume Satan, a subtle thing,
 And may have heard he's worn in a thumb ring;
 Do not on these presumptions, force us act
 In compass of a cheese trencher. This tract
 Will ne'er admit our Vice, because of yours.
 Anon, who worse than you, the fault endures
 That yourselves make? when you will thrust and
 [spurn,
 And knock us o' the elbows; and bid, turn;
 As if, when we had spoke, we must be gone,
 Or, till we speak, must all run in, to one,
 Like the young adders, at the old ones mouth?
 Would we could stand due north, or had no south,
 If that offend; or were Muscovy glass,
 That you might look our scenes thro' as they pass.
 We know not how to affect you. If you'll come
 To see new plays, pray you afford us room,
 And shew this but the same face you have done.
 Your dear delight, *The devil of Edmonton*.
 Or, if for want of room it must miscarry,
 'Twill be but justice that your censure tarry,
 Till you give some. And when six times you
 [ha' seen't,
 If this play do not like, the devil is in't."

¹ And show this but the SAME FACE you have done

Your dear delight, THE DEVIL OF EDMONTON.] The same fact, that is, the same countenance and encouragement: a critic, not considering the licentious conciseness of our author's style, would alter it to fate, i. e. fortune or success; but the present reading is the true one. The devil of Edmonton, was a play, in high esteem at that time with the populace.

Dramatis Personæ.

SATAN, the great devil.
PUG, the less devil.
INIQUITY, the vice.
FITZ-DOTTREL, a squire of Norfolk.
Mistress FRANCES, his wife.
MEER-CRAFT, the projector.
EVERILL, his champion.
WITTIPOL, a young gallant.
MANLY, his friend.
ENGINE, a broker.
TRAINES, the projector's man.
GILT-HEAD, a gold-smith.
PLUTARCHUS, his son.
Sir POULE EITHER-SIDE, a lawyer, and justice.
Lady EITHER-SIDE, his wife.
Lady TAILE-BUSH, the lady projectress.
PIT-FALL, her woman.
AMBLER, her gentleman usher.
SLEDGE, a smith, the constable.
SHACKLES, keeper of Newgate.
SERJEANTS.

SCENE, LONDON.

The

The Devil is an Ass.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Satan, Pug, Iniquity.

Sat. **H**OH, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, &c.
To earth? and why to earth, thou foolish spirit?

What wouldst thou do on earth?

Pug. For that, great chief!

As time shall work. I do but aske my month,
Which every petty puny devil has;
Within that term the court of hell will hear
Something may gain a longer grant, perhaps.

Sat. For what? the laming a poor cow or two?
Entring a sow, to make her cast her farrow?

Or crossing of a market-woman's mare

'Twixt this and Totnam? These were wont to be
Your main atchievements, Pug: you have some plot
Upon a tonning of ale, to stale the yest, [now,
Or keep the churn so, that the butter come not,
'Spite o' the housewife's cord, or her hot spit?
' Or some good ribibe, about Kentish town,

¹ Or some good ribibe. Bawd, or mistress of a brothel.

" This Sompnour, wayting evir on his pray,

" Rode to summon an old wife, a ribibe."

CHANCER, *Frere's tale*, p. 113.

A 3

Or

Or Hogſden, you would hang now for a witch,
 Becauſe ſhe will not let you play round Robin;
 And you'll go ſour the citizens cream 'gainſt Sunday,
 That ſhe may be accus'd for't, and condemn'd,
 By a Middleſex jury, to the ſatisfaction
 Of their offended friends, the Londoners wives,
 Whoſe teeth were ſet on edge with't? Fooliſh fiend,
 Stay i' your place, know your own ſtrength, and put not
 Beyond the ſphere of your activity.

You are too dull a devil to be truſted
 Forth in thoſe parts, Pug, upon any affair
 That may concern our name on earth. It is not
 Every one's work. The ſtate of hell muſt care
 Whom it employs, in point of reputation,
 Here about London. You would make, I think,
 An agent to be ſent for Lancaſhire,
 Proper enough; or ſome parts of Northumberland,
 So you had good inſtructions, Pug.

Pug. O chief!

You do not know, dear chief, what there is in me.
 Prove me but for a fortnight, for a week,
 And lend me but a vice, to carry with me,
 To praſtiſe there with any play-fellow,
 And you will ſee, there will come more upon't,
 Than you'll imagine, precious chief.

Sat. What vice?

What kind wouldſt th' have it of?

Pug. Why any: Fraud,
 Or Covetouſneſs, or lady Vanity,
 Or old Iniquity.

Sat. I'll call him hither².

Iniq.

² *Pug.* Why any Fraud,
 Or Covetouſneſs, or lady Vanity,
 Or old Iniquity: I'll call him hither.] The paſſage is wrong
 pointed, and the ſpeeches ſeem improperly divided: it ſhould be
 read thus:

" Why any: Fraud,
 " Or Covetouſneſs, &c."

Theſe

The Devil is an Ass.

7

Iniq. What is he calls upon me, and would seem to
[lack a vice?

E're his words be half spoken, I am with him in a trice;
Here, there, and every where, as the cat is with the
[mice:

True *vetus Iniquitas*. Lack'st thou cards, friend, or dice?
I will teach thee to cheat, child, to cog, lie and swagger,
And ever and anon to be drawing forth thy dagger:
To swear by Gogs-nowns, like a lusty Juventus,
In a cloak to thy heel, and a hat like a penthouse.
Thy breeches of three fingers, and thy doublet all belly,
With a wench that shall feed thee with cock-stones and
[gelly.

Pug. Is it not excellent, chief? how nimble he is!

Iniq. Child of hell, this is nothing! I will fetch thee
[a leap

From the top of Paul's steeple to the standard in Cheap:
And lead thee a dance thro' the streets, without fail,
Like a needle of Spain, with a thread at my tail.
We will survey the suburbs, and make forth our sallies,
Down Petticoat-lane and up the Smock-allies,
To Shoreditch, White-chappel, and so to St. Kathern's,
'To drink with the Dutch there, and take forth their
[patterns:

From thence, we will put in at Custom-house key there,
And see how the factors and prentices play there
False with their masters, and geld many a full pack,
To spend it in pies, at the Dagger and the Wool-sack.

Pug. Brave, brave, Iniquity! will not this do, chief?

Iniq. Nay, boy, I will bring thee to the bawds, and
[the roysters,

At Billingsgate, feasting with claret-wine and oysters;
From thence shoot the Bridge, child, to the cranes i'
[the Vintry,

These vices were all personized, and usually made their appearance
in the old plays.

"I'll call him hither."

This should probably be given to the master devil, Satan.

And see there the gimblets, how they make their entry
 Or if thou hadst rather to the Strand down to fall,
 'Gainst the lawyers come dabbled from Westminster-hall,
 And mark how they cling, with their clients together,
 Like ivy to oak, so velvet to leather:
 Ha, boy, I would shew thee.

Pug. Rare, rare!

Sat. Peace, dotard,

And thou more ignorant thing, that so admir'st;
 Art thou the spirit thou seem'st? so poor? to chuse
 This for a vice, t' advance the cause of hell,
 Now, as vice stands this present year? Remember
 What number it is, six hundred and sixteen.
 Had it but been five hundred, though some sixty
 Above; that's fifty years ago, and six,
 (When every great man had his vice stand by him,
 In his long coat, shaking his wooden dagger)
 I could consent, that then this your grave choice
 Might have done that, with his lord chief, the which
 Most of his chamber can do now. But Pug,
 As the times are, who is it will receive you?
 What company will you go to? or whom mix with?
 Where canst thou carry him, except to taverns?
 To mount upon a joint-stool, with a Jew's trump,
 To put down Cokely, and that must be to citizens?
 He ne'er will be admitted there, where Vennor comes.
 He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
 Skip with a rime o' the table, from New-nothing,
 And take his Almain-leap into a custard¹,
 Shall make my lady Mayorefs, and her sisters,
 Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders. But
 This is not that will do, they are other things
 That are receiv'd now upon earth, for vices;
 Stranger and newer: and chang'd every hour.

¹ *And take his ALMAIN leap into a custard.* In the earlier days, when the City kept a fool, it was customary for him at public entertainments, to leap into a large bowl of custard set on purpose: there is an allusion to this piece of mirth in Shakespear,

They

They ride 'em like their horses off their legs,
And here they come to hell, whole legions of 'em,
Every week tir'd. We still strive to breed,
And rear 'em up new ones; but they do not stand,
When they come there they turn 'em on our hands.
And it is fear'd they have a stud o' their own
Will put down ours. Both our breed and trade
Will suddenly decay, if we prevent not.
Unless it be a vice of quality,
Or fashion now, they take none from us. Car-men *
Are got into the yellow starch, and chimney-sweepers
To their tobacco and strong waters, Hum,
Meath and Obarni. We must therefore aim
At extraordinary subt'e ones now,
When we do send to keep us up in credit:
Not old iniquities. Get you e'en back, sir,
To making of your rope of sand again.
You are not for the manners, nor the times;
They have their vices there, most like to virtues;
You cannot know 'em apart by any difference:
They wear the same clothes, eat the same meat,
Sleep i' the self-same beds, ride i' those coaches,
Or very like, four horses in a coach,
As the best men and women. Tissue gowns,
Garters and roles, fourscore pound a pair,
Embroid'r'd stockings, cut-work smocks and shirts,
More certain marks of lechery now and pride,
Than e'er they were of true nobility!
But, Pug, since you do burn with such desire

* ----- *Car-men*

Are got into the YELLOW STARCH.] The ridiculous fashion, affected both by the great and small vulgar, of having their ruffs and linen stiffened with a kind of *yellow starch*, was an object of satire to the wits of Jonson's age. It was first brought into vogue by Mrs. Turner, one of the persons employed by the countess of Essex in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury; and as she was soon after executed for her dealings in that affair, with a yellow starch'd ruff about her neck, the mode became universally disused.

To

To do the commonwealth of hell some service ;
 I am content, assuming of a body,
 You go to earth, and visit men a day.
 But you must take a body ready made, Pug ;
 I can create you none : nor shall you form
 Your self an airy one, but become subject
 To all impression of the flesh you take,
 So far as human frailty. So, this morning,
 There is a handsome cut-purse hang'd at Tyburn,
 Whose spirit departed, you may enter his body :
 For clothes, employ your credit with the hang-man,
 Or let our tribe of brokers furnish you.
 And look how far your subtilty can work
 Thorough those organs, with that body, spy
 Amongst mankind (you cannot there want vices,
 And therefore the less need to carry 'em wi' you)
 But as you make your soon at night's relation,
 And we shall find it merits from the state,
 You shall have both trust from us, and employment
Pug. Most gracious chief !

Sat. Only thus more I bind you,
 To serve the first man that you meet, and him
 I'll shew you now : observe him. Yon' is he,
 [He shews Fitz-dottrel to him, coming forth]
 You shall see first after your clothing. Follow him :
 But once engag'd, there you must stay and fix ;
 Not shift, until the midnight's cock do crow.

Pug. Any conditions to be gone.

Sat. Away then.

S C E N E II.

Fitz-dottrel.

Ay, they do now name Bretnor, as before
 They talk'd of Gresham, and of doctor Foreman,
 Franklin, and Fiske, and Savory (he was in too ;)
 But there's not one of these that ever could

Yet shew a man the devil in true fort.

They have their crystals, I do know, and rings,
And virgin-parchment, and their dead mens skulls,
Their rayens wings, their lights, and pentacles,
With characters; I ha' seen all these. But——

Would I might see the devil. I would give
A hundred o' these pictures to see him
Once out of picture. May I prove a cuckold
(And that's the one main mortal thing I fear)

If I begin not now to think, the painters
Have only made him. 'Slight, he would be seen
One time or other else. He would not let

An ancient gentleman, of as good house
As most are now in England, the Fitz-dottrels,
Run wild, and call upon him thus in vain,

As I ha' done this twelvemonth. If he be not
At all, why are there conjurers? if they be not,
Why are there laws against 'em? The best artists
Of Cambridge, Oxford, Middlesex and London,
Essex and Kent, I have had in pay to raise him,
These fifty weeks, and yet h' appears not. 'Sdeath,
I shall suspect they can make circles only

Shortly, and know but his hard names. They do say,
H' will meet a man (of himself) that has a mind to him.
If he would so, I have a mind and a half for him:
He should not be long absent. Pray thee come,
I long for thee. An' I were with child by him,
And my wife too, I could not more. Come yet,

[He expresth a longing to see the devil.]

Good Beelzebub. Were he a kind devil,
And had humanity in him, he would come, but
To save one's longing. I should use him well,
I swear, and with respect, (would he would try me)
Not as the conjurers do, when they ha' rais'd him,
Get him in bonds, and send him post on errands
A thousand miles: it is preposterous, that:
And, I believe, is the true cause he comes not.
And he has reason. Who would be engag'd,

That

That might live freely, as he may do? I swear,
 They are wrong all. The burnt child dreads the fi.
 They do not know to entertain the devil.
 I would so welcome him, observe his diet,
 Get him his chamber hung with Arras, two of 'em,
 I' my own house, lend him my wife's wrought pillows:
 And as I am an honest man, I think,
 If he had a mind to her too, I should grant him,
 To make our friendship perfect. So I would not
 To every man. If he but hear me now?
 And should come to me in a brave young shape,
 And take me at my word? Ha! who is this?

S C E N E III.

Pug, Fitz-dottrel.

Pug. Sir, your good pardon, that I thus presume
 Upon your privacy. I am born a gentleman,
 A younger brother, but in some disgrace
 Now with my friends; and want some little means
 To keep me upright, while things be reconcil'd.
 Please you to let my service be of use to you, sir.

Fitz. Service? 'fore hell, my heart was at my mouth,
 'Till I had view'd his shoes well: for those roses
 Were big enough to hide a cloven foot.

[He looks and surveys his feet over and over.]

No, friend, my number's full. I have one servant
 Who is my all indeed; and from the broom
 Unto the brush: for just so far I trust him.
 † He is my wardrobe-man, m' acater, cook,
 Butler and steward; looks unto my horse;
 And helps to watch my wife. He has all the places

† *He is my wardrobe-man, my cATER, cook.* In the language of
 the present age, we should say, my *caterer*; but in the poet's time,
 the usual word was *acater*, a purveyor or clerk of the kitchen. So
 in the *Sad Shepherd*:

———Go let 'em in to Much

The acater.———

And on this authority I have given the present text. So what we
 now call *cater*, was likewise then called *acater*.

That

That I can think on, from the garret downward,
E'en to the manger, and the curry-comb. -

Pug. Sir, I shall put your worship to no charge,
More than my meat, and that but very little ;
I'll serve you for your love.

Fit. Ha ! without wages ?
I'd hearken o' that ear, were I at leisure.
But now I'm busy. 'Prithee, friend, forbear me,
An' thou hadst been a devil, I should say
Somewhat more to thee. Thou dost hinder now
My meditations.

Pug. Sir, I am a devil.

Fit. How !

Pug. A true devil, sir.

Fit. Nay, now you lie.

Under your favour, friend, for I'll not quarrel.
I look'd o' your feet afore, you cannot cozen me,
Your shoe's not cloven, sir, you are whole hoof'd.

[He views his feet again.]

Pug. Sir, that's a popular error, deceives many :
But I am that I tell you.

Fit. What's your name ?

Pug. My name is Devil, sir.

Fit. Say'st thou true ?

Pug. Indeed, sir.

Fit. 'Slid, there's some omen i' this ! what country-

Pug. Of Derbyshire, sir, about the Peak. *[man ?]*

Fit. That hole

Belong'd to your ancestors ?

Pug. Yes, Devil's arse, sir.

Fit. I'll entertain him for the name sake. Ha ?

And turn away my t'other man ? and save
Four pound a year by that ? there's luck and thrift too !
The very Devil may come hereafter as well.
Friend, I receive you : but (withal) I acquaint you
Aforehand, if you offend me, I must beat you.
It is a kind of exercise I use ;
And cannot be without.

Pug.

Pug. Yes, if I do not
Offend, you can, sure.

Fit. Faith, Devil, very hardly :
I'll call you by your surname, 'cause I love it.

S C E N E IV.

Engine, Wittipol, Manly, Fitz-dottrel, Pug.

Eng. Yonder he walks, sir, I'll go lift him for you.

Wit. To him, good Engine, raise him up by degrees,
Gently, and hold him there too, you can do it.
Shew yourself now a mathematical broker.

Eng. I'll warrant you for half a piece.

Wit. 'Tis done, sir.

Man. Is't possible there should be such a man !

Wit. You shall be your own witness, I'll not labour
To tempt you past your faith.

Man. And is his wife
So very handsome, say you ?

Wit. I ha' not seen her
Since I came home from travel : and they say,
She is not alter'd. Then, before I went,
I saw her once ; but so, as she hath stuck
Still i' my view, no object hath remov'd her.

Man. 'Tis a fair guest, friend, beauty : and once
[lodg'd

Deep in the eyes, she hardly leaves the inn,
How does he keep her ?

Wit. Very brave. However
Himself be sordid, he is sensual that way,
In every dressing, he does study her.

Man. And furnish forth himself so from the broker ?

Wit. Yes, that's a hir'd suit he now has on,
To see the Devil is an Ass, to-day, in.
(This Engine gets three or four pound a week by him)
He dares not miss a new play or a feast,
What rate soever clothes be at, and thinks

Him

Himself still new, in other mens old.

Man. But stay,
Does he love meat so?

Wit. Faith, he does not hate it.
But that's not it. His belly and his palate
Would be compounded with for reason. Marry,
A wit he has, of that strange credit with him,
'Gainst all mankind; as it doth make him do
Just what it list: it ravishes him forth
Whither it please, to any assembly or place,
And would conclude him ruin'd, should he 'scape
One publick meeting, out of the belief
He has of his own great and catholick strengths,
In arguing and discourse. It takes, I see:
H' has got the cloke upon him.

[*Engine bath won*

Fit. A fair garment.
By my faith, Engine!

Fitz-dottrel to
'say on the cloke.

Eng. It was never made, sir,
For threescore pound, I assure you: 'twill yield thirty.
The plush, sir, cost three pound ten shillings a yard!
And then the lace and velvet.

Fit. I shall, Engine,
Be look'd at, prettily, in it! art thou sure
The play is play'd to-day?

Eng. O here's the bill, sir.
I had forgot to gi't you.

[*He gives him*
the play-bill.

Fit. Ha? the devil!
I will not lose you, sirrah! But, Engine, think you
The gallant is so furious in his folly,
So mad upon the matter, that he'll part
With's cloke upon these terms?

Eng. Trust not your Engine,
Break me to pieces else, as you would do
A rotten crane, or an old rusty jack,

That

** Break me to pieces else, as you would do
A rotten crane, or an old rusty jack.] Engine in this simili-
tude alludes to his own name; but a rotten crane has no kind of re-
ference*

That has not one true wheel in him. Do but talk with

Fit. I shall do that, to satisfie you, Engine,
And my self too. With your leave, gentlemen.

[He turns to Wittipol]

Which of you is it, is so meer idolater
To my wife's beauty, and so very prodigal
Unto my patience, that, for the short parley
Of one swift hour's quarter, with my wife,
He will depart with (let me see) this cloak here,
The price of folly? sir, are you the man?

Wit. I am that vent'rer, sir.

Fit. Good time! your name
Is Wittipol?

Wit. The same, sir.

Fit. And 'tis told me,
Yo' have travel'd lately?

Wit. That I have, sir.

Fit. Truly,
Your travels may have alter'd your complexion;
But sure your wit stood still.

Wit. It may well be, sir.
All heads ha' not like growth.

Fit. The good man's gravity,
That left you land, your father, never taught you
These pleasant matches?

Wit. No, nor can his mirth,
With whom I make 'em put me off.

Fit. You are
Resolv'd then?

Wit. Yes, sir.

Fit. Beauty is the saint,
You'll sacrifice your self into the shirt to?

Wit. So I may still clothe and keep warm your will

Fit. You lade me, sir! *[dom]*

ference to any engine or machine whatever. I have given the pre-
per word in the text, which is authorized by the folio of 1640.

Wit.

Wit. I know what you will bear, sir.

Fit. Well, to the point. 'Tis only, sir, you say,
To speak unto my wife?

Wit. Only to speak to her.

Fit. And in my presence?

Wit. In your very presence.

Fit. And in my hearing?

Wit. In your hearing: so
You interrupt us not.

Fit. For the short space
You do demand, the fourth part of an hour,
I think I shall, with some convenient study,
And this good help to boot, bring my self to't.

[He shrugs himself up in the cloke.]

Wit. I ask no more.

Fit. Please you, walk to'ard my house,
Speak what you list; that time is yours: my right
I have departed with. But not beyond
A minute, or a second, look for. Length,
And drawing out may advance much to these matches.
And I except all kissing. Kisses are
Silent petitions still with willing lovers.

Wit. Lovers? how falls that o' your phant'sie?

Fit. Sir,
I do know somewhat, I forbid all lip-work.

Wit. I am not eager at forbidden dainties.
Who covets unfit things, denies himself.

Fit. You say well, sir. 'Twas prettily said, that same.
He does indeed. I'll have no touches therefore,
Nor takings by the arms, nor tender circles
Cast 'bout the waste, but all be done at distance.
Love is brought up with those soft migniard handlings:
His pulse lies in his palm; and I defend
All melting joints and fingers, (that's my bargain)
I do defend 'em any thing like action.

But talk, sir, what you will. Use all the tropes

And schemes, that prince Quintilian can afford you :
And much good do your rhetorick's heart. You are
Engine, God b' w' you. [welcome, fir.

Wit. Sir, I must condition
To have this gentleman by, a witness.

Fit. Well,
I am content, so he be silent.

Man. Yes, fir.

Fit. Come, Devil, I'll make you room straight. But
I'll shew you

First, to your mistress, who's no common one,
You must conceive, that brings this gain to see her.
I hope thou'st brought me good luck.

Pug. I shall do't, fir.

S C E N E V.

Wittipol, Manly.

Wit. Engine, you hope o' your half piece? 'tis there,
[fir.

Be gone. Friend Manly, who's within here? fixed?
[*Wittipol knocks his friend o' the breast.*

Man. I am directly in a fit of wonder
What'll be the issue of this conference!

Wit. For that ne'er vex yourself, 'till the event.
How like yo' him?

Man. I would fain see more of him.

Wit. What think you of this?

Man. I am past degrees of thinking.
Old Africk, and the new America,
With all their fruit of monsters, cannot shew
So just a prodigy.

Wit. Could you have believ'd,
Without your sight, a mind so sordid inward,
Should be so specious, and laid forth abroad,
To all the shew that ever shop or ware was?

Man.

Man. I believe any thing now, though I confess
His vices are the most extremities
I ever knew in nature. But why loves he
The devil so?

Wit. O, sir! for hidden treasure,
He hopes to find; and has propos'd himself
So infinite a mass, as to recover,
He cares not what he parts with, of the present;
To his men of art, who are the race may coin him.
Promise gold mountains, and the covetous
Are still most prodigal.

Man. But ha' you faith,
That he will hold his bargain?

Wit. O dear sir!
He will not off. on't. Fear him not. I know him.
One baseness still accompanies another.
See! he is here already, and his wife too.

Man. A wondrous handsome creature, as I live!

S C E N E VI.

Fitz-dottrel, Mistress Fitz-dottrel, Wittipol, Manly.

Fit. Come wife, this is the gentleman. Nay, blush
[not.

Mrs. Fit. Why, what do you mean, sir? ha' you

Fit. Wife, [your reason?

I do not know that I have lent it forth
To any one; at least, without a pawn, wife:
Or that I have eat or drunk the thing, of late,
That should corrupt it. Wherefore, gentle wife,
Obey, it is thy virtue; hold no acts
Of disputation.

Mrs. Fit. Are you not enough
The talk of feasts and meetings, but you'll still
Make argument for flesh?

Fit. Why, careful wedlock,

If I've a longing to have one tale more
Go of me, what is that to thee, dear heart ?
Why shouldst thou envy my delight, or cross it,
By being solicitous, when it not concerns thee ?

Mrs. Fit. Yes, I have share in this. The scorn will
As bitterly on me, where both are laught at. [fall

Fit. Laught at, sweet bird ? is that the scruple ?
[come, come,

Thou art a *Niaise* *. Which of your great houses,
(I will not mean at home here, but abroad)
Your families in France, wife, send not forth
Something within the seven year, may be laught at ?
I do not say, seven months, nor seven weeks,
Nor seven days, nor hours ; but seven year, wife.
I give 'em time. Once within seven year,
I think they may do something may be laught at.
In France, I keep me there still. Wherefore, wife,
Let them that list laugh still, rather than weep
For me. Here is a cloke cost fifty pound, wife,
Which I can sell for thirty, when I ha' seen
All London in't, and London has seen me.
To-day I go to the Black-friers play-house,
Sit i' the view, salute all my acquaintance,
Rise up between the acts, let fall my cloke,
Publish a handsome man, and a rich suit,
(As that's a special end, why we go thither,
All that pretend to stand for't o' the stage)
The ladies ask, who's that ? (for they do come
To see us, love, as we do to see them)
Now I shall lose all this, for the false fear
Of being laught at ? Yes, wusse. Let 'em laugh, wife
Let me have such another cloke to-morrow,
And let 'em laugh again, wife, and again,
And then grow fat with laughing, and then fatter :
All my young gallants, let 'em bring their friends too
Shall I forbid 'em ? No, let heaven forbid 'em :

* A *Niaise* is a young hawk ta'en crying out of the nest.

Or wit, if 't have any charge on 'em. Come, thy ear,
[wife,

Is all I'll borrow of thee. Set your watch, fir;
Thou only art to hear, not speak a word, dove,
To ought he says. That I do gi' you in precept,
No less than counsel, on your wive-hood, wife,
Not tho' he flatter you, or make court, or love,
(As you must look for these) or say he rail;
Whate'er his arts be, wife, I will have thee
Delude 'em with a trick, thy obstinate silence.

I know advantages; and I love to hit
These pragmatic young men at their own weapons.
Is your watch ready? Here my sail bears for you:
Tack toward him, sweet pinnace; where's your watch?

[*He disposes his wife to his place, and sets his watch.*

Wit. I'll set it, fir, with yours.

Mrs. Fit. I must obey.

Man. Her modesty seems to suffer with her beauty,
And so, as if his folly were away,
It were worth pity.

Fit. Now they are right; begin, fir⁴.

But first, let me repeat the contract briefly.

[*He repeats his contract again.*

I am, fir, to enjoy this cloke I stand in,
Freely, and as your gift; upon condition
You may as freely speak here to my spouse,
Your quarter of an hour, always keeping
The measur'd distance of your yard, or more,
From my said spouse; and in my sight and hearing.
This is your covenant?

Wit. Yes, but you'll allow
For this time spent now?

Fit. Set 'em so much back.

Wit. I think I shall not need it.

⁴ Now TH' ART right, begin, fir.] It should be,
"Now they are right—" i. e. the watches.

Fit. Well, begin, fir,
There is your bound, fir, not beyond that rush.

Wit. If you interrupt me, fir, I shall discloke you.
[*Wittipol begins.*]

The time I have purchas'd, lady, is but short ;
And therefore, if I employ it thriftily,
I hope I stand the nearer to my pardon.
I am not here to tell you, you are fair,
Or lovely, or how well you dress you, lady ;
I'll save myself that eloquence of your glass,
Which can speak these things better to you than I.
And 'tis a knowledge wherein fools may be
As wise as a court-parliament. Nor came I
With any prejudice or doubt, that you
Should, to the notice of your own worth, need
Least revelation. She's a simple woman,
Knows not her good : (whoever knows her ill)
And at all caracts. That you are the wife
To so much blasted flesh, as scarce hath soul,
Instead of salt to keep it sweet^s ; I think,
Will ask no witnesses to prove. The cold
Sheets that you lie in, with the watching candle,
That sees, how dull to any thaw of beauty,
Pieces and quarters, half and whole nights sometimes,
The devil given Elfin squire, your husband,
Doth leave you, quitting here his proper circle,
For a much worse, i' the walks of Lincoln's-inn,
Under the elms, t'expect the fiend in vain there,
Will confess for you.

Fit. I did look for this jeer.

Wit. And what a daughter of darkness he does make
Lock'd up from all society, or object ; [you,
Your eye not let to look upon a face,
Under a conjurer's (or some mould for one,

^s ————— *As scarce hath sou',*

*Instead of salt, to keep it sweet.] See Bartholomew fair, act 4.
note 5.*

Hol-

Hollow and lean like his) but by great means,
As I now make ; your own too sensible sufferings,
Without the extraordinary aids
Of spells, or spirits, may assure you, lady.
For my part, I protest 'gainst all such practice,
I work by no false arts, medicines, or charms,
To be said forward and backward.

Fit. No, I except.

Wit. Sir, I shall ease you. [*He offers to discloke him.*]

Fit. Mum.

Wit. Nor have I ends, lady,
Upon you, more than this ; to tell you how Love,
Beauty's good angel, he that waits upon her
At all occasions, and no less than Fortune,
Helps the advent'rous, in me makes that proffer,
Which never fair one was so fond to lose,
Who could but reach a hand forth to her freedom.
On the first sight I lov'd you, since which time,
Tho' I have travell'd, I have been in travail
More for this second blessing of your eyes,
Which now I've purchas'd, than for all aims else.
Think of it, lady, be your mind as active
As is your beauty : view your object well,
Examine both my fashion and my years ;
Things that are like, are soon familiar :
And nature joys still in equality.
Let not the sign o' the husband fright you, lady ;
But e're your spring be gone, enjoy it. Flowers,
Tho' fair, are oft but of one morning. Think,
All beauty doth not last until the autumn.
⁶ You grow old while I tell you this. And such
As cannot use the present, are not wise.
If Love and Fortune will take care of us,

⁶ You grow old while I tell you this. } Time flies on so swiftly.
Fugit hora : hoc quod loquor, inde est. Pars. sat. 5.

Why should our will be wanting? This is all.

What do you answer, lady? [*She stands mute.*]

Fit. Now the sport comes.

Let him still wait, wait, wait; while the watch goes,
And the time runs, wife!

Wit. How! not any word?

Nay, then I taste a trick in't. Worthy lady,
I cannot be so false to mine own thoughts
Of your presumed goodness, to conceive
This, as your rudeness, which I see's impos'd.
Yet, since your cautelous jaylor here stands by you,
And you're denied the liberty o' the house,
Let me take warrant, lady, from your silence,
(Which ever is interpreted consent)
To make your answer for you; which shall be
To as good purpose as I can imagine,
And what I think you'd speak.

Fit. No, no, no, no.

Wit. I shall resume, sir.

Man. Sir, what do you mean?

[*He sets Mr. Manly, his friend, in her place.*]

Wit. One interruption more, sir, and you go
Into your hose and doublet, nothing saves you.
And therefore hearken. This is for your wife.

Man. You must play fair, sir.

Wit. Stand for me, good friend. [*And speaks for her.*]
'Troth, sir, 'tis more than true that you have utter'd
Of my unequal and so sordid match here,
With all the circumstances of my bondage.
I have a husband, and a two legg'd one,
But such a moonling, as no wit of man,
Or roses can redeem from being an ass?

He's

' ————— As no wit of man,

[*Or roses can redeem from being an ass.*] Here is an allusion to
the metamorphosis of Lucian into an ass; who being brought into
the theatre to shew tricks, recovered his human shape, by eating
some

He's grown too much the story of mens mouths,
T'escape his lading : should I make't my study,
And lay all ways, yea, call mankind to help
To take his burden off ; why, this one act
Of his, to let his wife out to be courted,
And at a price, proclaims his asinine nature
So loud, as I am weary of my title to him.
But, sir, you seem a gentleman of virtue,
No less than blood ; and one that every way
Looks as he were of too good quality,
To intrap a credulous woman, or betray her :
Since you have paid thus dear, sir, for a visit,
And made such venture on your wit and charge
Merely to see me, or at most, to speak to me,
I were too stupid, or (what's worse) ingrate
Not to return your venture. Think but how
I may with safety do it, I shall trust
My love and honour to you, and presume
You'll ever husband both, against this husband ;
Who, if we chance to change his liberal ears
To other ensigns, and with labour make
A new beast of him, as he shall deserve,
Cannot complain he is unkindly dealt with.
This day he is to go to a new play, sir,
From whence no fear, no, nor authority,
Scarcely the king's command, sir, will restrain him,
Now you have fitted him with a stage-garment,
* For the mere name's sake, were there nothing else ;
And many more such journeys he will make.
Which, if they now, or any time hereafter,
Offer us opportunity, you hear, sir,
Who'll be as glad and forward to embrace,

some *refes* which he found there. See the conclusion of the treatise,
Lucius, sine Asinus. I am afraid that many of the audience, in our
author's days, were not apprised of these allusions.

* For the mere name's sake. } i. e. the name of the play.

Meet,

Meet, and enjoy it chearfully, as you.
I humbly thank you, lady.

[He shifts to his own place again.]

Fit. Keep your ground, sir.

Wit. Will you be lighten'd?

Fit. Mum.

Wit. And but I am,

By the said contract, thus to take my leave of you
At this so envious distance, I had taught
Our lips e're this, to seal the happy mixture
Made of our souls. But we must both now yield
To the necessity. Do not think yet, lady,
But I can kiss, and touch, and laugh, and whisper,
And do those crowning courtships too, for which
Day, and the publick, have allow'd no name;
But now my bargain binds me. 'Twere rude injury
T'importune more, or urge a noble nature,
To what of its own bounty it is prone to:
Else I should speak——But, lady, I love so well,
As I will hope you'll do so too. I have done, sir.

Fit. Well, then I ha' won?

Wit. Sir, and I may win too.

Fit. O yes! no doubt on't. I'll take careful order,
That she shall hang forth ensigns at the window,
To tell you when I'm absent. Or I'll keep
Three or four footmen, ready still of purpose,
To run and fetch you at her longings, sir,
I'll go bespeak me straight a gilt caroché,
For her and you to take the air in: yes,
Into Hyde-park, and thence into Black-friers,
Visit the painters, where you may see pictures,
And note the properest limbs, and how to make 'em.
Or what do you say unto a middling gossip?
To bring you ay together, at her lodging?

** Or what do you say unto a middling gossip? A go between,
an intermedia, as the Latin writers would have called her.*

Under

Under pretext of teaching o' my wife
Some rare receipt of drawing almond-milk? ha?
It shall be a part of my care. Good sir, God b'w' you.
I ha' kept the contract, and the cloke's mine own.

Wit. Why, much good do't you, sir; it may fall out,
That you ha' bought it dear, tho' I ha' not sold it.

Fit. A pretty riddle! fare you well, good sir.
Wife, your face this way, look on me, and think
You had a wicked dream, wife, and forget it.

[He turns his wife about.]

Man. This is the strangest motion I e'er saw.

Fit. Now, wife, sits this fair cloke the worse upon me
For my great sufferings, or your little patience? ha?
They laugh, you think?

Mrs. Fit. Why, sir, and you might see't.
What thought they have of you, may be soon collected
By the young gentleman's speech.

Fit. Young gentleman?
Death! you are in love with him, are you? could he not
Be nam'd the gentleman, without the young?
Up to your cabin again.

Mrs. Fit. My cage, yo' were best
To call it?

Fit. Yes, sing there. You'd fain be making "
Blanc-manger with him at your mother's! I know you,
Go, get you up. How now? what say you, Devil?

¹⁰ ————— *You'd fain be making*

BLANK MANGER with him at your mother's.] The words *blank manger* are French, and should be wrote *blanc-manger*: a confection of almonds and jelly, well known, I believe, to the curious in eating, by the name of *blamange*. Scarron, commending the delicacy of taste and genius in a friend, says of him, *Que les muses ne le nourrissoient que de blanc-manger, et d'eau de pout.*

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

*Pug, Fitz-dottrel, Engine.**Pug.* Here is one Engine, sir, desires to speak with*Fit.* I thought he brought some news of a broker
Let him come in, good devil; fetch him else. [well]
O, my fine Engine! what's th'affair, more cheats?*Eng.* No, sir, the wit, the brain, the great projector
I told you of, is newly come to town.*Fit.* Where, Engine?*Eng.* I ha' brought him (he's without)
E're he pull'd off his boots, sir; but so follow'd
For businessses.*Fit.* But what is a projector?
I would conceive.*Eng.* Why, one, sir, that projects
Ways to enrich men, or to make 'em great,
By suits, by marriages by undertakings:
According as he sees they humour it.*Fit.* Can he no conjure at all?*Eng.* I think he can, sir,
(To tell you true.) But you do know, of late,
The state hath ta'en such note of 'em, and compell'd 'em
To enter such great bonds, they dare not practise.*Fit.* 'Tis true, and I lie fallow for't the while!*Eng.* O, sir! you'll grow the richer for the rest.*Fit.* I hope I shall: but, Engine, you do talk
Somewhat too much o' my courses. My cloke-customers
Could tell me strange particulars.*Eng.* By my means?*Fit.* How should he have 'em else?*Eng.* You do not know, sir,
What he has; and by what arts! a money'd man, sir,
And is as great with your almanack-men as you are!

Fit. That gallant?

Eng. You make the other wait too long here :
And he is extreme punctual.

Fit. Is he gallant?

Eng. Sir, you shall see : he's in his riding suit,
As he comes now from court. But hear him speak :
Minister matter to him, and then tell me.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Meer-craft, Fitz-dottrel, Engine, Trains, Pug.

Meer. **S**IR, money's a whore, a bawd, a drudge ;
Fit to run out on errands : let her go.

Via pecunia ! when she's run and gone,
And fled, and dead ; then will I fetch her again
With *aqua vite*, out of an old hogshead !
While there are lees of wine, or dregs of beer,
I'll never want her ! Coin her out of cobwebs,
Dust, but I'll have her ! raise wool upon egg-shells,
Sir, and make grass grow out o' marrow-bones,
To make her come. (Commend me to your mistress.
[To a waiter.

Say, let the thousand pound but be had ready,
And it is done) I would but see the creature
(Of flesh and blood) the man, the prince indeed,
That could employ so many millions
As I would help him to.

Fit. How talks he ? millions ?

Meer. (I'll give you an account of this to-morrow.)
Yes, I will take no less, and do it too ; [To another.
If they were Myriads : and without the Devil,
By direct means, it shall be good in law.

Eng. Sir,

Meer.

Meer. Tell Mr. Woodcock, I'll not fail to meet him
Upon th' Exchange at night. Pray him to have
The writings there, and we'll dispatch it: fir,
You are a gentleman of a good presence,
A handsome man; I have consider'd you
As a fit stock to graft honours upon:
I have a project to make you a duke now.
That you must be one, within so many months
As I set down, out of true reason of state,
You sha' not avoid it. But you must hearken then.

Eng. Hearken? why, fir, do you doubt his ears?
You do not know master Fitz-dottrel. [Alas!

Fit. He does not know me indeed; I thank you,
For rectifying him. [Engine,

Meer. Good! Why, Engine, then
I'll tell it you. (I see you ha' credit here,
And, that you can keep counsel, I'll not question.)
He shall be an undertaker with me,
In a most feasible business. It shall cost him
Nothing.

Eng. Good, fir.

Meer. Except he please, but's countenance;
(That I will have) to appear in't, to great men,
For which I'll make him one. He shall not draw
A string of's purse. I'll drive his patent for him.
We'll take in citizens, commoners, and aldermen,
To bear the charge, and blow 'em off again,
Like so many dead flies, when 'tis carried.
' The thing is for recovery of drown'd land,
Whereof the crown's to have a moiety,
If it be owner; else the crown and owners
To share that moiety, and the recoverers

¹ *The thing is for recovery of drown'd land.] This was the age of projects and monopolies; and the prevailing humour is not unreasonably ridiculed by the poet. 'Tis probable, that a design of draining the fens was then talked of: and experience has since shewn, that the project was not wholly impracticable.*

T'enjoy

T'enjoy the t'other moiety for their charge.

Eng. Throughout England?

Meer. Yes, which will arise

To eighteen millions, seven the first year:

I have computed all, and made my survey

Unto my acre: I'll begin, at the pan,

Not at the skirts; as some ha' done, and lost

All that they wrought, their timber-work, their trench,

Their banks, all born away, or else fill'd up,

By the next winter. Tut, they never went

The way: I'll have it all.

Eng. A gallant tract

Of land it is!

Meer. 'Twill yield a pound an acre.

We must let cheap ever at first. But, sir,

This looks too large for you, I see. Come hither,

We'll have a less. Here's a plain fellow, you see him,

Has his black bag of papers there, in buckram,

Will not be sold for the earldom of Pancridge: draw,

Gi' me out one by chance. Project * four: dogs skins?

Twelve thousand pound! the very worst at first.

Fit. Pray you let's see't, sir.

Meer. 'Tis a toy, a trifle!

Fit. Trifle! twelve thousand pound for dogs skins?

Meer. Yes, but, by my way of dressing, you must
[know, sir,

And med'cining the leather to a height

Of improv'd ware, like your Borachio

Of Spain, sir, I can fetch nine thousand for't—

Eng. Of the king's glover?

Meer. Yes, how heard you that?

Eng. Sir, I do know you can.

Meer. Within this hour:

* Gi' me out one by chance. Project; FOUR DOGS SKINS? He does not mean so many dog's skins in number; but his method of dressing these skins was the fourth in the number of his projects: we should read then,

Gi' me out one by chance; project four: (i.e. N^o. 4.) dog-skins?

And

And reserve half my secret. Pluck another ;
See if thou hast a happier hand : I thought so.

[*He plucks out the 2d, bottle-ale.*]

The very next worse to it ! bottle-ale.
Yet this is two and twenty thousand. Pry'thee,
Pull out another, two or three.

Fit. Good, stay friend,

By bottle-ale two and twenty thousand pound ?

Meer. Yes, sir, it's cast to penny hal'penny farthing.
O' the back-side, there you may see it, read,
I will not bate a Harrington o' the sum ¹.

I'll win it i' my water, and my malt,
My furnaces, and hanging o' my coppers,
The tonning, and the subtilty o' my yest ;
And, then the earth of my bottles, which I dig,
Turn up, and steep, and work, and Neal, my self,
To a degree of porc'lane. You will wonder
At my proportions, what I will put up
In seven years ! for so long time I ask
For my invention. I will save in cork,
In my meer stop'ling, 'bove three thousand pound
Within that term : by googing of 'em out
Just to the size of my bottles, and not slicing.
'There's infinite loss i' that. What hast thou there ?
O' making wine of raisins : this is in hand now.

[*He draws out another, raisins.*]

Eng. Is not that strange, sir, to make wine of raisins ?

Meer. Yes, and as true a wine as th' wines of France,
Or Spain, or Italy : look of what grape
My raisin is, that wine I'll render perfect,
As of the Muscatel grape, I'll render Muscatel ;
Of the Canary, his ; the Claret, his ;

¹ *I will not bate a HARRINGTON o' the sum.* The sense of this phrase is obvious enough ; but I am unable to give the reader the original of it. Our author's contemporaries use it as he does, which shews it was familiar at that time : " I have lost four or five friends, and not gotten the value of one Harrington." *See Henry Wotton's Letters*, p. 558.

So of all kinds: and bate you of the prices
Of wine throughout the kingdom half in half.

Eng. But how, sir, if you raise the other commodity,
Raisins?

Meer. Why, then I'll make it out of black-berries,
And it shall do the same. 'Tis but more art,
And the charge less. Take out another.

Fit. No, good sir,
Save you the trouble, I'll not look, nor hear
Of any but your first, there; the drown'd-land:
If't will do, as you say.

Meer. Sir, there's not place
To gi' you demonstration of these things,
They are a little too subtile. But I could shew you
Such a necessity in't, as you must be
But what you please: against the receiv'd heresie,
That England bears no dukes. Keep you the land, sir,
The greatness of th' estate shall throw't upon you.
If you like better turning it to money,
What may not you, sir, purchase with that wealth?
Say you should part with two o' your millions,
To be the thing you would, who would not do't?
As I protest I will, out of my dividend,
Lay for some petty principality
In Italy, from the church: now you, perhaps,
Fancy the smoke of England rather? But——
Has' you no private room, sir, to draw to,
T' enlarge our selves more upon?

Fit. O yes, Devil!

Meer. These, sir, are businesses, ask to be carried
With caution, and in cloud.

Fit. I apprehend

They do so, sir. Devil, which way is your mistress?

Pug. Above, sir, in her chamber.

*Lay for some petty principality.] The edit. of 1640, as I
think more justly,*

——Some petty principality.

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C

Fit.

Fit. O that's well.

Then this way, good fir.

Meer. I shall follow you; Trains,
Gi' me the bag, and go you presently,
Commend my service to my lady Tailbush.
Tell her I am come from court this morning; say,
I have got our business mov'd, and well: entreat her,
That she give you the fourscore angels, and see 'em
Dispos'd of to my counsel, fir Poule Eitherside.
Some time, to-day, I'll wait upon her ladyship,
With the relation.

Eng. Sir, of what dispatch
He is! do you mark?

Meer. Engine, when did you see
My cousin Ever-ill? keeps he still your quarter *
I' the Bermudas?

Eng. Yes, fir, he was writing
This morning, very hard.

Meer. He not you known to him,
That I am come to town: I have effected
A business for him, but I would have it take him,
Before he thinks for't.

Eng. Is it past?

Meer. Not yet.

'Tis well o' the way.

Eng. O fir! your worship takes
Infinite pains.

Meer. I love, friends, to be active:
A sluggish nature puts off man, and kind.

Eng. And such a blessing follows it.

Meer. I thank

My fate. Pray you, let's be private, fir.

* ————— *Keeps he still your quarter*

I' the BERMUDAS ? This was a cant term for some places in the town, with the same kind of privilege as the Mint of old, or the purlicus of the Fleet. So our author in one of his epistles;
Have their Bermudas, and their Straights, I th' Strand.

Fit. In, here.

Meer. Where none may interrupt us.

Fit. You hear, Devil,

Lock the street-doors fast, and let no one in
(Except they be this gentleman's followers).
To trouble me. Do you mark? You've heard and seen
Something to-day, and by it you may gather,
Your mistress is a fruit that's worth the stealing,
And therefore worth the watching. Be you sure, now,
You've all your eyes about you; and let in
No lace-woman, nor bawd, that brings French masks,
And cut-works. See you? nor old croans, with wafers,
To convey letters. Nor no youths, disguis'd [dings.
Like country-wives, with cream, and marrow-pud-
Much knavery may be vented in a pudding,
Much bawdy intelligence: they are shrewd cyphers.
Nor turn the key to any neighbour's need;
Be't but to kindle fire, or beg a little,
Put it out rather, all out, to an ash,
That they may see no smoke. Or water, spill it;
Knock o' the empty tubs, that by the sound
They may be forbid entry. Say, we are robb'd,
If any come to borrow a spoon or so.
I wi' not have good fortune, or God's blessing
Let in, while I am busie.

Pug. I'll take care, sir,

They sha' not trouble you if they would.

Fit. Well, do so.

S C E N E II.

Pug, Mistress Fitz-dottrel.

Pug. I have no singular service of this now,
Nor no superlative master? I shall wish
To be in hell again at leisure? bring
A vice from thence? that had been such a subtilty,
As to bring broad-cloths hither, or transport

Fresh oranges into Spain. I find it now ;
 My chief was i' the right. Can any fiend
 Boast of a better vice, than here by nature
 And art they're owners of ? Hell ne'er own me,
 But I am taken ! the fine tract of it
 Pulls me along ! to hear men such professors
 Grown in our subtlest sciences ! My first act, now,
 Shall be to make this master of mine cuckold :
 The primitive work of darkness I will practise !
 I will deserve so well of my fair mistress
 By my discoveries first, my counsels after,
 And keeping counsel after that, as who
 So ever is one, I'll be another sure,
 I'll ha' my share. Most delicate damn'd flesh
 She will be ! O ! that I could stay time, now,
 Midnight will come too fast upon me, I fear,
 To cut my pleasure——

Mrs. Fit. Look at the back-door,

[*She sends Devil out.*

One knocks, see who it is.

Pug. Dainty She-devil !

Mrs. Fit. I cannot get this venture of the cloke
 Out of my fancy, nor the gentleman's way [some,
 He took, which though 'twere strange, yet 'twas hand-
 And had a grace withal, beyond the newness.
 Sure he will think me that dull stupid creature
 He said, and may conclude it, if I find not
 Some thought to thank th' attempt. He did presume,
 By all the carriage of it, on my brain,
 For answer ; and will swear 'tis very barren,
 If it can yield him no return. Who is it ?

[*Devil returns.*

Pug. Mistress, it is—but first, let me assure
 The excellence of mistresses, I am,
 Although my master's man, my mistress' slave,
 The servant of her secrets, and sweet turns,
 And know what fitly will conduce to either.

Mrs.

Mrs. Fit. What's this? I pray you come to your
[self, and think

What your part is; to make an answer. Tell,
Who is at the door?

Pug. The gentleman, mistress,
Who was at the cloke-charge to speak with you
This morning; who expects only to take
Some small commandments from you, what you please,
Worthy your form, he says, and gentlest manners.

Mrs. Fit. O! you'll anon prove his hir'd man, I fear;
What has he giv'n you for this message? sir,
Bid him put off his hopes of straw, and leave
To spread his nets in view thus. Though they take
Master Fitz-dottrel, I am no such foul
Nor fair one, tell him, will be had with stalking;
And wish him to forbear his acting to me, [there,
At the gentleman's chamber-window in Lincoln's-inn
That opens to my gallery; else I swear
T' acquaint my husband with his folly, and leave him
To the just rage of his offended jealousy.

Or if your master's sense be not so quick
To right me, tell him I shall find a friend
That will repair me. Say, I will be quiet [him.
In mine own house. Pray you, in those words give it

Pug. This is some fool turn'd! [He goes out.

Mrs. Fit. If he be the master,
Now, of that state and wit which I allow him,
Sure, he will understand me: I durst not
Be more direct; for this officious fellow,
My husband's new groom, is a spy upon me,
I find already. Yet, if he but tell him
This in my words, he cannot but conceive
Himself both apprehended and requited.
I would not have him think he met a statue,
Or spoke to one, not there, though I were silent.
How now? ha' you told him?

Pug. Yes.

Mrs. Fit. And what says he?

Pug. Says he? that which my self would say to you,
[if I durst.

That you are proud, sweet mistress; and withal,
A little ignorant, to entertain
The good that's proffer'd; and (by your beauty's leave)
Not all so wise as some true politick wife
Would be; who having match'd with such a Nupson
(I speak it with my master's peace) whose face
Hath left t' accuse him, now, for't doth confess him,
What you can make him; will yet (out of scruple,
And a spic'd conscience) defraud the poor gentleman,
At least delay him in the thing he longs for,
And makes it his whole study, how to compass
Only a title. Could but he write cuckold,
He had his ends. For, look you——

Mrs. Fit. This can be
None but my husband's wit.

Pug. My precious mistress.

Mrs. Fit. It creaks his Engine: the groom never
Be else so fawcy—— [durst

Pug. If it were not clearly
His worshipful ambition, and the top of it,
The very forked top too, why should he
Keep you thus mur'd up in a back room, mistress,
Allow you ne'er a casement to the street,
Fear of engendering by the eyes, with gallants;
Forbid you paper, pen and ink, like rats-bane;
Search your half pint of Muscatel, lest a letter
Be sunk i' the pot; and hold your new laid egg
Against the fire, lest any charm be writ there?
Will you make benefit of truth, dear mistress,
If I do tell it you? I do't not often:
I am set over you, employ'd indeed
To watch your steps, your looks, your very breathings,
And to report them to him. Now, if you
Will be a true, right, delicate, sweet mistress,

Why,

Why, we will make a cokes of this wise master,
We will, my mistress, an absolute fine cokes,
And mock, to air, all the deep diligences
Of such a solemn and effectual ass,
An ass to so good purpose as we'll use him.
I will contrive it so, that you shall go
To plays, to masks, to meetings, and to feasts :
For, why is all this rigging and fine tackle, mistress,
If you neat handsome vessels, of good fail,
Put not forth ever and anon with your nets
Abroad into the world ? It is your fishing. [lady,
There, you shall chuse your friends, your servants,
Your squires of honour ; I'll convey your letters,
Fetch answers, do you all the offices
That can belong to your blood and beauty. And,
For the variety, at my times, although
I am not in due symmetry, the man
Of that proportion ; or in rule
Of physick, of the just complexion ;
Or of that truth of Picardil, in clothes †,
To boast a sovereignty o'er ladies ; yet
I know to do my turns, sweet mistress. Come, kiss—

Mrs. Fit. How now !

Pug. Dear delicate mistress, I am your slave,
Your little worm, that loves you ; your fine monkey,
Your dog, your jack, your pug, that longs to be
Stil'd o' your pleasures.

Mrs. Fit. Hear you all this ? Sir, pray you
Come from your standing, do a little, spare
[*She thinks her husband watches.*
Your self, sir, from your watch, t' applaud your squire,
That so well follows your instructions !

† Or of that truth of PICARDIL, in clothes.] This alludes to the fashion then in vogue : Picardils were the stiff upright collars that were fastened on to the coat ; and Pug here means by the expression, that his clothes, perhaps, were not made enough in the reigning mode, to captivate a lady's fancy.

— S C E N E III.

*Fitz dottrel, Mistress Fitz-dottrel, Pug.**Fit.* How now, sweet heart, what's the matter?*Mrs. Fit.* Good!

You are a stranger to the plot! you see not
 Your sawcy Devil here, to tempt your wife,
 With all the insolent uncivil language,
 Or action, he could vent?

Fit. Did you so, Devil?

Mrs. Fit. Not you? you were not planted i' your
 hole to hear him,
 Upo' the stairs, or here behind the hangings?
 I do not know your qualities? he durst do it,
 And you not give directions?

Fit. You shall see, wife,
 Whether he durst or no, and what it was,
 I did direct.

*[Her husband goes out, and enters presently
 with a cudgel upon him.]*

Pug. Sweet mistress, are you mad? [lain!

Fit. You most meer rogue! you open manifest vil-
 You fiend apparent you! you declar'd hell-hound!

Pug. Good sir.

Fit. Good knave, good rascal, and good traitor.
 Now, I do find you parcel Devil indeed.
 Upo' the point of trust? I' your first charge?
 The very day o' your probation?
 To tempt your mistress? You do see, good wedlock,
 How I directed him?

Mrs. Fit. Why where, sir, were you?*Fit.* Nay, there is one blow more for exercise:

[After a pause he strikes him again.]
 I told you, I should do it,

Pug,

Pug. Would you had done, sir.

Fit. O wife, the rarest man! (yet there's another
To put you in mind o' the last) such a brave man, wife!
Within, he has his projects, and does vent 'em

[And again.]

The gallantest! were you tentiginous? ha?

Would you be acting of the *incubus*?

Did her silk's rustling move you?

Pug. Gentle sir.

Fit. Out of my sight. If thy name were not Devil,
Thou should'st not stay a minute with me. In,
Go, yet stay, yet go too. I am resolv'd
What I will do, and you shall know't afore-hand.
Soon as the gentleman is gone, do you hear?
I'll help your lisping. Wife, such a man, wife!

[Devil goes out.]

He has such plots! he will make me a duke!

No less by heaven! six mares to your coach, wife!

That's your proportion! and your coach-man bald,

Because he shall be bare enough. Do not you laugh,

We are a looking for a place, and all, i' the map,

What to be of. Have faith, be not an infidel.

You know I am not easy to be gull'd.

I swear, when I have my millions, else I'll make

Another dutchess, if you ha' not faith. *[Spirits.]*

Mrs. Fit. You'll ha' too much, I fear, in these false

Fit. Spirits? O, no such thing, wife; wit, meer wit!

This man defies the Devil and all his works!

He does't by Engine, and devices, he!

He has his winged ploughs, that go with sails,

Will plough you forty acres at once! and mills

Will spout you water ten miles off! All Crowland

Is ours, wife; and the fens, from us, in Norfolk,

To the utmost bounds of Lincolnshire! we have view'd

And measur'd it within all, by the scale! *[It,*

The richest tract of land, love, i' the kingdom!

There

There will be made seventeen or eighteen millions,
Or more, as't may be handled ! wherefore think,
Sweet-heart, if th' hast a fancy to one place
More than another, to be dutchefs of,
Now name it ; I will ha't whate'er it cost,
(If't will be had for money) either here,
Or in France, or Italy.

Mrs. Fit. You ha' strange phantasies !

SCENE IV.

Meercraft, Fitzdottrel, Eugene.

Meer. Where are you, sir ?

Fit. I see thou hast no talent

This way, wife. Up to thy gallery, do, chuck,
Leave us to talk of it who understand it.

Meer. I think we ha' found a place to fit you now, fir
Gloucester.

Fit. O no, I'll none !

Meer. Why, sir ?

Fit. 'Tis fatal.

[younger

Meer. That you say right in. Spenser, I think th
Had his last honour thence. But he was but earl.

Fit. I know not that, fir. But Thomas of Woodstock
I'm sure was duke, and he was made away
At Calice, as duke Humphrey was at Bury :

[to

And Richard the Third, you know what end he came

Meer. By my faith you are cunning i' the chronicle, fir

Fit. No, I confess I ha't from the play-books,
And think they are more authentick.

Eng. That is sure, fir.

Meer. What say you (to this then)

[He whispers him of a plan

Fit. No, a noble house
Pretends to that. I will do no man wrong.

Meer

Meer. Then take one proposition more, and hear it
As past exception.

Fit. What is that?

Meer. To be
Duke of those lands you shall recover : take
Your title thence, fir, Duke of the Drown'd lands,
Or, Drown'd-land.

Fit. Ha ! that last has a good sound !
I like it well. The Duke of Drown'd-land ?

Eng. Yes ;
It goes like Groen-land, fir, if you mark it.

Meer. I,
And drawing thus your honour from the work,
You make the reputation of that greater,
And stay't the longer i' your name.

Fit. 'Tis true.
Drown'd-lands will live in drown'd-land !

Meer. Yes, when you
Ha' no foot left ; as that must be, fir, one day.
And though it tarry in your heirs some forty,
Fifty descents, the longer liver at last, yet,
Must thrust 'em out on't, if no quirk in law,
Or odd vice o' their own not do it first.
We see those changes daily ; the fair lands
That were the clients, are the lawyers now ;
And those rich manors, there of goodman Taylor's,
Had once more wood upon 'em than the yard
By which th' were measur'd out for the last purchase.
Nature hath these vicissitudes. She makes
No man a state of perpetuity, fir.

Fit. You're i' the right. Let's in then, and conclude.
[*He spies Devil.*]
I' my sight again ? I'll talk with you anon.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Pug.

Pug. Sure he will geld me if I stay, or worse,
 Pluck out my tongue, one o' the two. This fool,
 There is no trusting of him; and to quit him,
 Were a contempt against my chief past pardon.
 It was a shrewd disheartning this, at first!
 Who would ha' thought a woman so well harness'd,
 Or rather well caparison'd, indeed,
 That wears such petticoats, and lace to her smocks,
 Broad seaming laces (as I see 'em hang there)
 And garters which are lost, if she can shew 'em,
 Could ha' done this? Hell! why is she so brave?
 It cannot be to please duke Dottrel, sure,
 Nor the dull pictures in her gallery,
 Nor her own dear reflection in her glass;
 Yet that may be: I have known many of 'em
 Begin their pleasure, but none end it there:
 (That I consider, as I go along with it)
 They may, for want of better company,
 Or that they think the better, spend an hour,
 Two, three, or four, discoursing with their shadow:
 But sure they have a farther speculation.
 No woman drest with so much care and study,
 Doth dress herself in vain. I'll vex this problem
 A little more, before I leave it sure.

S C E N E VI.

Wittipol, Mauby, Mistress Fitz-dottrel, Pug.

Wit. This was a fortune happy above thought,
 That this should prove thy chamber; which I fear'd
 Would

Would be my greatest trouble! this must be
The very window, and that the room.

Man. It is.

I now remember, I have often seen there
A woman, but I never mark'd her much.

Wit. Where was your soul, friend?

Man. Faith, but now and then
Awake unto those objects.

Wit. You pretend so.

Let me not live, if I am not in love
More with her wit, for this direction now,
Than with her form, tho' I ha' prais'd that prettily,
Since I saw her and you to-day. Read those:

[He gives him a paper, wherein is the copy of a song.]

They'll go unto the air you love so well.

Try 'em unto the note, may be the musick
Will call her sooner; light, she's here! sing quickly.

Mrs. Fit. Either he understood him not; or else,
The fellow was not faithful in delivery
Of what I bade. And, I am justly pay'd,
That might have made my profit of his service,
But by mistaking, have drawn on his envy,
And done the worst defeat upon my self.

[Manly sings; Pug enters and perceives it.]

How! musick? then he may be there: and is sure.

Pug. O! is it so? is there the interview?

Have I drawn to you, at least, my cunning lady?

The Devil is an Ass! fool'd off! and beaten!

Nay, made an instrument! and could not scent it!

Well, since you've shewn the malice of a woman,

No less than her true wit and learning, mistress,

I'll try, if little Pug have the malignity

To recompence it, and so save his danger.

'Tis not the pain, but the discredit of it,

The Devil should not keep a body entire.

Wit. Away, fall back, she comes.

Man.

Man. I leave you, sir,
The master of my chamber. I have business.

Wit. Mistress!

Mrs. Fit. You make me paint, sir.

Wit. They're fair colours, lady, and natural! I did
[receive]

Some commands from you, lately, gentle lady,

[*This scene is acted at two windows,
as out of two contiguous buildings.*]

But so perplex'd, and wrapt in the delivery,

As I may fear to have mis-interpreted :

But must make suit still, to be near your grace.

Mrs. Fit. Who is there with you, sir?

Wit. None but myself.

It falls out, lady, to be a dear friend's lodging.

Wherein there's some conspiracy of fortune

With your poor servant's blest affections.

Mr. Fit. Who was it sung?

Wit. He, lady, but he's gone,

Upon my entreaty of him, seeing you

Approach the window. Neither need you doubt him,

If he were here; he is too much a gentleman.

Mrs. Fit. Sir, if you judge me by this simple action,

And by the outward habit, and complexion

Of easiness it hath, to your design;

You may with justice say, I am a woman:

And a strange woman. But when you shall please

To bring but that concurrence of my fortune

To memory, which to-day yourself did urge;

It may beget some favour like excuse,

Though none like reason.

Wit. No, my tuneful mistress?

Then surely love hath none, nor beauty any;

Nor nature violenced in both these:

With all whose gentle tongues you speak, at once.

I thought I had enough remov'd already

That

That scruple from your breast, and left y' all reason;
When thro' my morning's perspective I shew'd you
A man so above excuse, as he's the cause,
Why any thing is to be done upon him;
And nothing call'd an injury misplac'd.
I rather now had hope, to shew you how love
By his accesses grows more natural:
And what was done this morning with such force,
Was but devis'd to serve the present, then.
That since love hath the honour to approach

[He grows more familiar in his courtship.]

These sister-swelling breasts; and touch this soft
And rosie hand; he hath the skill to draw
Their nectar forth, with kissing; and could make
More wanton salts from this brave promontory^s,
Down to this valley, than the nimble roe;

[Plays with her paps, kisseth her bands, &c.]

Could play the hopping sparrow 'bout these nets;
And sporting squirrel in these crisped groves;
Bury himself in every silk-worm's kell,
Is here unravel'd; run into the snare,
Which every hair is cast into a curl,
To catch a Cupid flying: bath himself
In milk and roses here, and dry him there;
Warm his cold hands, to play with this smooth, round,
And well-turn'd chin, as with the billyard ball;
Roll on these lips, the banks of love, and there
At once both plant and gather kisses. Lady,
Shall I, with what I've made to-day here, call
All sense to wonder, and all faith to sign

^s ————— *And could make*

More wanton 'salts from this brave promontory.] The word 'salts, as it now stands, seems to be an abbreviation of assaults, which indeed is not destitute of meaning, but is not the term intended by the poet. The true reading is, salts, leaping, or bounding, from the Latin saltus.

The mysteries revealed in your form ?
 And will love pardon me the blasphemy
 I utter'd, when I said, a glass could speak
 This beauty, or that fools had power to judge it ?

- “ Do but look on her eyes ! they do light——
 “ All that love's world compriseth !
 “ Do but look on her hair ! it is bright
 “ As love's star when it riseth !
 “ Do but mark, her forehead's smother
 “ Than words that sooth her !
 “ And from her arched brows, such a grace
 “ Sheds itself through the face ;
 “ As alone, there triumphs to the life,
 “ All the gain, all the good, of the elements strife !
 “ Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
 “ Before rude hands have touch'd it ?
 “ Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow,
 “ Before the soil hath smutch'd it ?
 “ Have you felt the wool of the beaver ?
 “ Or swan's down ever ?
 “ Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier ?
 “ Or the nard i' the fire ?
 “ Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?
 “ O, so white ! O, so soft ! O, so sweet is she !

S C E N E VII.

Fitz-dottrel, Wittipol, Pug.

[Her husband appears at her back.]

Fitz. Is she so, sir ? and I will keep her so,
 If I know how, or can : that wit of man
 Will do't, I'll go no farther. At this window

She

She shall no more be buz'd at. Take your leave on't.
If you be sweet meats, wedlock, or sweet flesh,
All's one: I do not love this hum about you.
A fly-blown wife is not so proper; in:
For you, you, sir, look to hear from me.

[He speaks out of his wife's window.]

Wit. So I do, sir.

Fit. No, but in other terms. There's no man offers
This to my wife, but pays for't.

Wit. That have I, sir.

Fit. Nay then, I tell you, you are——

Wit. What am I, sir?

Fit. Why, that I'll think on, when I ha' cut your

Wit. Go, you are an ass. [throat.]

Fit. I am resolv'd on't, sir.

Wit. I think you are.

Fit. To call you to a reckoning.

Wit. Away you broker's block, you property.

Fit. Slight, if you strike me, I will strike your mistress.

[He strikes his wife.]

Wit. O! I could shoot mine eyes at him for that now,
Or leave my teeth in him, were they cuckold's bane,
Enough to kill him. What prodigious,
Blind, and most wicked change of fortune's this?
I ha' no air of patience: all my veins
Swell, and my sinews start at iniquity of it.
I shall break, break. *[The devil speaks below.]*

Pug. This for the malice of it,
And my revenge may pass! but now my conscience
Tells me, I have profited the cause of hell
But little, in the breaking off their loves.
Which, if some other act of mine repair not,
I shall hear ill of in my account.

[Fitz-dottrel enters with his wife as come down.]

Fit. O, bird!

Could you do this? 'gainst me? and at this time now?

VOL. IV.

D

When

When I was so employ'd, wholly for you,
 Drown'd i' my care (more than the land, I swear,
 I have hope to win) to make you peerless? studying
 For footmen for you, fine pac'd huishers, pages,
 To serve you o' the knee; with what knight's wife
 To bear your train, and sit with your four women
 In council, and receive intelligences
 From foreign parts, to dress you at all pieces!
 You've almost turn'd my good affection to you;
 Sour'd my sweet thoughts, all my pure purposes:
 I could now find (i' my very heart) to make
 Another lady dutchess, and depose you.
 Well, go your ways in. Devil, you have redeem'd all
 I do forgive you. And I'll do you good.

S C E N E VIII.

Meer-craft, Fitz-dottrel, Engine, Trains.

Meer. Why ha' you these excursions? where ha' you
 [been, sir?

Fit. Where I ha' been vex'd a little with a toy!

Meer. O sir! no toys must trouble your grave head.
 Now it is growing to be great. You must
 Be above all those things.

Fit. Nay, nay, so I will.

Meer. "Now you are to'ard the lord, you must put
 "The man, sir." [of

Eng. He says true.

Meer. You must do nothing
 As you ha' done it heretofore; not know,
 Or salute any man.

Eng. That was your bedfellow
 The other month.

Meer. The other month? the week.
 Thou dost not know the privileges, Engine,

Follow that title; nor how swift: to-day,
When he has put on his lord's face once, then——

Fit. Sir, for these things I shall do well enough,
There is no fear of me. But then my wife is
Such an untoward thing, she'll never learn
How to comport with it! I am out of all
Conceit, on her behalf.

Meer. Best have her taught, sir.

Fit. Where? are there any schools for ladies? is there
An academy for women? I do know
For men there was: I learn'd in it myself,
To make my legs, and do my postures.

Eng. Sir,

Do you remember the conceit you had——
O' the Spanish gown at home?

*[Engine whispers Meer-craft: Meer's
craft turns to Fitz-dottrel.]*

Meer. Ha! I do thank thee
With all my heart, dear Engine: Sir, there is
A certain lady, here about the town,
An English widow, who hath lately travel'd,
But she is call'd the Spaniard, 'cause she came
Latest from thence, and keeps the Spanish habit.
Such a rare woman! all our women here,
That are of spirit and fashion, flock unto her,
As to their president, their law, their canon;
More than they ever did to oracle Foreman.
Such rare receipts she has, sir, for the face,
Such oils, such tinctures, such pomatums,
Such perfumes, med'cines, quintessences, *et cetera*;
And such a mistress of behaviour,
She knows from the duke's daughter to the doxey,
What is their due just, and no more!

Fit. O sir!

You please me i' this, more than mine own greatness,
Where is she? Let us have her.

Meer. By your patience,

D

W

We must use means, cast how to be acquainted——

Fit. Good sir, about it.

Meer. We must think how, first.

Fit. O!

I do not love to tarry for a thing,
When I have a mind to't. You do not know me,
If you do offer it.

Meer. Your wife must send
Some pretty token to her, with a compliment,
And pray to be receiv'd in her good graces.
All the great ladies do't.

Fit. She shall, she shall.

What were it best to be?

Meer. Some little toy,
I would not have it any great matter, sir:
A diamond ring of forty or fifty pound
Would do it handsomely, and be a gift
Fit for your wife to send, and her to take.

Fit. I'll go and tell my wife on't straight.

[*Fitz-dottrel goes out.*]

Meer. Why, this
Is well! the clothes we have now, but where's this lady?
If we could get a witty boy now, *Engine*,
That were an excellent crack, I could instruct him
To the true height. For any thing takes this *Dottrel*.

Eng. Why, sir, your best will be one o' the players!

Meer. No, there's no trusting them. They'll talk
And tell their poets. [on't,

Eng. What if they do? the jest
Will brook the stage. But there be some of 'em
Are very honest lads. There's *Dick Robinson* ⁶

⁶ *There's DICK ROBINSON.*] He was a player, and famous at
that time for acting womens parts. The vogue he was then in, ap-
pears from these verses of Cowley, addressed to sir Kenelm Digby,
and prefixed to *Love's riddle*.

"Nor has't a part for *Robinson*, whom they

"At school account essential to a play."

He was also a performer in several of Jonson's plays.

A ver

A very pretty fellow, and comes often
To a gentleman's chamber, a friend of mine. We had
The merriest supper of it there, one night,
The gentleman's landlady invited him
T'a gossip's feast: now he, sir, brought Dick Robinson,
Drest like a lawyer's wife, amongst 'em all;
(I lent him clothes) but to see him behave it,
And lay the law, and carve and drink unto 'em,
And then talk bawdy, and send frolicks! O!
It would have burst your buttons, or not left you
A seam.

Meer. They say he's an ingenious youth!

Eng. O sir! and dresses himself the best! beyond
Forty o' your very ladies! did you ne'er see him?

Meer. No, I do seldom see those toys. But think
That we may have him? [you

Eng. Sir, the young gentleman
I tell you of can command him. Shall I attempt it?

Meer. Yes, do it. [*Fitz-dottrel enters again.*

Fit. 'Slight, I cannot get my wife
To part with a ring on any terms, and yet
The sullen monkey has two.

Meer. It were 'gainst reason
That you should urge it; sir, send to a goldsmith,
Let not her lose by't.

Fit. How does she lose by't?
Is't not for her?

Meer. Make it your own bounty,
It will ha' the better success; what is a matter
Of fifty pound to you, sir?

Fit. I have but a hundred
Pieces, to shew here; that I would not break——

Meer. You shall ha' credit, sir. I'll send a ticket
Unto my goldsmith. Here my man comes too,
To carry it fitly. How now, Trains? what birds?

[*Trains enters.*

Tra.

Tra. Your cousin Ever-ill met me, and has beat me,
Because I would not tell him where you were :
I think he has dogg'd me to the house too.

Meer. Well——

You shall go out at the back-door then, Trains.
You must get Gilt-head hither by some means.

Tra. 'Tis impossible !

Fit. Tell him we have venison,
I'll gi' him a piece, and send his wife a pheasant.

Tra. A forest moves not, 'till that forty pound
Yo' had of him last be paid. He keeps more stir
For that same petty sum, than for your bond
Of six, and statute of eight hundred !

Meer. Tell him

We'll hedge in that. Cry up Fitz-dottrel to him,
Double his price : make him a man of metal.

Tra. That will not need, his bond is current enough.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Gilt-head, Plutarchus.

Gilt. **A**LL this is to make you a gentleman !
I'll have you learn, son. Wherefore have
I plac'd you
With sir Poule Either-side, but to have so much law
To keep your own ? Besides, he is a justice,
Here i'the town ; and dwelling, son, with him,
You shall learn that in a year, shall be worth twenty
Of having staid you at Oxford or at Cambridge,
Or sending you to the inns of court, or France.
I'm call'd for now in haste by master Meer-craft,
To trust master Fitz-dottrel, a good man :
I have enquir'd him, eighteen hundred a year,

(His

(His name is current) for a diamond ring
Of forty, shall not be worth thirty, (that's gain'd)
And this is to make you a gentleman!

Plu. O, but good father, you trust too much!

Gilt. Boy, boy,

We live by finding fools out to be trusted.
Our shop-books are our pastures, our corn-grounds,
We lay 'em open, for them to come into;
And when we have 'em there, we drive 'em up
'Int' one of our two pounds, the compters, straight,
And this is to make you a gentleman!
We citizens never trust, but we do cozen:
For if our debtors pay, we cozen them;
And if they do not, then we cozen ourselves,
But that's a hazard every one must run,
That hopes to make his son a gentleman!

Plu. I do not wish to be one, truly, father.
In a descent or two, we come to be
Just i' their state, fit to be cozen'd, like 'em.
And I had rather ha' tarried i' your trade:
For, since the gentry scorn the city so much,
Methinks we should in time, holding together,
And matching in our own tribes, as they say,
Have got an act of common-council for it,
That we might cozen them out of *rerum natura*.

Gilt. I, if we had an act first to forbid
The marrying of our wealthy heirs unto 'em,
And daughters with such lavish portions,
That confounds all.

Plu. And makes a mungril breed, father. [you,
And when they have your money, then they laugh at
Or kick you down the stairs. I cannot abide 'em.
I would fain have 'em cozen'd, but not trusted.

¹ Int' one of our pounds, the compters, straight.] The monosyllable added in the text, necessary for both sense and measure, is retrieved from the folio.

S C E N E II.

Meer-craft, Gilt-head, Fitz-dottrel, Plutarchus.

Meer. O, is he come! I knew he would not fail me.
 Welcome, good Gilt-head, I must ha' you do
 A noble gentleman a courtesie here,
 In a meer toy (some pretty ring or jewel)
 Of fifty or threescore pound. (Make it a hundred,
 And hedge in the last forty that I owe you,
 And your own price for the ring.) He's a good man,
 And you may hap' see him a great one! he [fir,
 Is likely to bestow hundreds and thousands
 Wi' you, if you can humour him. A great prince
 He will be shortly. What do you say?

Gilt. In truth, fir,

I cannot. 'T has been a long vacation with us.

Fit. Of what, I pray thee, of wit or honesty?
 Those are your citizens long vacations.

Plu. Good father, do not trust 'em.

Meer. Nay, Thom. Gilt-head,
 He will not buy a courtesie and beg it;
 He'll rather pay than pray. If you do for him,
 You must do chearfully. His credit, fir,
 Is not yet prostitute! who's this, thy son?
 A pretty youth, what's his name?

Plu. Plutarchus, fir.

Meer. Plutarchus! how came that about?

Gilt. That year, fir,
 That I begot him, I bought Plutarch's lives,
 And fell so in love with the book, as I call'd my son
 By his name, in hope he should be like him,
 And write the lives of our great men!

Meer. I' the city?
 And you do breed him there?

Gilt.

Gilt. His mind, sir, lies
Much to that way.

Meer. Why, then he's i' the right way.

Gilt. But now, I had rather get him a good wife,
And plant him i' the country, there to use
The blessing I shall leave him.

Meer. Out upon't!

And lose the laudable means thou hast at home here,
T' advance and make him a young alderman?
Buy him a captain's place for shame, and let him
Into the world early, and with his plume
And scarfs march thro' Cheapside, or along Cornhill,
And by the virtue of those, draw down a wife
There from a window, worth ten thousand pound!
Get him the posture-book and's leaden men
To set upon a table, 'gainst his mistress
Chance to come by, that he may draw her in,
And shew her Finsbury battles.

Gilt. I have plac'd him

With justice Either-side, to get so much law——

Meer. As thou hast conscience. Come, come, thou dost
Pretty Plutarchus, who had not his name [wrong
For nothing, but was born to train the youth
Of London in the military truth——

That way his genius lyes. My cousin Ever-ill!

S C E N E III.

Ever-ill, Plutarchus, Gilt-head, Meer-craft, Fitz-dottrel.

Ever. O, are you here, sir? pray you let us whisper.

Plu. Father, dear father, trust him if you love me,

Gilt. Why, I do mean it, boy, but what I do

Must not come easily from me: we must deal
With courtiers, boy, as courtiers deal with us.

If I have a business there with any of them,

Why

Why I must wait, I'm sure on't, son; and though
 My lord dispatch me, yet his worshipful man——
 Will keep me for his sport a month or two,
 To shew me with my fellow-citizens.
 I must make his train long, and full, one quarter,
 And help the spectacle of his greatness. There
 Nothing is done at once but injuries, boy,
 And they come headlong! all their good turns move
 Or very slowly. [not]

Plu. Yet, sweet father, trust him.

Gilt. Well, I will think.

Ever. Come, you must do't, sir.

I am undone else, and your lady Tail-bush
 Has sent for me to dinner, and my clothes
 Are all at pawn. I had sent out this morning,
 Before I heard you were come to town, some twenty
 Of my epistles, and no one return——

[Meer-craft tells him of his fault]

Meer. Why, I ha' told you o' this. This comes [wearing]

Scarlet, gold-face, and cut-works! your fine gartering
 With your blown roses, cousin! and your eating
 Pheasant, and God-wit, here in London! haunting
 The Globes and Mermaids! wedging in with lords
 Still at the table! and affecting lechery
 In velvet! where could you ha' contented your self
 With cheese, salt butter, and a pickled herring,
 I' the Low Countries; there worn cloth and sustian!
 Been satisfied with a leap o' your host's daughter,
 In garrison, a wench of a storer! or,
 Your sutler's wife, i' the leaguer, of two blanks!
 You never then had run upon this flat,
 To write your letters missive, and send out
 Your privy seals, that thus have frightened off
 All your acquaintance, that they shun you at distance
 Worse than you do the bailiffs. Eve

Ever. Pox upon you,
I come not to you for counsel, I lack money.

[He repines.]

Meer. You do not think what you owe me already.

Ever. I?

They owe you that mean to pay you. I'll be sworn

I never meant it. Come, you will project,

I shall undo your practice, for this month else :

You know me.

[And threatens him.]

Meer. I, you're a right sweet nature!

Ever. Well, that's all one!

Meer. You'll leave this empire one day?

You will not ever have this tribute paid

Your scepter o' the sword?

Ever. Tie up your wit,

Do, and provoke me not——

Meer. Will you, sir, help

To what I shall provoke another for you?

Ever. I cannot tell; try me: I think I am not

So utterly, of an ore un-to-be-melted,

But I can do my self good, on occasions. *[They join.]*

Meer. Strike in then, for your part. Mr. Fitz dot-

If I transgress in point of manners, afford me *[trel,*

Your best construction; I must beg my freedom

From your affairs, this day.

Fit. How, sir?

Meer. It is

In succour of this gentleman's occasions,

My kinsman——

[Meer-craft pretends business.]

Fit. You'll not do me that affront, sir.

Meer. I am sorry you should so interpret it.

But, sir, it stands upon his being invested

In a new office, he has stood for, long :

[Meer-craft describes the office of Dependency.]

Master of the Dependences! a place

Of my projection too, sir, and hath met

Much

Much opposition ; but the state, now, sees
 That great necessity of it, as after all
 Their writing, and their speaking against duels,
 They have erected it. His book is drawn——
 For, since there will be differences daily
 'Twixt gentlemen, and that the roaring manner
 Is grown offensive; that those few, we call
 The civil men o' the sword, abhor the vapours ;
 They shall refer now, hither, for their process ;
 And such as trespass 'gainst the rule of court
 Are to be fin'd——

Fit. In troth, a pretty place!

Meer. A kind of arbitrary court 'twill be, sir.

Fit. I shall have matter for it, I believe,
 E're it be long : I had a distaste.

Meer. But now, sir,
 My learned counsel, they must have a feeling,
 They'll part, sir, with no books, without the hand-gout
 Be oil'd ; and I must furnish. If't be money,
 To me straight ; I am mine, mint, and exchequer,
 To supply all. What is't ? a hundred pound ?

Ever. No, th' harpey now stands on a hundred pieces.

Meer. Why, he must have 'em, if he will. To mor-
 Will equally serve your occasions—— [row, sir,
 And therefore, let me obtain, that you will yield
 To timing a poor gentleman's distresses,
 In terms of hazard.——

Fit. By no means !

Meer. I must
 Get him this money, and will.——

Fit. Sir, I protest,
 I'd rather stand engag'd for it my self ;
 Than you should leave me.

Meer. O good sir, do you think
 So coarsely of our manners, that we would,
 For any need of ours, be prest to take it :
 Though you be pleas'd to offer it.

Fit. Why, by heaven
I mean it!

Meer. I can never believe less.
But we, sir, must preserve our dignity,
As you do publish yours. By your fair leave, sir.
[*He offers to be gone.*]

Fit. As I am a gentleman, if you do offer
To leave me now, or if you do refuse me,
I will not think you love me.

Meer. Sir, I honour you,
And with just reason, for these noble notes
Of the nobility you pretend to: but, sir——
I would know, why? a motive (he a stranger)
You should do this?

(*Ever.* You'll mar all with your fineness².)

Fit. Why that's all one, if 'twere, sir, but my fancy.
But I have a business, that perhaps I'd have
Brought to his office.

Meer. O sir! I have done then;
If he can be made profitable to you.

Fit. Yes, and it shall be one of my ambitions
To have it the first business: may I not?

Ever. So you do mean to make't a perfect business.

Fit. Nay, I'll do that, assure you: shew me once.

Meer. Sir, it concerns, the first be a perfect business,
For his own honour!

Ever. I, and the reputation
Too of my place.

Fit. Why, why do I take this course, else?
I am not altogether an ass, good gentlemen,
Wherefore should I consult you? do you think,
To make a song on't? How's your manner? tell us.

² You'll mar all with your FINENESS.] Mr. Symphon imagines
it should be *finesse*; but that word, I believe, came into use since
our author's days. *Fineness* is the same with *shyness*, or *coyness*; and
that sense is not incongruous to the rest of the passage.

Meer.

Meer. Do, satisfy him : give him the whole course.

Ever. First, by request, or otherwise, you offer
Your business to the court ; wherein you crave
The judgment of the master and the assistants.

Fit. Well, that's done now ; what do you upon it ?

Ever. We strait, sir, have recourse to the spring.
Visit the ground, and so disclose the nature ; [head:
If it will carry, or no. If we do find,
By our proportions, it is like to prove
A sullen and black bus'ness, that it be
Incorrigible, and out of treaty ; then
We file it, a dependence !

Fit. So 'tis fil'd :

What follows ? I do love the order of these things.

Ever. We then advise the party, if he be
A man of means and havings, that forthwith
He settle his estate ; if not, at least
That he pretend it : for, by that, the world
Takes notice, that it now is a dependence.
And this we call, sir, publication.

Fit. Very sufficient ! after publication, now ?

Ever. Then we grant out our process, which is divers
Either by chartel, sir, or ore-tenus,
Wherein the challenger, and challengee,
Or (with your Spaniard) your provocador,
And provocado, have their several courses——

Fit. I have enough on't ! for an hundred pieces ?
Yes, for two hundred, under-write me, do.
Your man will take my bond ?

Meer. That he will, sure :—
But these same citizens, they are such sharks !
There's an old debt of forty, I ga' my word
For one is run away to the Bermudas,
And he will hook in that, or he wi' not do.

[*He whispers Fitz-dottrel aside*
Fit. Why, let him. That and the ring, and a hun
Vill all but make two hundred ? [dred piece
Meer.

Meer. No, no more, sir.

What ready arithmetick you have! do you hear?

[And then Gilt-head.

A pretty morning's work for you, this! do it,
You shall ha' twenty pound on't.

Gilt. Twenty pieces?

(Plu. Good father, do't.)

Meer. You will hook still? well,

Shew us your ring. You could not ha' done this now,
With gentleness, at first, we might ha' thank'd you;
But groan, and ha' your courtesies come from you
Like a hard stool, and stink. A man may draw
Your teeth out easier than your money. Come,
Were little Gilt-head here, no better a nature,
I should ne'er love him, that could pull his lips off,
now.

[He pulls Plutarchus by the lips.

Was not thy mother a gentlewoman?

Plu. Yes, sir.

Meer. And went to the court at Christmas, and
St. George-tide?

And lent the lords men chains!

Plu. Of gold and pearl, sir.

Meer. I knew thou must take after somebody!

Thou could'st not be else. This was no shop-look!

I'll ha' thee captain Gilt-head, and march up,

And take in Pimlico, and kill the bush

At every tavern! Thou shalt have a wife,

If smocks will mount, boy. How now? you ha' there

Some Bristol stone, or Cornish counterfeit *[now*

You'd put upon us? *[He turns to old Gilt-head.*

Gilt. No, sir, I assure you.

Look on his lustre! he will speak himself!

I'll gi' you leave to put him i' the mill,

He is no great, large stone, but a true paragon!

He

*[He is no great, large stone, but a true PARAGON.] The Italians
call the black marble, used by way of touch-stone, paragon; and
from*

He has all his corners, view him well.

Meer. He's yellow.

Gilt. Upo' my faith, fir, o' the right black water,
And very deep! he's set without a foil, too.
Here's one o' the yellow-water, I'll sell cheap.

Meer. And what do you value this at? thirty pound

Gilt. No, fir, he cost me forty e're he was set.

Meer. Turnings, you mean? I know your equivocates
You're grown the better fathers of 'em o' late.⁴
Well, where't must go 'twill be judg'd, and therefore
Look you't be right. You shall have fifty pound for

[*Now to Fitz-dottre*

Not a denier more! and because you would
Have things dispatch'd, fir, I'll go presently,
Inquire out this lady. If you think good, fir,
Having an hundred pieces ready, you may
Part with those now, to serve my kinsman's turns,
That he may wait upon you anon the freer;
And take 'em, when you ha' seal'd, again, of Gilt-head

Fit. I care not if I do!

Meer. And dispatch all
Together.

Fit. There, they're just a hundred pieces;
I ha' told 'em over twice a day these two months.

[*He turns 'em out together; and Ever-ill and
fall to share.*

Meer. Well, go and seal then, fir; make your return
As speedy as you can.

Ever. Come, gi' me.

Meer. Soft, fir.

from hence probably we derive the metaphorical use of the word
when we apply it to a thing every way perfect, and what will stand
the test; as when we say, the *paragon* of beauty, of science, or the
like; and here, I suppose, it means, the stone was exquisite in
every particular.

⁴ ————— I know your *EQUIVOKES* :

You're grown the better fathers of 'em o' late.] Satirically
speaking on the Jesuits, the great patrons of equivocation.

Ever

Ever. Marry, and fair too then ; I'll no delaying, sir.

Meer. But you will hear ?

Ever. Yes, when I have my dividend.

Meer. There's forty pieces for you.

Ever. What is this for ?

Meer. Your half. You know, that Gilt-head must
[ha' twenty.

Ever. And what's your ring there ? Shall I ha' none

Meer. O, that's to be given to a lady ! [o' that ?

Ever. Is it so ?

Meer. By that good light, it is.

Ever. Come, gi' me

Ten pieces more, then.

Meer. Why ?

Ever. For Gilt-head ? sir,

D' you think I'll allow him any such share ?

Meer. You must.

Ever. Must I ? do your musts, sir, I'll do mine ;
You wi' not part with the whole, sir, will you ? Go too,
Gi' me ten pieces !

Meer. By what law do you this ?

Ever. E'en lyon-law, sir, I must roar else.

Meer. Good !

Ever. You've heard how th' ass made his divisions

Meer. And I am he : I thank you. [wisely ?

Ever. Much good do you, sir.

Meer. I shall be rid o' this tyranny one day.

Ever. Not

While you do eat, and lie about the town here,
And cozen i' your bullions ; and I stand
Your name of credit, and compound your business ;
Adjourn your beatings every term, and make
New parties for your projects. I have now
A pretty task of it, to hold you in
Wi' your lady Tail-bush : but the toy will be
How we shall both come off ?

VOL. IV.

E

Meer.

Meer. Leave you your doubting,
And do your portion, what's assign'd you: I
Never fail'd yet.

Ever. With reference to your aids?
You'll still be unthankful. Where shall I meet you,
You ha' some feat to do alone, now, I see; [anon?
You with me gone; well, I will find you out,
And bring you after to the audit.

Meer. Slight!
There's Engine's share, too, I had forgot! this reign
Is too-too-unsupportable! I must
Quit my self of this vassalage! Engine! welcome.

SCENE IV.

Meer-craft, Engine, Wittipol.

Meer. How goes the cry?

Eng. Excellent well!

Meer. Will't do?

Where's Robinson?

Eng. Here is the gentleman, sir,
Will undertake't himself. I have acquainted him.

Meer. Why did you so?

Eng. Why, Robinson would ha' told him,
You know. And he's a pleasant wit! will hurt
Nothing you purpose. Then he's of opinion,
That Robinson might want audacity,
She being such a gallant. Now, he has been
In Spain, and knows the fashions there; and can
Discourse; and being but mirth, (he says) leave much
To his care.

Meer. But he is too tall! [*He excepts at his stature.*

Eng. For that,
He has the bravest device (you'll love him for't)

To

To say, he wears Cioppinos; and they do so
In Spain. And Robinson's as tall as he.

Meer. Is he so?

Eng. Every jot.

Meer. Nay, I had rather
To trust a gentleman with it o' the two.

Eng. Pray you to go to him then, sir, and salute him.

Meer. Sir, my friend Engine has acquainted you
With a strange business here.

Wit. A mettry one, sir.

The duke of Drown'd-land and his dutchess?

Meer. Yes, sir.

Now that the conjurers ha' laid him by,
I ha' made bold to borrow him a while.

Wit. With purpose, yet, to put him out, I hope,
To his best use.

Meer. Yes, sir.

Wit. For that small part
That I am trusted with, put off your care:
I would not lose to do it, for the mirth
Will follow of it; and well, I have a fancy.

Meer. Sir, that will maké it well.

Wit. You will report it so.

Where must I have my dressing?

Eng. At my house, sir.

Meer. You shall have caution, sir, for what he yields,
To six pence.

Wit. You shall pardon me. I will share, sir,
I' your sports only, nothing i' your purchase.
But you must furnish me with compliments, [na's.
To th' manner of Spain; my coach, my guarda-duen-

Meer. Engine's your provedore. But, sir, I must,
(Now I have entred trust wi' you thus far)
Secure still i' your quality, acquaint you
With somewhat beyond this. The place design'd
To be the scene for this our merry matter,

Because it must have countenance of women,
To draw discourse, and offer it, is here by,
At the lady Tail-bushes.

Wit. I know her, sir,
And her gentleman-usher.

Meer. Mr. Ambler!

Wit. Yes, sir.

Meer. Sir, it shall be no shame to me, to confess
To you, that we poor gentlemen that want acres,
Must for our needs turn fools up, and plough ladies
Sometime, to try what glebe they are : and this
Is no unfruitful piece. She and I now
Are on a project, for the fact, and venting
Of a new kind of fucus (paint for ladies)
To serve the kingdom : wherein she her self
Hath travel'd, specially, by way of service
Unto her sex, and hopes to get the monopoly,
As the reward of her invention.

Wit. What is her end in this ?

Meer. Meerly ambition,
Sir, to grow great, and court it with the secret,
Though she pretend some other. For, she's dealing
Already upon caution for the shares,
And mr. Ambler he is nam'd examiner
For the ingredients, and the register
Of what is vented, and shall keep the office.
Now, if she break with you, of this (as I
Must make the leading thread to your acquaintance,
That, how experience gotten i' your being
Abroad, will help our business) think of some
Pretty additions, but to keep her floating :
It may be she will offer you a part :
Any strange names of——

Wit. Sir, I have my instructions.
Is it not high time to be making ready ?

Meer. Yes, sir.

Eng. The fool's in fight, Dottrel.

Meer. Away then.

S C E N E V.

Meer-craft, Fitz-dottrel, Pug.

Meer. Return'd so soon?

Fit. Yes, here's the ring: I ha' seal'd.

But there's not so much gold in all the row, he says—
Till't come fro' the mint. 'Tis ta'en up for the game—

Meer. There's a shop-shift! plague on 'em. [sters.

Fit. He does swear it.

Meer. He'll swear and forswear too, it is his trade,
You should not have left him.

Fit. 'Slid, I can go back,
And beat him yet.

Meer. No, now let him alone.

Fit. I was so earnest after the main business,
To have this ring gone.

Meer. True, and it is time.
I have learn'd, sir, sin' you went, her ladyship eats
With the lady Tail-bush, here hard by.

Fit. I' the lane here?

Meer. Yes, if you had a servant now of presence,
Well cloth'd, and of an airy voluble tongue,
Neither too big nor little for his mouth,
That could deliver your wife's compliment,
To send along withal.

Fit. I have one, sir,
A very handsome gentleman-like fellow,
That I do mean to make my dutchess' usher——
I entertain'd him but this morning too:
I'll call him to you. The worst of him is his name!

Meer. She'll take no note of that, but of his message,
[He shows him his Pug.]

Fit. Devil! how like you him, sir. Pace, go a little,
 Let's see you move.

Meer. He'll serve, sir; give it him,
 And let him go along with me, I'll help
 To present him and it.

Fit. Look you do, firrah,
 Discharge this well, as you expect your place.
 D' you hear, go on, come off with all your honours.
[Gives him instructions.]

I would fain see him do it.

Meer. Trust him with it.

Fit. Remember kissing of your hand, and answering
 With the French time, and flexure of your body.
 I could now so instruct him——and for his words——

Meer. I'll put them in his mouth.

Fit. O, but I have 'em
 O' the very academies.

Meer. Sir, you'll have use for 'em
 Anon your self, I warrant you, after dinner,
 When you are call'd.

Fit. 'Slight, that'll be just play-time.

[He longs to see the play.]

It cannot be, I must not lose the play!

Meer. Sir, but you must, if she appoint to sit.
 And she is president.

Fit. 'Slid, it is the Devil! *[Because it is the Devil.]*

Meer. And 'twere his dam too, you must now apply
 Your self, sir, to this wholly, or lose all.

Fit. If I could but see a piece——

Meer. Sir, never think on't.

Fit. Come but to one act, and I did not care——
 But to be seen to rise and go away,
 To vex the players, and to punish their poet——
 Keep him in awe!

Meer.

Meer. But say that he be one
Wi' not be aw'd! but laugh at you. How then?

Fit. Then he shall pay for's dinner himself.

Meer. Perhaps,
He would do that twice, rather than thank you.
Come get the Devil out of your head, my lord,
(I'll call you so in private still) and take
Your lordship i' your mind. You were, sweet lord,
[*He puts him in mind of his quarrel.*
In talk to bring a business to the office.

Fit. Yes.

Meer. Why should not you, sir, carry it o' yourself,
Before the office be up? and shew the world
You had no need of any man's direction,
In point, sir, of sufficiency? I speak
Against a kinsman, but as one that tenders
Your grace's good.

Fit. I thank you; to proceed—— [sently,

Meer. To publications: ha' your deed drawn pre-
And leave me a blank to put in your seoffees,
One, two, or more, as you see cause——

Fit. I thank you
Heartily, I do thank you. Not a word more,
I pray you, as you love me. Let me alone.
That I could not think o' this as well as he?
O, I could beat my infinite blockhead!——

[*He is angry with himself.*

Meer. Come, we must this way.

Pug. How far is't?

Meer. Hard by here,
Over the way. Now, to atchieve this ring
From this same fellow, that is, to assure it,
[*He thinks how to cozen the bearer of the ring.*
Before he give it. Though my Spanish lady,
Be a young gentleman of means, and scorn
To share, as he doth say, I do not know

How such a toy may tempt his ladyship,
And therefore I think best it be assur'd.

Pug. Sir, be the ladies brave we go unto?

Meer. O, yes.

Pug. And shall I see 'em, and speak to 'em?

Meer. What else? ha' you your false beard about
you, Trains? *[Questions his man.*

Tra. Yes.

Meer. And is this one of your double clokes?

Tra. The best of 'em.

Meer. Be ready then. Sweet Pitfall!

S C E N E VI.

Meer-craft, Pitfall, Pug, Trains.

Meer. Come, I must buss——

[Offers to kiss.

Pit. Away.

Meer. I'll set thee up again,

Never fear that: canst thou get ne'er a bird?
No thrushes hungry? stay 'till cold weather come,
I'll help thee to an ousel or a field-fare.

Who's within with madam?

Pit. I'll tell you straight.

[She runs in in haste; he follows.

Meer. Please you stay here a while, sir, I'll go in.

Pug. I do so long to have a little venery
While I am in this body! I would taste
Of every sin a little, if it might be,
After the manner of man! Sweet-heart!

Pit. What would you, sir?

[Pug leaps at Pitfall's coming in.

Pug. Nothing but fall in, to you, be your black-bird,
My pretty Pit, (as the gentlemen said) your throistle:
Lie tame and taken with you; here is gold!

To

To buy you so much new stuffs from the shop,
As I may take the old up——

Tra. You must send, sir,
The gentleman the ring.

*[Trains in his false cloke brings a false
message, and gets the ring.]*

Pug. There 'tis. Nay look,
Will you be foolish, Pit?

Pit. This is strange rudeness.

Pug. Dear Pit.

Pit. I'll call, I swear.

[Meer-craft follows presently, and asks for it.]

Meer. Where are you, sir?
Is your ring ready? Go with me.

Pug. I sent it you.

Meer. Me? when? by whom?

Pug. A fellow here, e'en now,
Came for't i' your name.

Meer. I sent none, sure.
My meaning ever was, you should deliver it
Yourself: so was your master's charge, you know.

Enter Trains as himself again.

What fellow was it, do you know him?

Pug. Here,
But now, he had it.

Meer. Saw you any, Trains?

Tra. Not I.

Pug. The gentlewoman saw him.

Meer. Enquire.

Pug. I was so earnest upon her, I mark'd not!

[The Devil confesseth himself cozen'd.]

My devilish chief has put me here in flesh
To shame me! this dull body I am in,
I perceive nothing with! I offer at nothing
That will succeed!

Tra. Sir, she saw none, she says.

Pug.

Pug. Satan himself has ta'en a shape t' abuse me.
It could not be else!

Meer. This is above strange!

[*Meer-craft accuseth him of negligence.*
That you should be so reckless. What will you do, sir?
How will you answer this, when you are question'd?

Pug. Run from my flesh, if I could: put off man-
[kind.

This's such a scorn! and will be a new exercise
For my arch-duke! woe to the several cudgels
Must suffer on this back! can you no succours, sir?

[*He asketh aid.*

Meer. Alas! the use of it is so present.

Pug. I ask,

Sir, credit for another but till to-morrow.

Meer. There is not so much time, sir; but however,
The lady is a noble lady, and will
(To save a gentleman from check) be entreated

[*Meer-craft promiseth faintly, yet comforts him.*
To say, she has receiv'd it.

Pug. Do you think so?

Will she be won?

Meer. No doubt, to such an office,
It will be a lady's bravery and her pride.

Pug. And not be known on't after, unto him?

Meer. That were a treachery! upon my word,
Be confident. Return unto your master.
My lady president sits this afternoon,
Has ta'en the ring, commends her services
Unto your lady dutchess. You may say
She is a civil lady, and does give her
All her respects already: bad you tell her,
She lives but to receive her wish'd commandments,
And have the honour here to kiss her hands,
For which she'll stay this hour yet. Hasten you
Your prince, away.

Pug. And, sir, you will take care
Th' excuse be perfect?

Meer. You confess your fears

[The Devil is doubtful.]

Too much.

Pug. The shame is more.

Meer. I'll quit you of either.*

ACT IV. SCENE L.

Tail-bush, Meer-craft, Manly.

Tai. **A** Pox upo' referring to commissioners,
I had rather hear that it were past the seals :
You courtiers move so snail-like i' your business.
Would I had not begun wi' you.

Meer. We must move,
Madam, in order, by degrees ; not jump.

Tai. Why, there was sir John Money-man could
A business quickly. [jump]

Meer. True, he had great friends ;
But, because some, sweet madam, can leap ditches,
We must not all shun to go over bridges.
The harder parts, I make account, are done,
[He flatters her.]

Now 'tis referr'd. You are infinitely bound
Unto the ladies, they ha' so cry'd it up!

Tai. Do they like it then ?

**Pug.* *The shame is more, I'll quit you of either.* The latter part
of this line, tho' all the editions concur in the present reading, evi-
dently belongs to Meer-craft, and is an answer to Pug's apprehen-
sions of being discover'd ; I make no scruple then to alter the text
as under :

Pug. *The shame is more.* *Meer.* *I'll quit you of either.*

Meer.

Meer. They ha' sent the Spanish lady
To gratulate with you——

Tai. I must send 'em thanks,
And some remembrances.

Meer. That you must, and visit 'em. Where's Am- [bler?

Tai. Lost, to-day, we cannot hear of him.

Meer. Not, madam?

Tai. No, in good faith. They say he lay not
At home to-night. And here has fall'n a business
Between your cousin and master Manly, has
Unquieted us all.

Meer. So I hear, madam.
Pray you, how was it?

Tai. Troth, it but appears
Ill o' your kinsman's part. You may have heard
That Manly is a suitor to me, I doubt not.

Meer. I guess'd it, madam.

Tai. And it seems, he trusted
Your cousin to let fall some fair reports
Of him unto me.

Meer. Which he did!

Tai. So far
From it, as he came in, and took him railing
Against him.

Meer. How! and what said Manly to him?

Tai. Enough, I do assure you; and with that scorn
Of him, and the injury, as I do wonder
How Ever-ill bore it! but that guilt undoes
Many mens valours.

Meer. Here comes Manly.

Man. Madam, I'll take my leave——

[*Manly offers to be gone*]

Tai. You sha' not go, i' faith.
I'll ha' you stay, and see this Spanish miracle,
Of our English lady.

Man. Let me pray your ladyship,

Lay your commands on me some other time.

Tai. Now, I protest; and I will have all picco'd
And friends again.

Man. It will be but ill solder'd!

Tai. You are too much affected with it.

Man. I cannot,
Madam, but think on't for th' injustice.

Tai. Sir,
His kinsman here is sorry.

Meer. Not I, madam,
I am no kin to him, we but call cousins;

[Meer craft denies him.]

And if we were, sir, I have no relation
Unto his crimes.

Man. You are not urged with 'em.
I can accuse, sir, none but mine own judgment;
For though it were his crime, so to betray me,
I'm sure, 'twas more mine own, at all to trust him:
But he therein did use but his old manners,
And favour strongly what he was before.

Tai. Come, he will change.

Man. Faith, I must never think it.
Nor were it reason in me to expect,
That, for my sake, he should put off a nature
He suck'd in with his milk. It may be, madam,
Deceiving trust is all he has to trust to:
If so, I shall be loth, that any hope
Of mine should bate him of his means.

Tai. Y'are sharp, sir.
This act may make him honest!

Man. If he were
To be made honest by an act of parliament,
I should not alter i' my faith of him.

Tai. Either-side!
Welcome, dear Either-side! how hast thou done, good
wench? *[She spies the lady Either-side.]*
Thou hast been a stranger! I ha' not seen thee this week.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*[To them] Either-side.**Eitb.* Ever your servant, madam.*Tai.* Where hast thou been?

I did so long to see thee.

Eitb. Visiting, and so tir'd!

I protest, madam, 'tis a monstrous trouble!

Tai. And so it is. I swear I must to-morrow
Begin my visits (would they were over) at court.
It tortures me to think on 'em.*Eitb.* I do hear

You ha' cause, madam, your suit goes on.

Tai. Who told thee?*Eitb.* One that can tell: Mr. Either-side.*Tai.* O, thy husband!Yes faith, there's life in't now: it is referr'd.
If we once see it under the seals, wench, then,
Have with 'em for the great caroch, six horses,
And the two coachmen, with my Ambler bare,
And my three women; we will live i'faith,
The examples o' the town, and govern it.
I'll lead the fashion still.*Eitb.* You do that now,
Sweet madam.*Tai.* O but then I'll every day
Bring up some new device. Thou and I, Either-side,
Will first be in it, I will give it thee;
And they shall follow us. Thou shalt, I swear,
Wear every month a new gown out of it.*Eitb.* Thank you, good madam.*Tai.* Pray thee call me Tail-bush,
As I thee Either-side; I love not this madam.*Eitb.* Then I protest to you, Tail-bush, I am glad
Your business so succeeds.

Tai. Thank thee, good Either-side.

Eitb. But master Either-side tells me, that he likes
Your other business better.

Tai. Which?

Eitb. O' the tooth-picks.

Tai. I never heard on't.

Eitb. Ask mr. Meercraft.

Meer. Madam? H'is one, in a word, I'll trust his
[malice,

With any man's credit, I would have abus'd!

[*Meer-craft hath whisper'd with him the while.*

Man. Sir, if you think you do please me in this,
You are deceiv'd.

Meer. No, but because my lady
Nam'd him my kinsman; I would satisfy you
What I think of him: and pray you upon it
To judge me.

Man. So I do: that ill mens friendship
Is as unfaithful as themselves.

Tai. Do you hear?

Ha' you a business about tooth-picks?

Meer. Yes, madam,
Did I ne'er tell't you? I meant to have offer'd it
Your ladyship, on the perfecting the patent.

Tai. How is't?

Meer. For serving the whole state with tooth-picks;
[*The project for tooth-picks.*

(Somewhat an intricate business to discourse) but——

I show how much the subject is abus'd,
First, in that one commodity; then what disease
And putrefactions in the gums are bred,
By those are made of adul'trate and false wood;
My plot for reformation of these, follows:
To have all tooth-picks brought unto an office,
There seal'd; and such as counterfeit 'em mulcted.
And last, for venting 'em, to have a book

Printed,

Printed, to teach their use, which every child
 Shall have throughout the kingdom that can read,
 And learn to pick his teeth by. Which beginning
 Early to practise, with some other rules,
 Of never sleeping with the mouth open, chewing
 Some grains of mastick, will preserve the breath
 Pure and so free from taint—Ha' what is't, say'st thou?

[Trains his man whispers him.]

Tai. Good faith, it sounds a very pretty business!

Eitb. So Mr. Either-side says, madam.

Meer. The lady is come.

Tai. Is she? good, wait upon her in. My Ambler
 Was never so ill absent. Either-side,
 How do I look to-day? am I not drest
 Spruntly? *[She looks in her glass.]*

Fit. Yes verily, madam.

Tai. Pox o' madam,
 Will you not leave that?

Eitb. Yes, good Tail-bush.

Tai. So:

Sounds not that better? What vile fucus is this
 Thou hast got on?

Eitb. 'Tis pearl.

Tai. Pearl? oyster-shells:

As I breathe, Either-side, I know't. Here comes
 (They say) a wonder, sirrah, has been in Spain!
 Will teach us all! she's sent to me from court,
 To gratulate with me! prithee let's observe her,
 What faults she has, that we may laugh at 'em,
 When she is gone.

Eitb. That we will heartily, Tail-bush.

Wittipol enters.

Tai. O me! the very Infanta of the giants.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

[*To them*] *Meer-craft, Wittipol.*

[*Wittipol drest like a Spanish lady.*

Meer. Here is a noble lady, madam, come
From your great friends at court, to see your ladyship,
And have the honour of your acquaintance.

Tai. Sir,
She does us honour.

Wit. Pray you, say to her ladyship,
It is the manner of Spain to embrace only,
Never to kiss. She will excuse the custom.

[*Excuses himself for not kissing.*

Tai. Your use of it is law. Please you, sweet madam,
To take a seat.

Wit. Yes, madam. I have had
The favour, through a world of fair report,
To know your virtues, madam; and in that
Name, have desir'd the happiness of presenting
My service to your ladyship.

Tai. Your love, madam,
I must not own it else.

Wit. Both are due, madam,
To your great undertakings.

Tai. Great? In troth, madam,
They are my friends, that think 'em any thing:
If I can do my sex (by 'em) any service,
I have my ends, madam.

Wit. And they are noble ones,
That make a multitude beholden, madam:
The commonwealth of ladies must acknowledge from

Eitb. Except some envious, madam. [you.

Wit. Y'are right in that, madam,

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Of

Of which race, I encountred some but lately.
Who ('t seems) have studied reasons to discredit
Your business.

Tai. How, sweet madam?

Wit. Nay, the parties

Wi' not be worth your pause——Most ruinous things,
[madam,

That have put off all hope of being recover'd
To a degree of handsomeness.

Tai. But their reasons, madam,
I would fain hear.

Wit. Some, madam, I remember.

They say that painting quite destroys the face——

Exit. O, that's an old one, madam.

Wit. There are new ones too.

Corrupts the breath; hath left so little sweetness
In kissing, as 'tis now us'd but for fashion;
And shortly will be taken for a punishment.
Decays the fore-teeth that should guard the tongue;
And suffers that run riot everlasting!
And (which is worse) some ladies when they meet,
Cannot be merry and laugh, but they do spit
In one another's faces!

Man. I should know
This voice and face too.

[*Manly begins
to know him.*

Wit. Then, they say, 'tis dangerous
To all the fal'n, yet well dispos'd mad-dams,
That are industrious, and desire to earn
Their living with their sweat! for any distemper
Of heat and motion may displace the colours;
And if the paint once run about their faces,
Twenty to one they will appear so ill-favour'd,
Their servants run away too, and leave the pleasure
Imperfect, and the reckoning als' unpaid.

Exit. Pox, these are poets reasons.

Tai. Some old lady,
That keeps a poet, has devis'd these scandals.

Exit.

Eitb. Faith, we must have the poets banish'd, ma-
As master Either-side says. [dam,

Meer. Master Fitz-dottrel,
And his wife! where? madam, the duke of Drown'd-
That will be shortly. [land,

Wit. Is this my lord?

Meer. The same.

S C E N E IV.

[*To them*] *Fitz-dottrel, Mrs. Fitz-dottrel, Pug.*

Fit. Your servant, madam!

Wit. How now, friend? offended,
That I have found your haunt here?

[*Wittipol whispers with Manly.*

Man. No, but wondring
At your strange fashion'd venture hither.

Wit. It is
To shew you what they are you so pursue.

Man. I think 'twill prove a med'cine against mar-
To know their manners. [riage;

Wit. Stay, and profit then.

Meer. The lady, madam, whose prince has brought
To be instructed. [her here

[*He presents Mrs. Fitz-dottrel.*

Wit. Please you sit with us, lady.

Meer. That's lady president.

Fit. A goodly woman!
I cannot see the ring, though.

Meer. Sir, she has it.

Tai. But, madam, these are very feeble reasons.

Wit. So I urg'd, madam, that the new complexion
Now to come forth, in name of your ladyship's fucus,
Has no ingredient——

Tai. But I durst eat, I assure you.

Wit. So do they in Spain.

Tai. Sweet madam, be so liberal,
To give us some o' your Spanish fucuses.

Wit. They are infinite, madam.

Tai. So I hear, they have
Water of gourds, of radish, the white beans,
Flowers of glass, of thistles, rose-marine,
Raw honey, mustard-seed, and bread dough-bak'd,
The crums o' bread, goats-milk, and whites of eggs,
Camphire, and lily-roots, the fat of swans,
Marrow of veal, white pigeons, and pine-kernels,
The seeds of nettles, purseline, and hares-gall;
Limons, thin-skin'd ———

Eitb. How her ladyship has studied
All excellent things!

Wit. But ordinary, madam.
No, the true rarities are, th' alvagrada
And argentata of queen Isabella!

Tai. I, what are their ingredients, gentle madam?

Wit. Your allum scagliola, or pol-dipedra;
And zuccarino; turpentine of Abezzo,
Wash'd in nine waters; soda di levante,
Or your fern ashes; benjamin di gotta:
Grasso di serpe; porceletto marino;
Oils of lentisco; zucche mugia; make
The admirable vernish for the face,
Gives the right lustre; but two drops rubb'd on
With a piece of scarlet, makes a lady of sixty
Look as sixteen. But above all, the water
Of the white hen, of the lady Estifania's.

Tai. O, I, that same, good madam, I have heard of
How is it done?

Wit. Madam, you take your hen,
Plume it, and skin it, cleanse it o' the inwards;
Then chop it, bones at all; add to four ounces
Of carravicans, pipitas, sope of Cyprus,

Mal

Make the decoction, strain it. Then distil it,
And keep it in your gally-pot well glidder'd :
Three drops preserves from wrinkles, warts, spots,
Blemish, or sun-burnings, and keeps the skin [moles,
In decimo sexto, ever bright and smooth,
As any looking-glass ; and indeed is call'd
The virgins milk for the face, *oglio reale* ;
A ceruse, neither cold nor heat will hurt ;
And mix'd with oil of myrrh, and the red gilliflower,
Call'd cataputia, and flowers of rovisfco,
Makes the best muta, or dye, of the whole world.

Tai. Dear madam, will you let us be familiar ?

Wit. Your ladyship's servant.

Meer. How do you like her ?

Fit. Admirable !

But yet I cannot see the ring. [*He is jealous about his ring,*
Pug. Sir. *and Meer-craft delivers it.*

Meer. I must

Deliver it, or mar all. This fool's so jealous.

Madam——sir, wear this ring, and pray you take
[knowledge,

'Twas sent you by his wife, and give her thanks.

Do not you dwindle, sir, bear up.

Pug. I thank you, sir.

[us

Tai. But for the manner of Spain ! sweet madam, let
Be bold, now we are in : are all the ladies
There i' the fashion ?

Wit. None but grandees, madam,
O' the clasp'd train, which may be worn at length too,
Or thus, upon my arm.

Tai. And do they wear
Cioppinos all ?

Wit. If they be drest in punto, madam ?

Eith. Gilt as those are, madam ?

Wit. Of goldsmith's work, madam ;
And set with diamonds ; and their Spanish pumps,
Of perfum'd leather.

Tai. I should think it hard
To go in 'em, madam.

Wit. At the first it is, madam.

Tai. Do you never fall in 'em?

Wit. Never.

Eitb. I swear, I should
Six times an hour.

Tai. But you have men at hand still,
To help you, if you fall?

Wit. Only one, madam,
The guarda-duennas, such a little old man
As this.

Eitb. Alas! he can do nothing, this!

Wit. I'll tell you, madam, I saw in the court of Spain
A lady fall i' the king's sight, along; [once
And there she lay, flat spread, as an umbrella,
Her hoop here crack'd; no man durst reach a hand
To help her, till the guarda-duennas came,
Who is the person only allow'd to touch
A lady there, and he but by this finger.

Eitb. Ha! they no servants, madam, there, nor friends?

Wit. An escudero, or so, madam, that waits
Upon 'em in another coach, at distance;
And when they walk or dance, holds by a handkerchief,
Never presumes to touch 'em.

Eitb. This is scurvy,
And a forc'd gravity! I do not like it.
I like our own much better.

Tai. 'Tis more French,
And courtly, ours.

Eitb. And tastes more liberty.
We may have our dozen of visitors at once
Make love t' us.

Tai. And before our husbands.

Eitb. Husband?
As I am honest, Tail-bush, I do think,

If no body should love me but my poor husband,
I should e'en hang myself.

Tai. Fortune forbid, wench,
So fair a neck should have so foul a necklace.

Eitb. 'Tis true, as I am handsome.

Wit. I receiv'd, lady,
A token from you, which I would not be
Rude to refuse, being your first remembrance.

(Fit. O, I am satisfied now!)

Meer. Do you see it, sir?

Wit. But since you come to know me nearer, lady,
I'll beg the honour you will wear it for me,
It must be so. *[Wittipol gives it Mrs. Fitz-dottrel.]*

Mrs. Fit. Sure I have heard this tongue.

Meer. What do you mean, sir? *[Meer-craft murmurs.]*

Wit. Would you ha' me mercenary?
We'll recompense it anon, in somewhat else.

[He is satisfied, now he sees it.]

Fit. I do not love to be gull'd, though in a toy.
Wife, do you hear? you're come into the school, wife,
Where you may learn, I do perceive it, any thing!
How to be fine, or fair, or great, or proud,
Or what you will, indeed, wife; here 'tis taught:
And I am glad on't, that you may not say,
Another day, when honours come upon you,
You wanted means. I ha' done my parts; been,
To-day, at fifty pound charge; first, for a ring.

[He upbraids her with his bill of costs.]

To get you entered; then left my new play,
To wait upon you here, to see't confirm'd,
That I may say, both to mine own eyes and ears,
Senses, you are my witness, she hath enjoy'd
All helps that could be had for love or money——

Mrs. Fit. To make a fool of her.

Fit. Wife, that's you malice,
The wickedness o' your nature, to interpret

Your husband's kindness thus: but I'll not leave
Still to do good, for your deprav'd affections;
Intend it; bend this stubborn will; be great.

Tai. Good madam, whom do they use in messages?

Wit. They commonly use their slaves, madam.

Tai. And does your ladyship
Think that so good, madam?

Wit. No indeed, madam; I
Therein prefer the fashion of England far,
Of your young delicate page, or discreet usher.

Fit. And I go with your ladyship in opinion,
Directly for your gentleman usher;
There's not a finer officer goes on ground.

Wit. If he be made and broken to his place once,

Fit. Nay, so I presuppose him.

Wit. And they are fitter
Managers too, sir; but I would have 'em call'd
Our escudero's.

Fit. Good.

Wit. Say I should send
To your ladyship, who (I presume) has gather'd
All the dear secrets, to know how to make
Pastillo's of the dutchess of Braganza,
Coquetta's, almoiavana's, mantecada's,
Alcorea's, mustaccioli; or say it were
The peladore of Isabella, or balls
Against the itch, or aqua nanfa, or oil
Of jessamine for gloves, of the marquess Muja;
Or for the head and hair; why, these are offices.

Eith. Fit for a gentleman, not a slave. They only
Might ask for your piveti, Spanish cole,
To burn, and sweeten a room: but the arcana
Of ladies cabinets——

Fit. Should be elsewhere trusted.
You're much about the truth. Sweet honour'd ladies

[He enters himself with the ladies]

Let me fall in wi' you. I ha' my female wit,
As well as my male. And I do know what suits
A lady of spirit, or a woman of fashion!

Wit. And you would have your wife such?

Fit. Yes, madam, airy,
Light; not to plain dishonesty, I mean:
But somewhat o' this side.

Wit. I take you, sir.
He's as reason, ladies. I'll not give this rush
For any lady that cannot be honest
Within a thread.

Tai. Yes, madam, and yet venture
As far for th' other, in her fame——

Wit. As can be;
Coach it to Pimlico, dance the Saraband,
Hear and talk bawdy, laugh as loud as a larum,
Squeak, spring, do any thing.

Eith. In young company, madam.

Tai. Or afore gallants. If they be brave, or lords,
A woman is engag'd.

Fit. I say so, ladies.
It is civility to deny us nothing.

Pug. You talk of a university! why, hell is
A grammar-school to this! [*The Devil admires him.*]

Eith. But then
She must not lose a look on stuffs or cloth, madam.

Tai. Nor no coarse fellow.

Wit. She must be guided, madam,
By the clothes he wears, and company he is in,
Whom to salute, how far——

Fit. I ha' told her this;
And how that bawdry too, upo' the point,
Is (in it self) as civil a d'scourse——

Wit. As any other affair of flesh whatever.

Fit. But she will ne'er be capable, she is not
So much as coming, madam; I know not how,

She

She loses all her opportunities,
With hoping to be forc'd. I have entertain'd

[He shews his Pug.]

A gentleman, a younger brother, here,
Whom I would fain breed up her escudero,
Against some expectations that I have,
And she'll not countenance him.

Wit. What's his name?

Fit. Devil o' Darbyshire.

Eitb. Bless us from him!

Tai. Devil!

Call him De-vile, sweet madam.

Mrs. Fit. What you please, ladies.

Tai. De-vile's a prettier name!

Eitb. And sounds, methinks,

As it came in with the conqueror——

Man. Over smocks!

What things they are! that Nature should be at leisure
Ever to make 'em! My wooing is at an end.

[Manly goes out with indignation.]

Wit. What can he do?

Eitb. Let's hear him.

Tai. Can he manage?

Fit. Please you to try him, ladies. Stand forth, Devil.

Pug. Was all this but the preface to my torment?

Fit. Come, let their ladyships see your honours.

Eitb. O, he makes a wicked leg.

Tai. As ever I saw!

Wit. Fit for a devil.

Tai. Good madam, call him De-vile.

Wit. De-vile, what property is there most required,
I' your conceit now, in the escudero?

[They begin their catechism.]

Fit. Why do you not speak?

Pug. A settled discreet pace, madam.

Wit. I think, a barren head, sir, mountain-like,

To be expos'd to the cruelty of weathers——

Fit. I, for his valley is beneath the waste, madam,
And to be fruitful there, it is sufficient.

Pug. Dulness upon you! could not you hit this?

Pug. Good sir——

[Fit strikes Pug.]

Wit. He then had had no barren head.

You daw him too much in troth, sir.

Fit. I must walk

With the French stick, like an old Virger, for you.

Pug. O chief, call me to hell again, and free me.

[The Devil prays.]

Fit. Do you murmur now?

Pug. Not I, sir.

Wit. What do you take,

Mr. De-vile, the height of your employment,
In the true perfect escudero?

Fit. When?

What do you answer?

Pug. To be able, madam,

First to enquire, then report the working
Of any lady's physick, in sweet phrase.

Wit. Yes, that's an act of elegance, and importance.
But what above?

Fit. O, that I had a goad for him.

Pug. To find out a good corn-cutter.

Tai. Out on him!

Eitb. Most barbarous!

Fit. Why did you do this now?

Of purpose to discredit me, you damn'd devil?

Pug. Sure, if I be not yet, I shall be. All
My days in hell were holidays, to this!

Tai. 'Tis labour lost, madam.

Eitb. He's a dull fellow,
Of no capacity!

Tai. Of no discourse!

O, if my Ambler had been here!

Eitb.

Eitb. I, madam,
You talk of a man, where is there such another?

Wit. Mr. De-vile, put case one of my ladies here
Had a fine brach, and would employ you forth
To treat 'bout a convenient match for her,
What would you observe?

Pug. The colour, and the size, madam.

Wit. And nothing else?

Fit. The moon, you calf, the moon!

Wit. I, and the sign.

Tai. Yes, and receipts for proneness.

Wit. Then when the puppies came, what would you

Pug. Get their nativities cast. [do]

Wit. This is well. What more?

Pug. Consult the Almanack-man which would be
Which cleanliest. [least]

Wit. And which silent'st? This is well, madam;
And while she were with puppy?

Pug. Walk her out,
And air her every morning.

Wit. Very good!
And be industrious to kill her fleas!

Pug. Yes.

Wit. He will make a pretty proficient.

Pug. Who,
Coming from hell, could look for such a catechising?
The Devil is an Ass, I do acknowledge it.

Fit. The top of woman! all her sex in abstract!

[*Fitz-dottrel admires Wittipol*]
I love her, to each syllable falls from her.

Tai. Good madam, give me leave to go aside with
And try him a little! [him]

Wit. Do, and I'll withdraw, madam,
With this fair lady, read to her the while.

Tai. Come, sir.

Pug. Dear chief, relieve me, or I perish.

[The Devil prays again.]

Wit. Lady, we'll follow ; you are not jealous, sir ?

Fit. O, madam ! you shall see. Stay, wife, behold,
I give her up here absolutely to you ;
She is your own, do with her what you will :

[He gives his wife to him, taking him to be a lady.]

Melt, cast, and form her as you shall think good ;

Set any stamp on : I'll receive her from you

As a new thing, by your own standard.

Wit. Well, sir !

S C E N E V.

Meer-craft, Fitz-dottrel, Pit-fall, Ever-ill, Plutarchus.

Meer. But what ha' you done i' your dependence
[since ?]

Fit. O, it goes on ; I met your cousin, the master—

Meer. You did not acquaint him, sir ?

Fit. Faith but I did, sir.

And, upon better thought, not without reason !

He being chief officer might ha' ta'en it ill else,

As a contempt against his place, and that

In time, sir, ha' drawn on another dependence.

No, I did find him in good terms, and ready

To do me any service.

Meer. So he said to you ?

But, sir, you do not know him.

Fit. Why, I presum'd,

Because this bus'ness of my wife's requir'd me,

I could not ha' done better : and he told

Me, that he would go presently to your council,

A knight here i' the lane——

Meer. Yes, justice Either-side.

Fit.

Fit. And get the feoffment drawn, with a letter of
For livery and seisin. [attorney,

Meer. That I know's the course.

But, sir, you mean not to make him feoffee?

Fit. Nay, that I'll pause on!

Meer. How now, little Pit-fall?

Pit. Your cousin, master Ever-ill, would come in—
But he would know if mr. Manly were here.

Meer. No, tell him, if he were, I ha' made his peace!

[*Meer-craft whispers against him.*

He's one, sir, has no state, and a man knows not
How such a trust may tempt him.

Fit. I conceive you.

Ever. Sir, this same deed is done here.

Meer. Pretty Plutarchus!

Art thou come with it? and has sir Poul view'd it?

Plu. His hand is to the draught.

Meer. Will you step in, sir,
And read it?

Fit. Yes.

Ever. I pray you, a word wi' you.

[*Ever-ill whispers against Meer-craft.*

Sir Poul Either-side will'd me gi' you caution
Whom you did make feoffee; for 'tis the trust
O' your whole state; and though my cousin here
Be a worthy gentleman, yet his valour has
At the tall board been question'd; and we hold
Any man so impeach'd, of doubtful honesty!
I will not justifie this, but give it you
To make your profit of it; if you utter it,
I can forswear it.

Fit. I believe you, and thank you, sir.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Wittipol, Mrs. Fitz-dottrel, Manly, Meer-craft.

Wit. Be not afraid, sweet lady ; you are trusted
To love, not violence, here : I am no ravisher,
But one whom you by your fair trust again
May of a servant make a most true friend.

Mrs. Fit. And such a one I need, but not this way.

Sir, I confess me to you, the meer manner
Of your attempting me this morning, took me ;
And I did hold my invention, and my manners,
Were both engag'd to give it a requital,
But not unto your ends : my hope was then,
(Though interrupted e're it could be utter'd)
That whom I found the master of such language,
That brain and spirit for such an enterprize,
Could not, but if those succours were demanded
To a right use, employ them virtuously,
And make that profit of his noble parts
Which they would yield. Sir, you have now the ground
To exercise them in : I am a woman
That cannot speak more wretchedness of my self,
Than you can read ; match'd to a mass of folly,
That every day makes haste to his own ruin ;
The wealthy portion that I brought him, spent,
And (through my friends neglect) no jointure made me.
My fortunes standing in this precipice,
Tis counsel that I want, and honest aids ;
And in this name I need you for a friend,
Never in any other ; for his ill
Must not make me, sir, worse.

[Manly conceal'd this while, shews himself.]

Man. O, friend, forsake not

The brave occasion virtue offers you

To keep you innocent : I have fear'd for both,

And watch'd you, to prevent the ill I fear'd.

But

But since the weaker side hath so assur'd me,
Let not the stronger fall by his own vice,
Or be the less a friend, 'cause virtue needs him.

Wit. Virtue shall never ask my succours twice ;
Most friend, most man, your counsels are commands.
Lady, I can love goodness in you, more
Than I did beauty ; and do here intitle
Your virtue to the power upon a life
You shall engage in any fruitful service,
Even to forfeit.

Meer. Madam : do you hear, sir ?

*[Meer-craft takes Wittipol aside, and moves
a project for himself.]*

† We have another leg strain'd for this Dottrel.
He has a quarrel to carry, and has caus'd
A deed of seoffment of his whole estate
To be drawn yonder : he has't within ; and you
Only he means to make seoffee. He's fall'n
So desperately enamour'd on you, and talks
Most like a madman : you did never hear
A phrentick so in love with his own favour !
Now you do know, 'tis of no validity
In your name as you stand : therefore advise him
To put in me. (He's come here.) You shall share, fir

SCENE VII.

*Wittipol, Mrs. Fitz-dottrel, Manly, Meer-craft, Fitz-
dottrel, Ever-ill, Plutarchus.*

Fit. Madam, I have a suit to you ; and afore-hand
I do bespeak you ; you must not deny me,
I will be granted.

† *We have another leg strain'd for this DOTTREL.]* A dottrel is
a silly kind of bird, which imitates the actions of the fowler, till
last he is taken : if the fowler stretches out a leg, the bird will do
so too. It is to this property that he here alludes : and it is from
hence that *Fitz-dottrel* has the name, as he so readily falls into the
snare the projector lays for him.

Wit. Sir, I must know it, though.

Fit. No, lady, you must not know it : yet you must
For the trust of it, and the same indeed, [too,
Which else were lost me. I would use your name
But in a feoffment, make my whole estate
Over unto you ; a trifle, a thing of nothing,
Some eighteen hundred.

Wit. Alas ! I understand not
Those things, sir : I am a woman, and most loth
To embark my self——

Fit. You will not slight me, madam ?

Wit. Nor you'll not quarrel me ?

Fit. No, sweet madam, I have
Already a dependence ; for which cause
I do this : let me put you in, dear madam,
I may be fairly kill'd.

Wit. You have your friends, sir,
About you here for choice.

Ever. She tells you right, sir.

[*He hopes to be the man.*

Fit. Death, if she do, what do I care for that ?
Say, I would have her tell me wrong.

Wit. Why, sir,
If for the trust you'll let me have the honour
To name you one.

Fit. Nay, you do me the honour, madam.
Who is't ?

Wit. This gentleman.

[*Designs Manly.*

Fit. O no, sweet madam,
He's friend to him with whom I ha' the dependence.

Wit. Who might he be ?

Fit. One Wittipol ; do you know him ?

Wit. Alas, sir, he ! a toy ! this gentleman
A friend to him ? no more than I am, sir.

Fit. But will your ladyship undertake that, madam ?

Wit. Yes, and what else, for him, you will engage me.

Fit. What is his name ?

Wit. His name is Eustace Manly.

Fit. Whence does he write himself ?

Wit. Of Middlesex, esquire.

Fit. Say nothing, madam. Clerk, come hither ;
Write Eustace Manly, squire o' Middlesex.

Meer. What ha' you done, sir ?

Wit. Nam'd a gentleman,
That I'll be answerable for to you, sir.
Had I nam'd you, it might ha' been suspected ;
This way 'tis safe.

Fit. Come, gentlemen, your hands
For witness.

Man. What is this ?

Ever. You ha' made election [*Ever-ill applauds it.*
Of a most worthy gentleman !

Man. Would one of worth
Had spoke it ! but now whence it comes, it is
Rather a shame unto me, than a praise.

Ever. Sir, I will give you any satisfaction.

Man. Be silent then : " Falshood commends not
[truth."

Plu. You do deliver this, sir, as your deed,
To th' use of mr. Manly ?

Fit. Yes : and sir —

When did you see young Wittipol ? I am ready
For process now : sir, this is publication.
He shall hear from me ; he would needs be courting
My wife, sir.

Man. Yes ; so witnesseth his cloke there.

Fit. Nay, good sir — Madam, you did undertake —
[*Fitz-dottrel is suspicious of Manly still.*

Wit. What ?

Fit. That he was not Wittipol's friend.

Wit. I hear,
Sir, no confession of it,

Fit.

Fit. O, she knows not,
Now I remember. Madam, this young Wittipol
Would ha' debauch'd my wife, and made me cuckold
Thorough a casement; he did fly her home
To mine own window; but I think I fought him,
And ravish'd her away out of his pounces.
I ha' sworn to ha' him by the ears: I fear
The toy wi' not do me right.

Wit. No! that were pity:
What right do you ask, sir? here he is will do't you.
[Wittipol discovers himself.]

Fit. Ha! Wittipol!

Wit. I, sir; no more lady now,
Nor Spaniard!

Man. No indeed, 'tis Wittipol.

Fit. Am I the thing I fear'd?

Wit. A cuckold? No, sir;
But you were late in possibility,
I'll tell you so much.

Man. But your wife's too virtuous.

Wit. We'll see her, sir, at home, and leave you here,
To be made duke o' Shoreditch with a project.

Fit. Thieves, ravishers!

Wit. Cry but another note, sir,
I'll mar the tune o' yor pipe.

Fit. Gi' me my deed then.

[He would have his deed again.]

Wit. Neither: that shall be kept for your wife's
Who will know better how to use it. *[good,*

Fit. Ha!

To feast you with my land?

Wit. Sir, be you quiet,
Or I shall gag you ere I go; consult
Your master of dependences, how to make this
A second business, you have time, sir.

Fit. Oh!

[Wittipol baffles him and goes out.]

What will the ghost of my wise grandfather,
My learned father, with my worshipful mother,
Think of me now, that left me in this world
In state to be their heir? that am become
A cuckold, and an afs, and my wife's ward;
Likely to lose my land, ha' my throat cut;
All by her practice!

Meer. Sir, we are all abus'd!

Fit. And be so still! who hinders you, I pray you?
Let me alone, I would enjoy my self,
And be the duke of Drown'd land you ha' made me.

Meer. Sir, we must play an after-game o' this.

Fit. But I am not in case to be a gamester,
I tell you once again——

Meer. You must be rul'd,
And take some counsel.

Fit. Sir, I do hate counsel,
As I do hate my wife, my wicked wife!

Meer. But we may think how to recover all,
If you will act.

Fit. I will not think, nor act,
Nor yet recover; do not talk to me:
I'll run out o' my wits, rather than hear.
I will be what I am, Fabian Fitz-dottrel,
Though all the world say nay to't.

Meer. Let us follow him.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Ambler, Pitfall, Meer-craft.

Amb. **B**UT has my lady miss'd me?

Pit. Beyond telling!

Here has been that infinity of strangers!
And then she would ha' had you, to ha' sampled you
With

With one within, that they are now a teaching,
And does pretend to your rank.

Amb. Good fellow Pitfall,
Tell Mr. Meer-craft I entreat a word with him.

[Pitfall goes out.]

This most unlucky accident will go near
To be the loss o' my place, I am in doubt.

Meer. With me? What say you, mr. Ambler?

Amb. Sir,

I would beseech your worship, stand between
Me and my lady's displeasure, for my absence.

Meer. O, is that all? I warrant you.

Amb. I would tell you, sir,
But how it happen'd.

Meer. Brief, good mr. Ambler,
Put your self to your rack; for I have task
Of more importance. *[Meer-craft seems full of business.]*

Amb. Sir, you'll laugh at me!
But (so is truth) a very friend of mine,
Finding by conference with me, that I liv'd
Too chaste for my complexion, (and indeed
Too honest for my place, sir) did advise me,
If I did love my self, (as that I do,
I must confess)

Meer. Spare your parenthesis.

Amb. To gi' my body a little evacuation——

Meer. Well, and you went to a whore?

Amb. No, sir, I durst not
(For fear it might arrive at some body's ear
It should not) trust my self to a common house;
[Ambler tells this with extraordinary speed.]

But got the gentlewoman to go with me,
And carry her bedding to a conduit-head,
Hard by the place toward Tyburn, which they call
My Lord Mayor's banquetting-house Now, sir, this
Was execution; and I never dreamt on't, *[morning*
Till

Till I heard the noise o' the people, and the horses;
 And neither I, nor the poor gentlewoman
 Durst stir, till all was done and past: so that
 I' the interim we fell asleep again. [He flags.

Meer. Nay, if you fall from your gallop, I am gone,
fir.

Amb. But when I wak'd, to put on my clothes, a suit,
 I made new for the action, it was gone,
 And all my money, with my purse, my seals,
 My hard-wax, and my table-books, my studies,
 And a fine new device I had to carry
 My pen and ink, my civet, and my tooth-picks,
 All under one. But that which griev'd me, was
 The gentlewoman's shoes (with a pair of roses,
 And garters) I had given her for the business;
 So as that made us stay till it was dark:
 For I was fain to lend her mine, and walk
 In a rug, by her, barefoot, to St. Giles's.

Meer. A kind of Irish penance! Is this all, fir?

Amb. To satisfy my lady.

Meer. I will promise you, fir.

Amb. I ha' told the true disaster.

Meer. I cannot stay wi' you,
 Sir, to condole; but gratulate your return.

Amb. An honest gentleman; but he's never at leisure
 To be himself, he has such tides of business.

S C E N E II.

Pug, Ambler.

Pug. O call me home again, dear chief, and put me
 To yoking foxes, milking of he-goats,
 Pounding of water in a mortar, laving
 The sea dry with a nut-shell, gathering all

The

The leaves are fall'n this autumn, drawing farts
Out of dead bodies, making ropes of sand,
Catching the winds together in a net,
Mustering of ants, and numbring atoms ; all
That hell and you thought exquisite torments, rather
Than stay me here a thought more : I would sooner
' Keep fleas within a circle, and be accomptant
A thousand year, which of 'em, and how far,
Out-leap'd the other, than endure a minute
Such as I have within. There is no hell
To a lady of fashion. All your tortures there
Are pastimes to it. 'Twould be a refreshing
For me, to be i' the fire again, from hence.

[Ambler comes in, and surveys him.]

Amb. This is my suit, and those the shoes and roses !

Pug. They've such impertinent vexations,
A general council o' devils could not hit——

[Pug perceives it, and starts.]

Ha ! this is he I took asleep with his wench,
And borrow'd his clothes. What might I do to balk

Amb. Do you hear, sir ? *[him ?]*

Pug. Answer him, but not to th' purpose.

Amb. What is you name, I pray you, sir ?

Pug. Is't so late, sir ?

[He answers quite from the purpose.]

Amb. I ask not o' the time, but of your name, sir.

Pug. I thank you, sir. Yes, it does hold, sir, certain.

' ————— I would sooner

Keep fleas within a circle, &c.] This is taken from an employment of the same kind, which Aristophanes has given to Socrates :

*Ἀντὶς ἀπὸ κατὰ πόρτα εὐχεται
ὕδατος ὁμοῦς ἀδελφὸς τῷ αὐτοῦ πόδας ; &c.*

Nub. act 1. sc. 2.

Amb. Hold, sir? what holds? I must both hold,
About these clothes. [and talk to you]

Pug. A very pretty lace!
But the taylor cozen'd me.

Amb. No, I am cozen'd
By you; robb'd.

Pug. Why, when you please, sir; I am
For three-penny gleek, your man.

Amb. Pox o' your gleek,
And three-pence: give me an answer.

Pug. Sir,
My master is the best at it.

Amb. Your master!
Who is your master?

Pug. Let it be Friday-night.

Amb. What should be then?

Pug. Your best song's Thom. o' Bethlem.

Amb. I think you are he.

Does he mock me trow from purpose?
Or do not I speak to him what I mean?
Good sir, your name.

Pug. Only a couple o' cocks, sir;
If we can get a widgeon, 'tis in season.

Amb. He hopes to make one o' these scipticks o' me,
[For scepticks.

(I think I name 'em right) and does not fly me:
I wonder at that! 'tis a strange confidence!
I'll prove another way, to draw his answer.

SCENE III.

Meer-craft, Fitz-dottrel, Ever-ill, Pug.

Meer. It is the easiest thing, sir, to be done,
As plain as fizzling: roll but wi' your eyes,

And

And foam at th' mouth. A little Castle-soap
Will do't to rub your lips ; and then a nut-shell,
With tow, and touch-wood in it, to spit fire.
Did you ne'er read, sir, little Darrel's tricks ^a
With the boy o' Burton, and the seven in Lancashire,
Somers at Nottingham ? all these do teach it.
And we'll give out, sir, that your wife has bewitch'd
you. *[They repair their old plot.]*

Ever. And practis'd with those two, as forcerers.

Meer. And ga' you potions, by which means you were
Not *compos mentis*, when you made your feoffment.
There's no recovery o' your state but this :
This, sir, will sting.

Ever. And move in a court of equity.

Meer. For it is more than manifest, that this was
A plot o' your wife's, to get your land.

Fit. I think it.

Ever. Sir, it appears.

Meer. Nay, and my cousin has known
These gallants in these shapes.

Ever. T' have done strange things, sir.
One as the lady, the other as the squire.

Meer. How a man's honesty may be fool'd ! I thought
A very lady. *[him]*

Fit. So did I : renounce me else.

Meer. But this way, sir, you'll be reveng'd at height.

^a Did you ne'er read, sir, little DARREL'S TRICKS

[With the boy o' Burton, &c.] Impositions of this kind, the inventions of the jesuits, were frequent in the age of Jonson. Dr. Harnet, who died archbishop of York, was fortunate in the discovery of the tricks made use of by these artists ; and published them to the world. There is a pamphlet of his entitled, *A discovery of the fraudulent practices of John Darrel, minister, in answer to a True narration of the strange and grievous vexation by the devil of seven persons in Lancashire and William Somers of Nottingham.* As the book is not easily to be met with, I am unable to give the reader the particulars of the cheat.

Ever.

Ever. Upon 'em all,

Meer. Yes faith, and since your wife
Has run the way of woman thus, e'en give her—

Fit. Lost, by this hand, to me ; dead to all joys
Of her dear Dottrel ; I shall never pity her,
That could not pity her self.

Meer. Princely resolv'd, sir,
And like your self still, *in potentia*.

SCENE IV.

[*To them.*] *Gilt-head, Sledge, Plutarchus, Serjeants.*

Meer. Gilt-head, what news ?

Fit. O sir, my hundred pieces :
Let me ha' them yet ? [*Fitz-dottrel asks for his money.*]

Gilt. Yes, sir. Officers,
Arrest him.

Fit. Me ?

Ser. I arrest you.

Sle. Keep the peace,
I charge you, gentlemen.

Fit. Arrest me ? why ?

Gilt. For better security, sir. My son Plutarchus
Assures me, you are not worth a groat.

Plu. Pardon me, father,
I said his worship had no foot of land left :
And that I'll justify, for I writ the deed.

Fit. Ha' you these tricks i' the city ?

Gilt. Yes, and more.
Arrest this gallant too, here, at my suit.

[*Meaning Meer-craft.*]

Sle. I, and at mine. He owes me for his lodging
Two year and a quarter.

Meer. Why mr. Gilthead, landlord,
Thou art not mad, tho' thou art constable,

Puft up with th' pride of the place? Do you hear, firs.
Have I deserv'd this from you two? for all
My pains at court, to get you each a patent.

Gilt. For what?

Meer. Upo' my project o' the forks.

Sle. Forks? what be they? [*The project of forks.*]

Meer. The laudable use of forks,
Brought into custom here, as they are in Italy,¹
To th' sparing o' napkins. That, that should have made
Your bellows go at the forge, as his at the furnace.
I ha' procur'd it, ha' the signet for it,
Dealt with the linen-drappers on my private²,
Because I fear'd they were the likeliest ever
To stir against, to cross it: for 'twill be

¹ *Meer.* — *The laudable use of FORKS,*

Brought into use here, as they are in Italy.] The invention of forks was a little before this time, and some kind of affectation in the use of them gave the poet an occasion to ridicule the invention itself; unless we should suppose, that, with the German divine who preached against the custom, he thought it an insult on providence not to touch one's meat with one's fingers. But the use of forks, as Mr Sympson well observes, is bantered likewise by Beaumont and Fletcher, as the mark of both a traveller and courtier:

" ——— It doth express th' enamour'd courtier,

" As full as your fork-carving traveller."

Queen of Corinth, act. 4. sc. 1. not.

We have had too a project of tooth-picks mentioned, which was also another fund of satire to our author's contemporaries. So Fletcher,

" You that enhance the daily price of tooth-picks."

And Shakespear could not omit it, in his description of the finical traveller, in *King John*, act 1.

² *Dealt with the linen-drappers, on MY PRIVATE*

Bie, 'cause I fear'd, &c.] Here is a mistake in the pointing and expression: what is my private *Bie*? I believe no sense can be extracted from it. It should be read thus;

Dealt with the linen-drappers on my private,

i. e. on my own particular account, or my private motion; and then it follows,

Because I fear'd they were the likeliest ever

To stir against, to cross it ———

A mighty

A mighty saver of linen through the kingdom
 (As that is one o' my grounds, and to spare washing)
 Now, on you two had I laid all the profits.
 Gilt-head to have the making of all those
 Of gold and silver, for the better personages;
 And you, of those of steel for the common sort.
 And both by patent. I had brought you your seals in,
 But now you have prevented me, and I thank you.

[*Sledge is brought about.*]

Sle. Sir, I will bail you, at mine own ap-peril.

Meer. Nay chuse.

Plu. Do you so too, good father.

[*And Gilt-head comes.*]

Gilt. I like the fashion o' the project well,
 The forks! it may be a lucky one! and is not
 Intricate, as one would say, but fit for
 Plain heads, as ours, to deal in. Do you hear,
 Officers, we discharge you.

Meer. Why, this shews
 A little good-nature in you, I confess,
 But do not tempt your friends thus. Little Gilt-head,
 Advise your sire, great Gilt-head, from these courses:
 And, here, to trouble a great man in reversion,
 For a matter o' fifty, in a false alarm,
 Away, it shews not well. Let him get the pieces
 And bring 'em: you'll hear more else.

Plu. Father.

S C E N E V.

[*To them*] *Ambler.*

Amb. O master Sledge, are you here? I ha' been so
 You are the constable, they say. Here's one [seek you]
 That I do charge with felony, for the suit
 He wears, sir.

Meer

Meer. Who? Mr. Fitz-dottrel's man?
Ware what you do, mr. Ambler.

Amb. Sir, these clothes
I'll swear are mine; and the shoes the gentlewoman's
I told you of: and ha' him afore a justice
I will.

Pug. My master, sir, will pass his word for me.

Amb. O, can you speak to purpose now?

Fit. Not I,
If you be such a one, sir, I will leave you
To your god-fathers in law. Let twelve men work.
[Fitz-dottrel disclaims him.]

Pug. Do you hear, sir, pray, in private.

Fit. Well, what say you?
Brief, for I have no time to lose.

Pug. Truth is, sir,
I am the very Devil, and had leave
To take this body I am in to serve you;
Which was a cut-purse's, and hang'd this morning:
And it is likewise true, I stole this suit
To clothe me with. But, sir, let me not go
To prison for it. I have hitherto
Lost time, done nothing; shown, indeed, no part
O' my devil's nature. Now, I will so help
Your malice, 'gainst these parties; so advance
The business that you have in hand, of witchcraft,
And your possession, as myself were in you,
Teach you such tricks to make your belly swell,
And your eyes turn, to foam, to stare, to gnash
Your teeth together, and to beat yourself,
Laugh loud¹, and feign six voices ———

Fit. Out, you rogue!
You most infernal counterfeit wretch! avant!
Do you think to gull me with your Æsop's fables?

¹ *Laugh round.* So the last edition: the preceding ones as above, *Laugh loud.* But all the tricks here mentioned were practised by the impostors of those times.

Here, take him to you, I ha' no part in him.

Pug. Sir.

Fit. Away, I do disclaim, I will not hear you.

[And sends him away.]

Meer. What said he to you, sir?

Fit. Like a lying rascal,

Told me he was the devil.

Meer. How! a good jest!

Fit. And that he would teach me such fine devil's
For our new resolution. *[tricks]*

Ever. O pox on him,

'Twas excellent wisely done, sir, not to trust him,

[Meer-craft gives the instructions to him and the rest.]

Meer. Why, if he were the devil, we sha' not need
[him,

If you'll be rul'd. Go throw yourself on a bed, sir,
And feign you ill. We'll not be seen wi' you
Till after, that you have a fit; and all
Confirm'd within. Keep you with the two ladies,
And persuade them. I'll to justice Either-side,
And possess him with all. Trains shall seek out Engine,
And they two fill the town with't; every cable
Is to be veer'd. We must employ out all
Our emissaries now. Sir, I will send you
Bladders and bellows. Sir, be confident,
'Tis no hard thing t'outdo the devil in;
A boy o' thirteen year old made him an ass,
But t'other day.

Fit.

*'Tis no hard thing t'outdo the devil in;
A boy o' thirteen year old made him an ass,
But t'other day.]*

This is evidently an allusion to the boy of Bilson in Staffordshire, who was practised on by some jesuits, and counterfeited possession by the devil. The cheat was discovered by Dr. Morton, at that time bishop of the diocese. The story, with all the particulars, may be met with in Wilson's history of James the 1st. The same imposture seems to be referred to by the poet, in the third scene of this act;

*Did you ne'er read, sir, little Darrel's tricks
With the boy o' Burton? —*

But

Fit. Well, I'll begin to practise,
And scape the imputation of being cuckold,
By mine own act.

Meer. You're right.

Ever. Come, you ha' put
Yourself to a simple coil here, and your friends,
By dealing with new agents, in new plots.

Meer. No more o' that, sweet cousin.

Ever. What had you
To do with this same Wittipol, for a lady?

Meer. Question not that; 'tis done.

Ever. You had some strain
'Bove e-la?

Meer. I had indeed.

Ever. And now you crack for't.

Meer. Do not upbraid me.

Ever. Come, you must be told on't;
You are so covetous, still, to embrace
More than you can, that you lose all.

Meer. 'Tis right.

What would you more than guilty? Now, your suc- [cours.

S C E N E VII.

Shackles, Pug, Iniquity, Devil.

[*Pug is brought to Newgate.*

Sba. Here you are lodg'd, sir, you must send your
If you'll be private. [garnish,

Pug. There it is, sir, leave me.

To Newgate brought? how is the name of devil
Discredited in me! what a lost fiend

But either Jonson's memory deceiv'd him, or the passage is corrup-
ted; unless Bilson be in the neighbourhood or parish of Burton:
for I know of no other imposture so remarkable about that time.

Shall

Shall I be on return? my chief will roar
 In triumph, now, that I have been on earth
 A day, and done no noted thing, but brought
 That body back here, was hang'd out this morning.
 Well! would it once were midnight, that I knew
 My utmost. I think Time be drunk, and sleeps;
 He is so still, and moves not! I do glory
 Now in my torment. Neither can I expect it,
 I have it with my fact. *[Enter Iniquity the vice.]*

Iniq. Child of hell, be thou merry:
 Put a look on as round, boy, and red as a cherry.
 Cast care at thy posterns, and firk i' thy fetters:
 They are ornaments, baby, have graced thy betters:
 Look upon me, and hearken. Our chief doth salute
[thee,

And lest the cold iron should chance to confute thee?
 H' hath sent thee grant-parol by me, to stay longer
 A month here on earth, against cold (child) or hunger.

Pug. How? longer here a month?

Iniq. Yes, boy, till the session,
 That so thou mayst have a triumphal egression.

Pug. In a cart, to be hang'd?

Iniq. No, child, in a car,
 The chariot of triumph, which most of them are.
 And in the mean time, to be greasy, and bouzy,
 And nasty, and filthy, and ragged, and lousy,
 With damn me, renounce me; and all the fine phrases,
 That bring unto Tyburn the plentiful gazes.

7 ——— Our chief doth salute thee,

And lest our cold iron should chance to confute thee.] Our cold iron is wrong; we must read *the cold iron*. What follows is a pure Latinism; to *confute thee*, means to check you, or cool your courage. *Confutare* is properly to pour cold water into a pot, to prevent it from boiling over; and hence metaphorically, the signification of *confuting*, reproving, or controuling. So Tully uses the expression, *confutare audaciam*.

Pug.

Pug. He is a devil! and may be our chief!
The great superior devil! for his malice:
Arch-devil! I acknowledge him. He knew
What I would suffer, when he ty'd me up thus
In a rogue's body; and he has (I thank him)
His tyrannous pleasure on me, to confine me
To the unlucky carcass of a cut-purse,
Wherein I could do nothing.

The great Devil enters, and upbraids him with all his
Dev. Impudent fiend, *[day's work.*
Stop thy lewd mouth. Dost thou not shame and tremble
To lay thine own dull damn'd defects upon
An innocent case there? Why, thou heavy slave!
The spirit that did possess that flesh before
Put more true life in a finger and a thumb,
Than thou in the whole mass. Yet thou rebeli'st
And murmur'st? what one proffer hast thou made,
Wicked enough, this day, that might be call'd
Worthy thine own, much less the name that sent thee?
First, thou didst help thyself into a beating
Promptly, and with't endangeredst too thy tongue:
A devil, and could not keep a body entire
One day! that for our credit: and to vindicate it,
Hinder'dst (for ought thou know'st) a deed of darkness:
Which was an act of that egregious folly,
As no one, toward the devil, could ha' thought on.
This for your acting! But for suffering! why
Thou hast been cheated on, with a false beard,
And a turn'd cloke. Faith, would your predecessor
The cut-purse, think you, ha' been so? Out upon thee!
The hurt th' hast done, to let men know their strength,
And that they're able to out-do a devil
Put in a body, will for ever be
A scar upon our name! whom hast thou dealt with,
Woman or man, this day, but have out-gone thee

VOL. IV. H Some

Some way, and most have prov'd the better fiends?
 Yet you would be employ'd? yes, hell shall make you
 Provincial o' the cheaters! or bawd-ledger,
 For this side o' the town! No doubt you'll render
 A rare account of things. Bane o' your itch,
 And scratching for employment. I'll ha' brimstone
 To allay it sure, and fire to singe your nails off.
 But that I would not such a damn'd dishonour
 Stick on our state, as that the devil were hang'd,
 And could not save a body, that he took
 From Tyburn, but it must come thither again;
 You should e'en ride. But up, away with him——

[Iniquity takes him on his back.]

Iniq. Mount, dearling of darkness, my shoulders are
 He that carries the fiend, is sure of his load. *[broad:]*
 The devil was wont to carry away the evil,
 But now the evil out-carries the devil.

S C E N E VII.

Sbackles, Keepers.

*A great noise is heard in Newgate, and the keepers come
 out affrighted.*

Sba. O me!

1 *Keep.* What's this?

2 *Keep.* A piece of Justice-hall
 Is broken down.

3 *Keep.* Fough! what a steam of brimstone is here?

4 *Keep.* The prisoner's dead, came in but now!

Sba. Ha? where?

4 *Keep.* Look here.

1 *Keep.* 'Slid, I should know his countenance!
 It is Gill Cut purse, was hang'd out this morning!

Sba.

Sba. 'Tis he!

2 Keep. The devil sure has a hand in this!

3 Keep. What shall we do?

Sba. Carry the news of it unto the sheriffs.

1 Keep. And to the justices.

4 Keep. This is strange!

3 Keep. And favours of the devil strongly!

2 Keep. I ha' the sulphur of hell-coal i' my nose.

1 Keep. Fough.

Sba. Carry him in.

1 Keep. Away.

2 Keep. How rank it is!

S C E N E VIII.

Sir Poule, Meer-craft, Ever-ill, Trains, Pit-fal, Fitz-dottrel.

To them.] Wittipol, Manly, Mrs. Fitz-dottrel, Engine.

To them.] Gilt-head, Sledge, Shackles.

The justice comes out wondring, at the rest informing him.

Pou. This was the notablest conspiracy
That e'er I heard of.

Meer. Sir, they had giv'n him potions,
That did enamour him on the counterfeit lady——

Ever. Just to the time o' delivery o' the deed——

Meer. And then the witchcraft 'gan t' appear, for
He fell into his fit. (straight

Ever. Of rage at first, sir,
Which since has so increased.

Tai. Good sir Poule, see him,
And punish the impostors.

Pou. Therefore I come, madam.

Eith. Let Mr. Either-side alone, madam.

Pou. Do you hear?

Call in the constable, I will have him by :
He's the king's officer ! and some citizens
Of credit ! I'll discharge my conscience clearly.

Meer. Yes, sir, and send for his wife.

Ever. And the two forcerers,
By any means.

Tai. I thought one a true lady,
I should be sworn. So did you, Either-side?

Eith. Yes, by that light, would I might ne'er stir
[else, Tail-bush.

Tai. And the other a civil gentleman.

Ever. But, madam,
You know what I told your ladyship !

Tai. I now see it.

I was providing of a banquet for 'em,
After I had done instructing of the fellow
De-vile, the gentleman's man.

Meer. Who's found a thief, madam,
And to have robb'd your usher, master Ambler,
This morning.

Tai. How?

Meer. I'll tell you more anon.

Fit. " Gi' me some garlick, garlick, garlick, garlick."
[He begins his fit.

Meer. Hark, the poor gentleman, how he is torment-
[ed !

Fit. " My wife is a whore, I'll kiss her no more : and
" May'st not thou be a cuckold as well as I ? [why?
" Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c."

Pou. That is the devil speaks and laughs in him.

[The justice interprets all.

Meer. Do you think so, sir?

Pou. I discharge my conscience.

Fit. " And is not the devil good company ? yes, wis."
Ever.

Ever. How he changes, sir, his voice!

Fit. "And a cuckold is,

"Where-e'er he put his head with a wannion,

"If his horns be forth, the devil's companion!

"Look, look, look, else."

Meer. How he foams!

Ever. And swells!

Tai. O me! what's that there rises in his belly!

Eitb. A strange thing! hold it down.

Tra. Pit. We cannot, madam.

Pou. 'Tis too apparent this!

Fit. "Wittipol, Wittipol."

[*Wittipol, and Manly, and Mrs. Fitz-dottrel enter.*

Wit. How now, what play ha' we here?

Man. What fine new matters?

Wit. The cockscorn and the coverlet.

Meer. O strange impudence!

That these should come to face their sin!

Ever. And out-face

Justice; they are the parties, sir.

Pou. Say nothing.

Meer. Did you mark, sir, upon our coming in,
How he call'd Wittipol?

Ever. And never saw 'em.

Pou. I warrant you did I, let 'em play a while.

Fit. "Buz, buz, buz, buz."

Tai. 'Las, poor gentleman,
How he is tortur'd!

Mrs. Fit. Fie, master Fitz-dottrel!

What do you mean to counterfeit thus?

Fit. "O, O, [His wife goes to him.

"She comes with a needle, and thrusts it in,

"She pulls out that, and she puts in a pin,

"And now, and now, I do not know how nor where,

"But she pricks me here, and she pricks me there: Oh,

Pou. Woman forbear. [oh."

Wit. What, sir?

Pou. A practice foul
For one so fair.

Wit. Hath this, then, credit with you?

Man. Do you believe in't?

Pou. Gentlemen, I'll discharge
My conscience. 'Tis a clear conspiracy!
A dark and devilish practice! I detest it!

Wit. The justice sure will prove the merrier man!

Man. This is most strange, sir!

Pou. Come not to confront
Authority with impudence: I tell you,
I do detest it. Here comes the king's constable,
And with him a right worshipful commoner,
My good friend, master Gilt-head! I am glad
I can, before such witnesses, profess
My conscience, and my detestation of it.
Horrible! most unnatural! abominable!

Ever. You do not tumble enough.

Meer. Wallow, gnash. *[They whisper him.]*

Tai. O how he is vexed!

Pou. 'Tis too manifest.

Ever. Give him more soap to foam with, now lie still.
[And give him soap to all with.]

Meer. And act a little.

Tai. What does he now, sir?

Pou. Shew

The taking of tobacco, with which the devil
Is so delighted.

Fit. "Hum!"

Pou. And calls for hum,*

You takers of strong waters and tobacco,
Mark this,

* *Pou.* And calls for hum.] It was a strong liquor drank by the vulgar: *meath* and *o arui*, other liquors of the same kind, were mentioned above.

Fit. "Yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, &c."

Pou. That's starch! the devil's idol of that colour.
He ratifies it with clapping of his hands.
The proofs are pregnant.

Gilt. How the devil can act!

Pou. He is the master of players! master Gilt-head,
And poets too! you heard him talk in rhyme!
I had forgot to observe it to you, e'er-while!

Tai. See, he spits fire.

Pou. O no, he plays at figgum,
The devil is the author of wicked figgum——

[S'r Poule interprets figgum to be a jugler's game.]

Man. Why speak you not unto him?

Wit. If I had

All innocence of man to be endanger'd,
And he could save or ruin it, I'd not breathe
A syllable in request, to such a fool
He makes himself.

Fit. "O they whisper, whisper, whisper,
"We shall have more of devils a score,
"To come to dinner, in me the sinner."

Eitb. Alas, poor gentleman!

Pou. Put 'em asunder,
Keep 'em one from the other.

Man. Are you frentick, sir?
Or what grave dotage moves you to take part
With so much villainy? we are not afraid
Either of law or trial; let us be
Examin'd what our ends were, what the means
To work by, and possibility of those means?
Do not conclude against us e're you hear us.

Pou. I will not hear you, yet I will conclude
Out of the circumstances.

Man. Will you so, sir?

Pou. Yes, they are palpable.

Man. Not as your folly.

Pou. I will discharge my conscience, and do all
To the meridian of justice.

Gilt. You do well, sir.

Fit. "Provide me to eat, three or four dishes o' good
meat,

"I'll feast them and their trains, a justice head and
"Shall be the first." [brains

Pou. The devil loves not justice,
There you may see.

Fit. "A spare-rib o' my wife,
"And a whore's purt'nance! a Gilt-head whole."

Pou. Be not troubled, sir, the devil speaks it.

Fit. "Yes, wis, knight, shite, Poul, joul, owl, foul,
troul, boul."

Pou. Crambo, another of the devil's games!

Meer. Speak, sir, some Greek, if you can. Is not the
A solemn gamester? [justice

Ever. Peace.

Fit. Οἱ μοι, κακοδαίμων,
Καὶ τρισκακοδαίμων, καὶ τετραδίκης, καὶ πεντάδίκης,
Καὶ δωδεκάδίκης, καὶ μυριάδίκης. †

Pou. He curses
In Greek, I think.

Ever. Your Spanish, that I taught you.

Fit. *Quebrémos el ojo de burlas.*

Ever. How? your rest——

Let's break his neck in jest, the devil says.

Fit. *Di grátia signòr mio se haúete denari fatamént
parte.*

Meer. What, would the devil borrow money?

Fit. *Ouy, ouy, monsieur, un pauvre diable! diablet in!*

Pou. It is the devil, by his several languages.

† *Fit.* Οἱ μοι, κακοδαίμων,
Καὶ τρισκακοδαίμων, &c.] This Greek is from the *Plutus*
of Aristophanes, act 4, sc. 3.

The Devil is an Ass.

121

Enter the Keeper of Newgate.

Sba. Where's fir Poul Either-side?

Pou. Here, what's the matter?

Sba. O! such an accident fall'n out at Newgate, fir:
A great piece of the prison is rent down!
The devil has been there, fir, in the body—
Of the young cut-purse, was hang'd out this morn-
[ing,
But in new cloaths, fir; every one of us know him.
These things were found in his pocket.

Amb. These are mine, fir.

Sba. I think he was committed on your charge, fir,
For a new felony.

Amb. Yes.

Sba. He's gone, fir, now,
And left us the dead body. But withal, fir,
Such an infernal stink and steam behind,
You cannot see St. Pulchre's steeple yet.
They smell't as far as Ware, as the wind lies,
By this time sure.

Fit. Is this upon your credit, friend?

[Fitzdottrel leaves counterfeiting.]

Sba. Sir, you may see, and satisfy yourself.

Fit. Nay then, 'tis time to leave off counterfeiting.
Sir, I am not bewitch'd, nor have a devil,
No more than you. I do defy him, I,
And did abuse you. These two gentlemen
Put me upon it. (I have faith against him.)
They taught me all my tricks. I will tell truth,
And shame the fiend. See, here, fir, are my bellows,
And my false belly, and my mouse, and all
That should ha' come forth.

Man. Sir, are you not ashamed
Now of your solemn serious vanity?

Pou. I will make honourable amends to truth.

Fit.

Fit. And so will I. But these are cozeners still,
And ha' my land, as plotters, with my wife;
Who, though she be not a witch, is worse, a whore.

Man. Sir, you belie her. She is chaste and virtuous,
And we are honest. I do know no glory
A man should hope, by venting his own follies,
But you'll still be an ass in spite of providence.
Please you go in, sir, and hear truths, then judge 'em,
And make amends for your late rashness, when
You shall but hear the pains and care was taken
To save this fool from ruin, (his grace of Drown'd-
land.)

Fit. My land is drown'd indeed——

Pou. Peace.

Man. And how much

His modest and too worthy wife hath suffer'd
By misconstruction from him, you will blush,
First, for your own belief, more for his actions!
His land is his; and never, by my friend,
Or by myself, meant to another use,
But for her succours, who hath equal right.
If any other had worse counsels in't,
(I know I speak to those can apprehend me)
Let 'em repent 'em, and be not detected.
It is not manly to take joy or pride
In human errors (we do all ill things,
They do 'em worst that love 'em, and dwell there,
Till the plague comes) The few that have the seeds
Of goodness left, will sooner make their way
To a true life, by shame, than punishment,

The EPILOGUE.

" **T**HUS the projector here is overthrown;
" But I have now a project of mine own,
" If it may pass, that no man would invite
" The poet from us, to sup forth to-night,
" If the play please: If it displeasing be,
" We do presume that no man will, nor we."

T H E

The Epilogue.

Thus the project here is questioned.

But I have now a project of mine own,

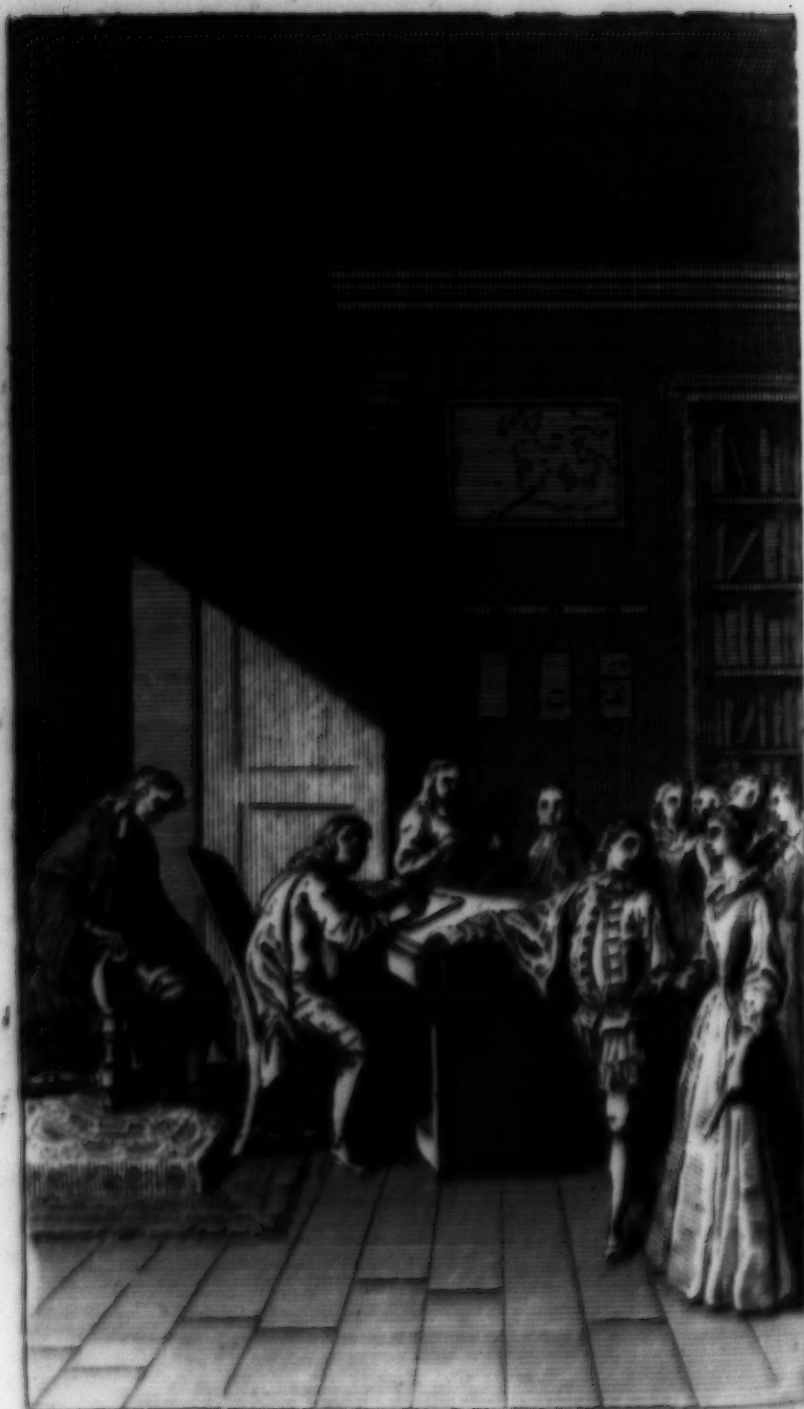
and may prove, that no man would have

been from us, to slip down to-night,

and play tricks. It is different,

and the picture that no man will, but we.





The Staple of News. Ind. Bu. Quornier inv. et sculp.

THE
STAPLE
OF
NEW S.
A
COMEDY.

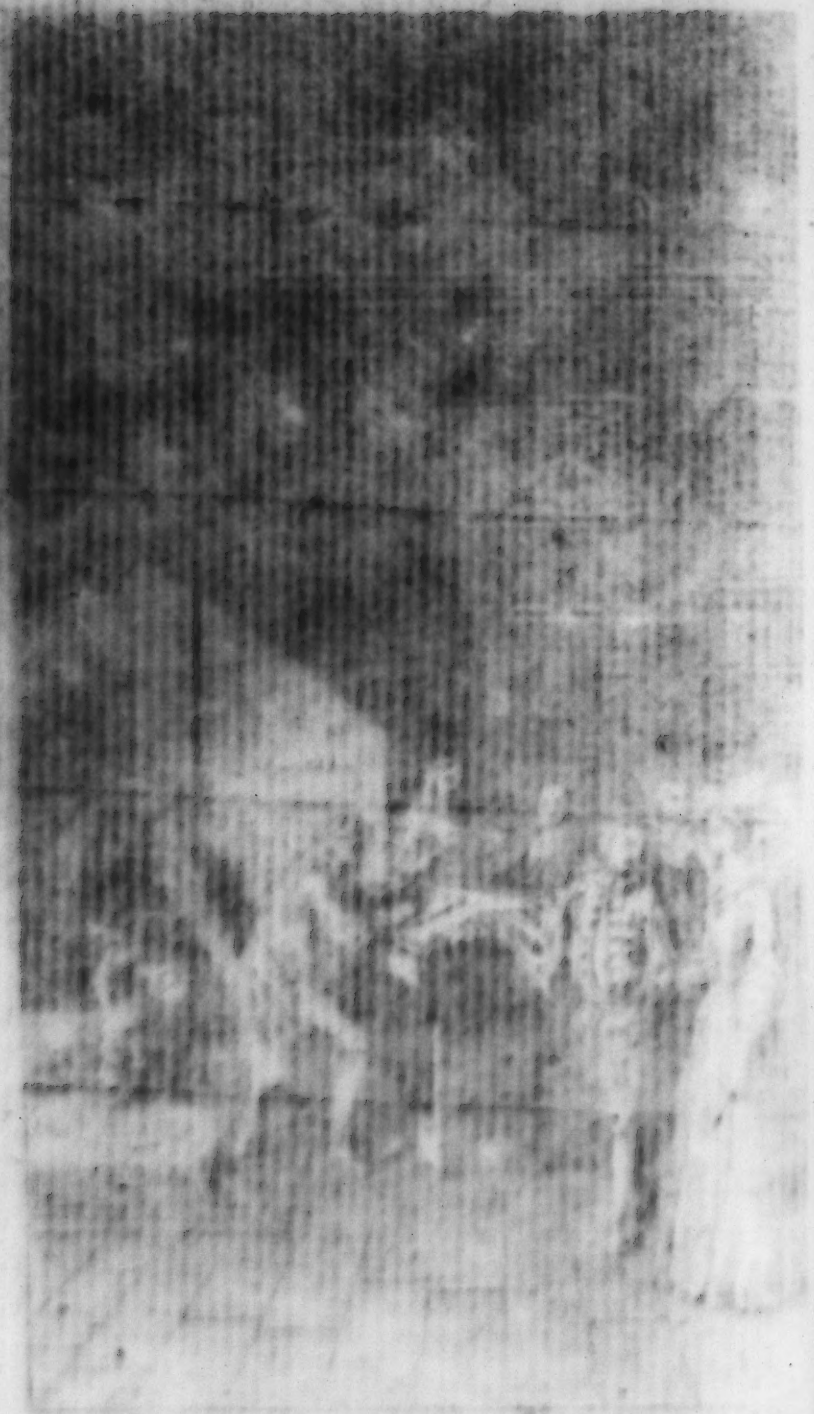
Acted in the Year 1625.

By the KING'S MAJESTY'S Servants.

Aut prodest volunt, aut delectare potest

Aut simul ut jocosus, et idonea dicere sit

HAB. in Art. Poet.



The Temple of New Jerusalem

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S

C

By

THE
STAPLE
OF
NEWS.
A
COMEDY.

Acted in the Year 1625,

By the KING'S MAJESTY'S Servants.

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetae :
Aut simul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vita.
HOR. in Art. Poet.

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T H E I N D U C T I O N.

The PROLOGUE enters;

After him, Gossip Mirth, Gossip Tattle, Gossip Expectation, and Gossip Censure, four Gentlewomen, Lady-like attired.

Prologue. F O R your own sake, not ours——

Mirth. “Come, Gossip, be not ashamed.
“The play is The Staple of News, and you are the
“Mistress and Lady of Tattle; let’s ha’ your opinion
“of it. Do you hear, gentleman? what are you?
“gentleman-usher to the play? Pray you help us to
“some stools here.”

Prologue. “Where? o’ the stage, ladies?”

Mirth. “Yes, o’ the stage; we are persons of quality, I assure you, and women of fashion, and come to see and to be seen. My gossip Tattle here, and gossip Expectation, and my gossip Censure, and I am Mirth, the daughter of Christmas, and spirit of Shrovetide. They say, It’s merry when gossips meet; I hope your play will be a merry one.”

Prologue. “Or you will make it such, ladies. Bring a form here. But what will the noblemen think, or the grave wits here, to see you seated on the bench thus?”

Mirth. “Why, what should they think, but that they had mothers as we had; and those mothers had gossips (if their children were christened) as we are; and such as had a longing to see plays, and sit upon them, as we do, and arraign both them and their poets?”

Prologue.

Prologue. "O is that your purpose? Why, mrs.
"Mirth and madam Tattle, enjoy your delights free-
"ly."

Tattle. "Look your news be new and fresh, mr.
"Prologue, and untainted; I shall find them else, if
"they be stale or fly-blown, quickly."

Prologue. "We ask no favour from you; only we
"would entreat of madam Expectation——"

Expectation. "What, mr. Prologue?"

Prologue. "That your ladyship would expect no
"more than you understand."

Expectation. "Sir, I can expect enough!

Prologue. I fear, too much, lady, and teach others to
"do the like."

Expectation. "I can do that too, if I have cause."

Prologue. "Cry you mercy," You never did wrong,
but with just cause¹. "What's this, lady?"

Mirth. "Curiosity, my lady Censure."

Prologue. "O, Curiosity! you come to see who
"wears the new suit to-day; whose clothes are best
"penn'd, whatever the part be; which actor has the
"best leg and foot; what king plays without cuffs,
"and his queen without gloves; who rides post in
"stockings, and dances in boots."

Censure. "Yes, and which amorous prince makes love
"in drink, or does over-act prodigiously in beaten
"sattin, and, having got the trick on't, will be mon-
"strous still, in despite of counsel²."

¹ *You never did wrong, but with just cause.*] This is meant as a satire on a line in Shakespear's *Julius Caesar*, tho' it no where occurs as it is here represented. See the character of Shakespear in the *Discoveries*.

² *And having got the trick on't, will be monstrous still, in despite of counsel.*] There can be no doubt but this is particular satire, and reflects on some actor then well known, tho' it is not easy at this time to say who it points at.

Book-holder. "Mend your lights, gentlemen. Master Prologue begin.

[The Fire-men enter to mend the lights.]

Tattle. "Ay me!

Expectation. "Who's that?"

Prologue. "Nay, start not, ladies; these carry no fireworks to fright you, but a torch i' their hands, to give light to the business. The truth is, there are a set of gamesters within, in travel of a thing call'd a play, and would fain be deliver'd of it: and they have entreated me to be their man-midwife, the prologue; for they are like to have a hard labour on't."

Tattle. "Then the poet has abus'd himself, like an ass as he is."

Mirth. "No, his actors will abuse him enough, or I am deceiv'd. Yonder he is within (I was i' the tiring-house a while to see the actors dress) rolling himself up and down like a tun i' the midst of 'em, and purges, never did vessel of wort or wine work so! his sweating put me in mind of a good Shroving dish, (and I believe would be taken up for a service of state somewhere, an't were known) a stew'd poet! he doth sit like an unbrac'd drum, with one of his heads beaten out; for that you must note, a poet hath two heads, as a drum has; one for making, the other repeating; and his repeating head is all to pieces; they may gather it up i' the tiring-house; for he hath torn the book in a poetical fury, and put himself to silence in dead sack, which, were there no other vexation, were sufficient to make him the most miserable emblem of patience."

Censure. "The Prologue, peace."

THE
P R O L O G U E
For the S T A G E.

FOR your own sakes, not his, he bad me say,
Would you were come to hear, not see a play.
Though we his actors, must provide for those
Who are our guests here, in the way of shows,
The maker hath not so; he'd have you wise,
Much rather by your ears, than by your eyes;
And prays you'll not prejudge his play for ill,
Because you mark it not, and sit not still;
But have a longing to salute, or talk
With such a female, and from her to walk
With your discourse, to what is done, and where,
How, and by whom, in all the town, but here.
Alas! what is it to his scene, to know
How many coaches in Hide-park did show
Last spring, what fare to-day at Medley's was,
If Dunstan or the Phœnix best wine has?
They're things—but yet the stage might stand as well,
If it did neither hear these things, nor tell.
Great noble wits, be good unto your selves,
And make a difference 'twixt poetick elves,
And poets: all that dabble in the ink,
And defile quills, are not those few, can think,
Conceive, express, and steer the souls of men,
As with a rudder, round thus, with their pen.
He must be one that can instruct your youth,
And keep your Acme in the state of truth,
Must enterprize this work; mark but his ways,
What flight he makes, how new: and then he says,
If that not like you, that he sends to-night,
'Tis you have left to judge, not he to write.

THE

THE
P R O L O G U E
For the COURT.

“ **A** WORK not smelling of the lamp, to-
night,
“ But fitted for your majesty's disport,
“ And writ to the meridian of your court,
“ We bring ; and hope it may produce delight :
“ The rather being offered as a rite,
“ To scholars, that can judge, and fair report
“ The sense they hear, above the vulgar sort
“ Of nut-crackers, that only come for sight.
“ Wherein although our title, sir, be News,
“ We yet adventure here to tell you none,
“ But shew you common follies, and so known,
“ That though they are not truths, th' innocent muse
“ Hath made so like, as phant'ie could them state,
“ Or poetry, without scandal, imitate.

Dramatis Personæ.

PENNY-BOY, the son, the heir and suitor.
PENNY-BOY, the father, the canter.
PENNY-BOY, the uncle, the usurer.
CYMBAL, master of the staple, and prime jeerer.
FITTON, emissary court, and jeerer.
ALMANACK, doctor in physick, and jeerer.
SHUN-FIELD, sea-captain, a jeerer.
MADRIGAL, poetaster, and jeerer.
PICKLOCK, man o' law, and emissary Westminster.
PYED-MANTLE, pursuivant at arms, and heraldet.
REGISTER, of the staple, or office.
NATHANIEL, first clerk of the office.
THO. BARBER, second clerk of the office.
PECUNIA, infant of the mines.
MORTGAGE, her nurse.
STATUTE, first woman.
BAND, second woman.
WAX, chamber-maid.
BROKER, secretary, and gentleman-usher to her grace.
LICK-FINGER, a master-cook, and parcel-poet.
FASHIONER, the taylor of the times.
LINENER.
HABERDASHER.
SHOE-MAKER.
SPURRIER.
CUSTOMERS, male and female.
PORTER.
TWO DOGS.

The SCENE, LONDON.

THE

T H E

STAPLE of NEWS.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Penny-boy jun. Lether-leg.

His shoe-maker has pull'd on a new pair of boots; and he walks in his gown, waistcoat, and trousers, expelling his taylor.

P E N N Y - B O Y .

G Ramercy, Lether-leg: get me the spurrier,
An' thou hast fitted me.
Let. I'll do it presently.

P. jun. Look to me, wit, and look to my wit, land,
That is, look on me, and with all thine eyes,
Male, female, yea, hermaphroditic eyes,
And those bring all your helps and perspicils,
To see me at best advantage, and augment
My form as I come forth; for I do feel

I s

I will

I will be one worth looking after shortly ;
 Now, by and by, that's shortly. 'T strikes ! one, two,
 [He draws forth his watch, and sets it on the table.]
 Three, four, five, six. Enough, enough, dear watch,
 Thy pulse hath beat enough. Now sleep and rest ;
 Would thou could'st make the time to do so too :
 I'll wind thee up no more. The hour is come
 So long expected ! there, there, drop my wardship,
 [He throws off his gown.]

My pupillage and vassalage together ;
 And, liberty, come throw thy self about me,
 In a rich suit, cloke, hat, and band, for now
 I'll sue out no man's livery, but mine own,
 I stand on my own feet, so much a year,
 Right round and sound, the lord of mine own ground.
 And (to rhyme to it) threescore thousand pound !
 Not come ? not yet ? taylor, thou art a vermin,
 [He goes to the door and looks.]

Worse than the same thou prosecut'st, and prick'st
 In subtil seam—(Go too, I say no more)
 Thus to retard my longings : on the day
 I do write man, to beat thee. One and twenty
 Since the clock struck, compleat ! and thou wilt feel it,
 Thou foolish animal ! I could pity him,
 (An' I were not heartily angry with him now)
 For this one piece of folly he bears about him,
 To dare to tempt the fury of an heir
 T' above two thousand a year ; yet hope is custom !
 Well, master Fashioner, there's some must break—
 A head, for this your breaking. Are you come, sir ?

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Fashioner, Penny-boy, Thomas Barber, Haberdasher.

Fas. God give your worship joy.

P. jun. What? of your staying?

And leaving me to stalk here in my trowfers,
Like a tame hern-sew for you?

Fas. But I waited
Below, 'till the clock struck.

P. jun. Why, if you had come
Before a quarter, would it so have hurt you,
In reputation, to have waited here?

Fas. No, but your worship might have pleaded non-
If you had got 'em on, e'er I could make [age,
Just affidavit of the time.

P. jun. That jest
Has gain'd thy pardon, thou had'st liv'd condemn'd
To thine own hell else, never to have wrought
Stitch more for me, or any Penny-boy,
I could have hinder'd thee: but now thou art mine
For one and twenty years, or for three lives.
Chuse which thou wilt, I'll make thee a copy-holder,
And thy first bill unquestion'd. Help me on.

[*He 'says bis suit.*

Fas. Presently, sir: I am bound unto your worship.

P. jun. Thou shalt be, when I have seal'd thee a
lease of my custom.

Fas. Your worship's barber is without.

P. jun. Who? Thom?

Come in, Thom; set thy things upon the board,
And spread thy cloths, lay all forth in *procinctu*,
And tell's what news?

Tho. O sir, a Staple of News!
Or the New Staple, which you please.

P. jun. What's that?

Faf. An office, sir, a brave young office set up ;
I had forgot to tell your worship.

P. jun. For what ?

Tho. To enter all the News, sir, o' the time.

Faf. And vent it as occasion serves ! a place
Of huge commerce it will be !

P. jun. Pray thee peace ;

I cannot abide a talking taylor : let Thom
(He is a barber) by his place relate it.
What is't, an office, Thom ?

Tho. Newly erected

Here in the house, almost on the same floor,
Where all the news of all sorts shall be brought,
And there be examin'd, and then registred,
And so to be islu'd under the seal of the office,
As Staple News ; no other news be current.

P. jun. 'Fore me, thou speak'st of a brave business,
[Thom.

Faf. Nay, if you knew the brain that hatch'd it, sir, —

P. jun. I know thee well enough : give him a loaf,
[Thom —

Quiet his mouth, that oven will be venting else.
Proceed —

Tho. He tells you true, sir ; master Cymbal
Is master of the office, he projected it,
He lies here, i' the house ; and the great rooms
He has taken for the office, and set up
His desks and classes, tables and his shelves.

Faf. He's my customer, and a wit, sir, too.
But h' has brave wits under him —

Tho. Yes, four emissaries.

P. jun. Emissaries ? stay, there's a fine new word,
[Thom

Pray God it signify any thing ; what are emissaries ?

Tho. Men employ'd outward, that are sent abroad
To fetch in the commodity.

Faf. From all regions
Where the best news are made,

Tho.

Tho. Or vented forth.

Faf. By way of exchange, or trade.

P. jun. Nay, thou wilt speak——

[He gives the taylor leave to talk.]

Faf. My share, sir, there's enough for both.

P. jun. Go on then,

Speak all thou can'st : methinks the ordinaries
Should help them much.

Faf. Sir, they have ordinaries,
And extraordinaries, as many changes
And variations, as there are points i' the compass.

Tho. But the four cardinal quarters.

P. jun. Ay those, Thom——

Tho. The Court, sir, Paul's, Exchange, and West-
minster-hall.

P. jun. Who is the chief? which hath precedency?

Tho. The governor o' the Staple, master Cymbal,
He is the chief; and after him the emissaries:
First emissary court, one master Fitton,
He is a jeerer too.

P. jun. What's that?

Faf. A wit.

Tho. Or half a wit, some of them are half-wits,
Two to a wit, there are a set of 'em.

Then master Ambler, emissary Pauls,
A fine pac'd gentleman, as you shall see, walk
The middle isle: and then my Froy Hans Buz,
A Dutch-man; he's emissary Exchange.

Faf. I had thought mr. Burst the merchant had

Tho. No, *[had it.]*

He has a rupture, he has sprung a leak.

Emissary Westminster's undispos'd of yet;
Then the examiner, register and two clerks,
They manage all at home, and sort, and file,
And seal the news, and issue them.

P. jun. Thom, dear Thom,
What may my means do for thee? ask and have it,

I'd

I'd fain be doing some good. It is my birth-day.
 And I'd do it betimes, I feel a grudging
 Of bounty, and I would not long lie fallow.
 I pray thee think and speak, or wish for something.

Tho. I would I had but one o' the clerk's places
 I' this News-office.

P. jun. Thou shalt have it, Thom,
 If silver or gold will fetch it; what's the rate?
 At what is't set i' the market?

Tho. Fifty pound, sir.

[want it.

P. jun. An 'twere a hundred, Thom, thou shalt not
 [The taylor leaps and embraceth him.

Faf. O noble master!

P. jun. How now, Æsop's ass!
 Because I play with Thom, must I needs run
 Into your rude embraces? stand you still, sir;
 Clowns fawnings are a horse's salutations.
 How dost thou like my suit, Thom?

Tho. Mr. Fashioner

Has hit your measures, sir, h' has moulded you,
 And made you, as they say.

Faf. No, no, not I,
 I am an ass, old Æsop's ass.

P. jun. Nay, Fashioner,
 I can do thee a good turn too, be not musty,
 Though thou hast moulded me, as little Thom says,
 (I think thou hast put me in mouldy pockets.)

Faf. As good, [He draws out his pockets.
 Right Spanish perfume, the lady Estifania's,
 They cost twelve pound a pair.

P. jun. Thy bill will say so.
 I pray thee tell me, Fashioner, what authors
 Thou read'st to help thy invention: Italian prints?
 Or Arras hangings? they are taylor's libraries.

Faf. I scorn such helps.

P. jun. O! though thou art a silk-worm,
 And deal'st in sattins and velvets, and rich plushes;
 Tho

Thou canst not spin all forms out of thy self,
They are quite other things : I think this suit
Has made me wittier than I was.

Fas. Believe it, sir,
That clothes do much upon the wit, as weather
Does on the brain ; and thence comes your proverb,
“ The taylor makes the man :” I speak by experience
Of my own customers. I have had gallants,
Both court and country, would ha’ fool’d you up
In a new suit, with the best wits in being ¹,
And kept their speed as long as their clothes lasted
Handsome and neat ; but then as they grew out
At the elbows again, or had a stain or spot,
They have sunk most wretchedly.

P. jun. What thou report’st,
Is but the common calamity, and seen daily ;
And therefore yo’ve another answering proverb,
“ A broken sleeve keeps the arm back.”

Fas. ’Tis true, sir.
And thence we say, that such a one plays at Peep-arm.

P. jun. Do you so ? it is wittily said. I wonder,
[gentlemen,

And men of means, will not maintain themselves
Fresher in wit, I mean in clothes, to the highest.
For he that’s out o’ clothes is out o’ fashion,
And out o’ fashion is out of countenance,
And out o’ countenance is out o’ wit.
Is not rogue Haberdasher come ?

Hab. Yes, here, sir. [They are all busy about him.
I ha’ been without this half hour.

¹ ——— *Would ha’ fool’d you up*
In a new suit, with the best wits in being.] I do not pretend to
say, that *fool’d* is an absolute corruption, tho’ I suspect it may
have got into the text by mistake. Should any alteration be thought
necessary, I would read, *follow’d you up*, i. e. kept an equal pace
with them ; and this seems to be countenanced by the metaphors
used in the following part of the speech.

P. jun.

P. jun. Give me my hat.
Put on my girdle, rascal; sits my ruff well?

Lin. In print.

P. jun. Slave.

Lin. See yourself.

P. jun. Is this same hat
O' the block-passant? Do not answer me,
I cannot stay for an answer. I do feel
The powers of one-and-twenty, like a tide,
Flow in upon me, and perceive an heir
Can conjure up all spirits in all circles.
Rogue! rascal! slave! give tradesmen their true names,
And they appear to 'em presently.

Lin. For profit.

P. jun. Come, cast my cloke about me, I'll go see
This office, Thom, and be trimm'd afterwards.
I'll put thee in possession, my prime work!
Gods so; my spurrier! put them on boy, quickly.

[His spurrier comes in.]

I'd like to have lost my spurs with too much speed.

S C E N E III.

To them.] Penny-boy Cantor, singing.

P. Ca. "Good morning to my joy! my jolly Penny-
" The lord, and the prince of plenty! *[boy!]*
" I come to see what riches, thou bearest in thy breeches,
" The first of thy one-and-twenty: *[mingle]*
" What, do thy pockets jingle? or shall we need to
" Our strength both of foot and horses!
" These fellows look so eager, as if they would beleague
" An heir in the midst of his forces!
" I hope they be no serjeants! that hang upon thy mar-
" This rogue has the joul of a jailor! *[gentle]*

[The young Penny-boy answers in tune]

P. jun. "O founder, no such matter, my spurrier,
" *[and my hatter]*
" My linen-man, and my taylor."

Thom

Thou should'st have been brought in too, shoemaker,
† If the time had been longer, and Thom Barber.
How dost thou like my company, old Canter?
Do I not muster a brave troop? all bill-men?
Present your arms before my founder here,
This is my founder, this same learned Canter!
He brought me the first news of my father's death,
I thank him; and ever since I call him founder.

[*He takes the bills, and puts them up in his pockets.*
Worship him, boys; I'll read only the sums,
And pass 'em straight.

Sko. Now ale——

Rest. And strong ale blefs him.

P. jun. Gods so, some ale and sugar for my founder!
Good bills, sufficient bills, these bills may pass.

P. Ca. I do not like these paper-squibs, good master.
They may undo your store, I mean, of credit,
And fire your arsenal, in case you do not
In time make good those outer-works, your pockets,
And take a garrison in of some two hundred,
To beat those pioneers off, that carry a mine
Would blow you up, at last. Secure your casamates,
Here master Picklock, sir, your man o' law
And learn'd attorney, has sent you a bag of munition.

P. jun. What is't?

P. Ca. Three hundred pieces.

P. jun. I'll dispatch 'em.

P. Ca. Do, I would have your strengths lin'd, and
With gold as well as amber.*

[*perfum'd*

P. jun.

† *If the TIME had been longer*] Mr. Theobald has put *tune* in his margin, as the better reading; but I think the word *time*, take it either as applicable to the tune, or in the common acceptation, is consistent sense.

* *P. Ca. Do, I would have your STRENGTHS LIN'D and PERFUM'D With GOLD as well as AMBER.*] He was talking in military terms before, and possibly *strengths* may be a term of art, for *fortresses*, or strong holds: but then I think it does not well coincide with

P. jun. God a mercy,
Come, *ad solvendum*, boys! there, there, and there, &c.
I look on nothing but *totalis*.

P. Ca. See!
The difference 'twixt the covetous and the prodigal!
"The covetous man never has money, and
"The prodigal will have none shortly!"

P. jun. Ha,
What says my founder? I thank you, I thank you, sirs.
All. God bless your worship, and your worship's
[chanter.

P. Ca. I say 'tis nobly done, to cherish shopkeepers,
And pay their bills, without examining thus.

P. jun. Alas! they have had a pitiful hard time on't,
A long vacation from their cozening.
Poor rascals, I do it out of charity.

I would advance their trade again, and have them
Haste to be rich, swear and forswear wealthily.
What do you stay for, sirrah?

Spur. To my box, sir.

P. jun. Your box? why, there's an angel; if my spurs
[He gives the spurrier, to his box.

Be not not right Rippon——

Spur. Give me never a penny
If I strike not thorow your bounty with the rowels.

P. jun. Dost thou want any money, founder?

P. Ca. Who, sir, I?

Did I not tell you I was bred i' the mines,
Under sir Bevis Bullion?

P. jun. That is true,
I quite forgot, you mine-men want no money,

with the expression of *lining* and *perfuming* them with gold and amber. However I shall make no alteration, but propose a conjecture which is submitted to the choice of the reader:

*I would have your suits lin'd, and perfum'd
With gold as well as amber.*

Suits for clothes, is a term that may be easily admitted.

You

Your streets are pav'd with't : there the molten silver
Runs out like cream on cakes of gold.

P. Ca. And rubies

Do grow like like straw-berries.

P. jun. 'Twere brave being there !

Come Thom, we'll go to the office now.

P. Ca. What office ?

P. jun. News Office, the New Staple ; thou shalt go too ;
'Tis here i' the house, on the same floor, Thom. says.
Come founder, let us trade in ale and nutmegs.

S C E N E IV.

Register, Clerk, Woman.

Reg. What, are those desks fit now ? Set forth the table,
The carpet and the chair ; where are the news
That were examin'd last ? ha' you fil'd them up ?

Cle. Not yet, I had no time.

Reg. Are those news registred
That emissary Buz sent in last night,
Of Spinola and his eggs ?

Cle. Yes, sir, and fil'd.

Reg. What are you now upon ?

Cle. That our new emissary
Westminster gave us, of the golden heir^s.

Reg. Dispatch, that's news indeed, and of importance.
What would you have, good woman ?

[A country woman waits there.]

Wo. I would have, sir,
A groatsworth of any news, I care not what,
To carry down this Saturday to our vicar.

[Of the golden HAIR.] The true reading is *hair* : young Penny-
boy is the person meant.

Reg.

Reg. O! you're a butter-woman; ask Nathaniel The clerk there.

Cle. Sir, I tell her she must stay
'Till emissary Exchange, or Pauls send in,
And then I'll fit her.

Reg. Do, good woman, have patience;
It is not now, as when the captain liv'd.

Cle. You'll blast the reputation of the office
Now i' the bud, if you dispatch these groats
So soon: let them attend, in name of policy.

S C E N E V.

Penny-boy, Cymbal, Fitton, Tho. Barber, Canter.

P. jun. In troth they are dainty rooms; what place is
[this]

Cym. This is the outer room, where my clerks sit,
And keep their sides, the register i' the midst;
The examiner, he sits private there, within;
And here I have my several rolls and files
Of news by the alphabet, and all put up
Under their heads.

P. jun. But those too subdivided?

Cym. Into authentical, and apocryphal.

Fit. Or news of doubtful credit, as barbers news.

Cym. And taylors news, porters, and watermens news.

Fit. Whereto, beside the Coranti, and Gazetti,

Cym. I have the news of the season.

Fit. As Vacation news,
Term-news, and Christmas-news.

Cym. And news o' the faction.

Fit. As the Reformed-news; Protestant-news;

Cym. And Pontifical-news; of all which several
The day-books, characters, precedents are kept.
Together with the names of special friends——

Fit. And men of correspondence i' the country—

Cym. Yes, of all ranks, and all religions.—

Fit. Factors and agents—

Cym. Liegers, that lie out
Through all the shires of the kingdom.

P. jun. This is fine,
And bears a brave relation! But what says
Mercurius Britannicus to this?

Cym. O sir, he gains by't half in half.

Fit. Nay more,
I'll stand to't. For where he was wont to get
In hungry captains, obscure statesmen.

Cym. Fellows
To drink with him in a dark room in a tavern,
And eat a sausage.

Fit. We ha' seen't.

Cym. As fain to keep so many politick pens,
Going to feed the prefs.

Fit. And dish out news,
Were't true or false.

Cym. Now all that charge is sav'd.
The publick chronicler.

Fit. How do you call him there?

Cym. And gentle reader.

Fit. He that has the maidenhead
Of all the books.

Cym. Yes, dedicated to him.

Fit. Or rather prostituted.

P. jun. You are right, sir.

Cym. No more shall be abus'd, nor country parsons
O' the inquisition, nor busie justices
Trouble the peace, and both torment themselves,
And their poor ign'rant neighbours, with enquiries

* ——— But what says
MERCURIUS BRITANNICUS.] A news-journal then published
with that title.
VOL. IV. K After

After the many and most innocent monsters,
That never came i' the counties they were charg'd with.

P. jun. Why, methinks, fir, if the honest common
[people

Will be abus'd, why should not they ha' their pleasure,
In the believing lies are made for them;
As you i' th' office, making them yourselves?

Fit. O fir! it is the printing we oppose.

Cym. We not forbid that any news be made,
But that't be printed; for when news is printed,
It leaves, fir, to be news; while 'tis but written——

Fit. Tho' it be ne'er so false, it runs news still.

P. jun. See divers mens opinions! unto some
The very printing of 'em makes them news;
That ha' not the heart to believe any thing,
But what they see in print.

Fit. I, that's an error
Has abus'd many; but we shall reform it,
As many things beside (we have a hope)
Are crept among the popular abuses.

Cym. Nor shall the stationer cheat upon the time,
By buttering over again——

Fit. Once in seven years,
As the age doats——

Cym. And grows forgetful o' them,
His antiquated pamphlets with new dates.
But all shall come from the mint.

Fit. Fresh and new stamp'd.

Cym. With the office seal, Staple-commodity.

Fit. And if a man will assure his news, he may;
Two-pence a sheet he shall be warranted,
And have a policy for't.

P. jun. Sir, I admire
The method o' your place; all things within't
Are so digested, fitted, and compos'd,
As it shews Wit had married Order.

Fit.

Fit. Sir.

Cym. The best we could to invite the times.

Fit. It has

Cost sweat and freezing:

Cym. And some broken sleeps,
Before it came to this.

P. jun. I easily think it.

Fit. But now it has the shape——

Cym. And is come forth.

P. jun. A most polite neat thing, with all the limbs,
As sense can taste!

Cym. It is, sir, though I say it,
As well begotten a business, and as fairly
Helpt to the world.

P. jun. You must be a midwife, sir,
Or else the son of a midwife (pray you pardon me)
Have helpt it forth so happily! What news ha' you?
News o' this morning? I would fain hear some
Fresh from the forge, (as new as day, as they say.)

Cym. And such we have, sir.

Reg. Shew him the last roll,
Of emissary Westminster's, the heir:

P. jun. Come nearer, Thom.

Cle. There is a brave young heir
Is come of age this morning, mr. Penny-boy.

P. jun. That's I! [*Penny rejoiceth that he is in.*

Cle. His father died on this day seven-night.

P. jun. True!

Cle. At six o' the clock i' the morning, just a week
Ere he was one and twenty.

P. jun. I am here, Thom! [*Tells Thom of it.*
Proceed, I pray thee.

Cle. An old canting beggar
Brought him first news, whom he has entertain'd
To follow him since.

P. jun. Why, you shall see him! Founder.

[*Calls in the Canter.*
Come

Come in; no follower, but companion :
 I pray thee put him in, friend; there's an angel——
[He gives the clerk.]

Thou dost not know, he's a wise old fellow,
 Tho' he seem patch'd thus, and made up o' pieces.
 Founder, we are in here, in, i' the News-office!
 In this day's roll already! I do muse
 How you came by us, firs!

Cym. One master Picklock,
 A lawyer that hath purchas'd here a place
 This morning of an emissary under me.

Fit. Emissary Westminster.

Cym. Gave it into th' office

Fit. For his essay, his piece.

P. jun. My man o' law!

He's my attorney, and solicitor too!
 A fine pragmatick! what's his place worth?

Cym. A *nemo-scit*, fir.

Fit. 'Tis as news come in.

Cym. And as they are issued. I have the just moiety
 For my part: then the other moiety
 Is parted into seven: the four emissaries,
 Whereof my cousin Fitton here's for Court,
 Ambler for Paul's, and Buz for the Exchange,
 Picklock for Westminster, with the examiner,
 And register, they have full parts: and then one part
 Is under-parted to a couple of clerks.
 And there's the just divion of the profits.

P. jun. Ha' you those clerks, fir?

Cym. There is one desk empty,
 But it has many suitors.

P. jun. Sir, may I

Present one more, and carry it, if his parts
 Or gifts, (which you will call 'em)

Cym. Be sufficient, fir.

P. jun. What are your present clerk's habilities?
 How is he qualified?

Cym.

Cym. A decay'd stationer
He was, but knows news well, can sort and rank 'em.

Fit. And for a need can make 'em.

Cym. True Paul's bred,
I' the church-yard.

P. jun. And this at the west-door
O' th' other side; he is my barber, Thom,
A pretty scholar, and a master of arts,
Was made, or went out master of arts in a throng,
At the university; as before, one Christmas,
He got into a mask at court, by his wit,
And the good means of his cittern, holding up thus
For one o' the musick: he's a nimble fellow,
And alike skill'd in every liberal science,
As having certain snaps of all; a neat
Quick vein in forging news too: I do love him,
And promis'd him a good turn, and I would do it.
What's your price? the value?

Cym. Fifty pounds, sir.

P. jun. Get in, Thom, take possession, I instal thee.
Here, tell your money: give thee joy, good Thom;
[*He buys Thom a clerk's place.*]

And let me hear from thee every minute of news,
While the new Staple stands, or the office lasts,
Which I do wish may ne'er be less, for thy sake.

Cle. The emissaries, sir, would speak with you,
And master Fitton; they have brought in news,
Three bale together.

Cym. Sir, you are welcome here.

[*They take leave of Penny-boy and Canter.*]

Fit. So is your creature.

Cym. Business calls us off, sir,
That may concern the office.

P. jun. Keep me fair, sir,
Still i' your Staple; I am here your friend,
On the same floor.

Fit. We shall be your servants.

P. jun. How dost thou like it, founder?

P. Ca. All is well,

But that your man o' law, methinks, appears not
In his due time. O! here comes master's worship.

S C E N E VI.

Picklock, Penny-boy jun. P. Canter.

Pic. How does the heir, bright master Penny-boy?
Is he awake yet in his one and twenty?

Why, this is better better far, than to wear cypress,
Dull smutting gloves, or melancholy blacks,
And have a pair of twelve-penny broad ribbons
Laid out like labels.

P. jun. I should ha' made shift
To have laught as heartily in my mourner's hood,
As in this suit, if it had pleas'd my father
To have been buried with the trumpeters.

Pic. The heralds of arms, you mean.

P. jun. I mean,
All noise that is superfluous!

Pic. All that idle pomp,
And vanity of a tomb-stone, your wise father
Did by his will prevent. Your worship had—

P. jun. A loving and obedient father of him,
I know it; a right kind-natur'd man,
To die so opportunely.

Pic. And to settle
All things so well, compounded for your wardship
The week afore, and left your state entire,
Without any charge upon't.

P. jun. I must needs say,
I lost an officer of him, a good bailiff,
And I shall want him: but all peace be with him.

I will

I will not wish him alive again, not I,
For all my fortune. Give your worship joy
O' your new place, your emissaryship
I' the News-office.

Pic. Know you why I bought it, fir?

P. jun. Not I.

Pic. To work for you, and carry a mine
Against the master of it, master Cymbal,
Who hath a plot upon a gentlewoman
Was once designed for you, fir.

P. jun. Me?

Pic. Your father,
Old master Penny-boy, of happy memory,
And wisdom too, as any i' the county,
Careful to find out a fit match for you,
In his own life-time (but he was prevented)
Left it in writing in a schedule here,
To be annexed to his will, that you,
His only son, upon his charge and blessing,
Should take due notice of a gentlewoman
Sojourning with your uncle, Richer Penny-boy.

P. jun. A Cornish gentlewoman, I do know her,
Mistress Pecunia Do-all.

Pic. A great lady,
Indeed she is, and not of mortal race,
Infanta of the Mines; her grace's grandfather
Was duke, and cousin to the king of Ophyr,
The Subterranean. Let that pass. Her name is,
Or rather, her three names are (for such she is)
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, a great princess,
Of mighty power, though she live in private,
With a contracted family! Her secretary——

P. Ca. Who is her gentleman-usher too.

Pic. One Broker;
And then two gentlewomen, mistress Statute
And mistress Band, with Wax the chambermaid,
And mother Mortgage the old nurse, two grooms,

Pawn and his fellow: you have not many to bribe, fir.
 The work is feasible, and th' approaches easy,
 By your own kindred. Now, fir, Cymbal thinks,
 The master here, and governor o' the Staple,
 By his fine arts, and pomp of his great place,
 To draw her! He concludes, she is a woman!
 And that so soon as she hears of the new office,
 She'll come to visit it, as they all have longings
 After new sights and motions! But your bounty,
 Person, and bravery, must atchieve her.

P. Ca. She is

The talk o' the time! th' adventure o' the age!

Pic. You cannot put yourself upon an action
 Of more importance.

P. Ca. All the world are suitors to her.

Pic. All sorts of men, and all professions!

P. Ca. You shall have stall-fed doctors, cramm'd di-
 Make love to her, and with those studied [vines,
 And perfum'd flatteries, as no room can stink
 More elegant, than where they are.

Pic. Well chanted,
 Old Canter, thou sing'st true.

P. Ca. And (by your leave)
 Good masters worship, some of your velvet coat
 Make corpulent curt'sies to her, 'till they crack for't.

Pic. There's doctor Almanac wooes her, one of the
 A fine physician. [jeerers,

P. Ca. Your sea-captain, Shunfield,
 Gives out, he'll go upon the cannon for her.

Pic. Tho' his loud mouthing get him little credit.

P. Ca. Young master Pyed-mantle, the fine herald,
 Professes to derive her through all ages,
 From all the kings and queens that ever were.

Pic. And master Madrigal, the crowned poet
 Of these our times, doth offer at her praises
 As fair as any, when it shall please Apollo
 That wit and rhyme may meet both in one subject.

P. Ca.

P. Ca. And you to bear her from all these, it will be—

Pic. A work of fame.

P. Ca. Of honour.

Pic. Celebration.

P. Ca. Worthy your name.

Pic. The Penny boys to live in't.

P. Ca. It is an action you were built for, sir.

Pic. And none but you can do it.

P. jun. I'll undertake it.

P. Ca. And carry it.

P. jun. Fear me not ; for since I came
Of mature age, I have had a certain itch
In my right eye, this corner here, do you see ?
To do some work, and worthy of a chronicle.

The first INTERMEAN after the first act.

Mirth. “ **H**OW now, gossip ! how does the play
“ please you ? ”

Censure. “ Very scurvily, methinks, and sufficiently
“ naught.”

Expectation. “ As a body would wish : here's no-
“ thing but a young prodigal come of age, who makes
“ much of the barber, buys him a place in a new of-
“ fice, i' the air, I know not where, and his man o'
“ law to follow him, with a beggar to boot, and they
“ two help him to a wife.”

Mirth. “ I, she is a proper piece ! that such crea-
“ tures can broke for.”

Tattle. “ I cannot abide that nasty fellow the beg-
“ gar ; if he had been a court-beggar in good clothes,
“ a beggar in velvet, as they say, I would have en-
“ dur'd him.”

Mirth. “ Or a begging scholar in black, or one of
“ these beggarly poets, gossip, that could hang upon
“ a young heir like a horse-leech.”

Expectation.

Expectation. "Or a thread-bare doctor of physick,
" a poor quackfalver."

Censure. "Or a sea-captain half starv'd."

Mirth. "I, these were tolerable beggars, beggars of
" fashion! you shall see some such anon."

Tattle. "I would fain see the fool, gossip; the fool
" is the finest man i' the company, they say, and has
" all the wit: he is the very justice o' peace o' the
" play, and can commit whom he will, and what he
" will, error, absurdity, as the toy takes him, and no
" man say, Black is his eye, but laugh at him."

Mirth. But they ha' no fool i' this play, I am afraid,
" gossip."

Tattle. "It's a wise play then."

Expectation. "They are all fools, the rather, in
" that."

Censure. "Like enough."

Tattle. "My husband (Timothy Tattle, God rest
" his poor soul) was wont to say, there was no play
" without a fool and a devil in't; he was for the de-
" vil still, God bless him. The devil for his money,
" would he say, I would fain see the devil. And why
" would you so fain see the devil? would I say. Be-
" cause he has horns, wife, and may be a cuckold as
" well as a devil, he would answer. You are e'en
" such another, husband, quoth I. Was the devil
" ever married? Where do you read, the devil was
" ever so honourable to commit matrimony? The play
" will tell us that, says he, we'll go see't to-morrow,
" the Devil is an Ass. He is an errant learn'd man
" that made it, and can write, they say, and I am
" foully deceiv'd but he can read too."

Mirth. "I remember it, gossip; I went with you,
" by the same token Mrs. Trouble-truth dissuaded
" us, and told us he was a prophane poet, and all his
" plays had devils in them: that he kept school upo'

" the

“ the stage, could conjure there, above the school of
 “ Westminster, and doctor Lamb too^s: not a play
 “ he made but had a devil in it: and that he would
 “ learn us all to make our husbands cuckolds at plays:
 “ by another token, that a young married wife i’ the
 “ company said, she could find in her heart to steal
 “ thither, and see a little o’ the vanity through her
 “ mask, and come practise at home.”

Tattle. “ O, it was mistress——”

Mirth. “ Nay, gossip, I name no body. It may be
 “ ’twas my self.”

Expectation. “ But was the devil a proper man,
 “ gossip?”

Mirth. “ As fine a gentleman of his inches as ever
 “ I saw trusted to the stage, or any where else; and
 “ lov’d the commonwealth as well as e’er a patriot
 “ of ’em all: he would carry away the vice on his
 “ back, quick to hell, in every play where he came,
 “ and reform abuses.”

Expectation. “ There was the devil of Edmonton,
 “ no such man, I warrant you.”

Censure. “ The conjurer cosen’d him with a candle’s
 “ end; he was an ass.”

He could CONJURE above DR. LAMB] He passed for a conjurer with the vulgar, but was an ignorant and impudent impostor. He was indicted at Worcester, 5 Jac. 1. for diabolical witchcrafts and enchantments; and at the assizes of the same county, in the following year, for his invocation and entertainment of evil spirits, but for both these, judgment was suspended. Convicted of a rape, 1 Jac. 1. upon the body of a girl of eleven years old in Southwark, but had interest enough to get the king’s pardon. He was pelted by the mob, from the Fortune play-house to the Old Jury, on the 13th of June 1628, and died the next morning in the Poultry-compter; one of his eyes being beaten out, and his skull fractured. The rabble were possessed that the doctor dealt with the devil, and assisted the duke of Buckingham in misleading the king, which instant the parliament were making a remonstrance.

Mirth.

Mirth. "But there was one Smug a smith, would
"have made a horse laugh, and broke his halter, as
"they say."

Tattle. "O, but the poor man had got a shrewd
"mischance one day."

Expectation. "How, gossip?"

Tattle. "He had drest a roguish jade i' the morn-
"ing, that had the staggers, and had got such a spice
"of 'em himself by noon, as they would not away
"all the play-time, do what he could for his heart."

Mirth. "'Twas his part, gossip; he was to be
"drunk by his part."

Tattle. "Say you so? I understood not so much."

Expectation. "Would we had such another part,
"and such a man in this play. I fear 'twill be an ex-
"cellent dull thing."

Censure. "Expect, intend it."

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Penny-boy sen. Pecunia, Mortgage, Statute, Bond,
Broker.*

P. sen. **Y**Our grace is sad, methinks, and melancholy
You do not look upon me with that face
As you were wont, my goddess, bright Pecunia:
Altho' your grace be fall'n, of two i' the hundred,
In vulgar estimation; yet am I
Your grace's servant still: and teach this body
To bend, and these my aged knees to buckle,
In adoration, and just worship of you.
Indeed, I do confess, I have no shape
To make a minion of, but I'm your martyr,
Your grace's martyr. I can hear the rogues,

As I do walk the streets, whisper and point,
There goes old Penny-boy, the slave of money,
Rich Penny-boy, lady Pecunia's drudge,
A sordid rascal, one that never made
Good meal in his sleep, but sells the acates are sent him,
Fish, fowl, and venison, and preserves himself,
Like an old hoary rat, with mouldy pye-crust.
This I do hear, rejoicing I can suffer
This, and much more for your good grace's sake.

Pec. Why do you so, my guardian? I not bid you;
Cannot my grace be gotten, and held too,
Without your self-tormentings and your watches,
Your macerating of your body thus
With cares and scantings of your diet and rest?
P. sen. O no, your services, my princely lady,
Cannot with too much zeal of rites be done,
They are so sacred.

Pec. But my reputation
May suffer, and the worship of my family,
When by so servile means they both are sought.

P. sen. You are a noble, young, free, gracious lady,
And would be every body's, in your bounty,
But you must not be so. They are a few
That know your merit, lady, and can value't.
Your self scarce understands your proper powers,
They are all-mighty, and that we your servants,
That have the honour here to stand so near you,
Know and can use too. All this nether-world
Is yours, you command it, and do sway it,
The honour of it, and the honesty,
The reputation, I, and the religion,
(I was about to say, and had not err'd)
Is queen Pecunia's. For that stile is yours,
If mortals knew your grace, or their own good.
Mer. Please your grace to retire.

Ban.

Ban. I fear your grace
Hath ta'en too much of the sharp air.

Pec. O, no!

I could endure to take a great deal more
(And with my constitution) were it left
Unto my choice; what think you of it, Statute?

Sta. A little now and then does well, and keeps
Your grace in your complexion.

Ban. And true temper.

Mor. But too much, madam, may increase cold
[rheumes,

Nourish catarrhs, green sicknesses, and agues,
And put you in consumption.

P. sen. Best to take

Advice of your grave women, noble madam,
They know the state o' your body, and ha' studied
Your grace's health.

Ban. And honour. Here'll be visitants,
Or suitors by and by; and 'tis not fit
They find you here.

Sta. 'Twill make your grace too cheap
To give them audience presently.

Mor. Leave your secretary
To answer them.

Pec. Wait you here, broker.

Bro. I shall, madam,
And do your grace's trusts with diligence.

S C E N E II.

Pyed-mantle, Broker, Penny-boy sen.

Pye. What luck's this? I am come an inch too late.
Do you hear, sir? is your worship o' the family
Unto the lady Pecunia?

Bro.

Bro. I serve her grace, sir,
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the Infanta.

Pye. Has she all those titles, and her grace besides?
I must correct that ignorance and oversight,
Before I do present. Sir, I have drawn
A pedigree for her grace, tho' yet a novice
In that so noble study.

Bro. A herald at arms?

Pye. No, sir, a pursuivant, my name is Pyed-mantle.

Bro. Good master Pyed-mantle.

Pie. I have deduc'd her———

Bro. From all the Spanish mines in the West-Indies,
I hope; for she comes that way by her mother,
But by her grandmother she's dutchess of mines.

Pye. From man's creation I have brought her.

Bro. No farther?

Before, sir, long before, you have done nothing else,
Your mines were before Adam, search your office,
Roll five and twenty, you will find it so.
See you are but a novice, master Pyed-mantle,
If you had not told me so.

Pye. Sir, an apprentice
In armory. I have read the Elements,
And Accidence, and all the leading books';
And I have now upon me a great ambition
Now to be brought to her grace, to kiss her hands.

Bro. Why, if you have acquaintance with mistress
[Statute,
Mistress Band, my lady's gentlewomen,
They can induce you. One is a judge's daughter,
Somewhat stately; th' other, mistress Band,

————— *I have read the ELEMENTS,
And ACCIDENCE, and all the leading books.] The Elements of
Armory, by Edm. Bolton, printed in 1610. The other is Leigh's
Science of Armory, 1576.*

Her father's but a scrivener, but she can
Almost as much with my lady as the other,
Especially if Rose Wax the chambermaid
Be willing. Do you not know her, sir, neither?

Pye. No, in troth, sir.

Bro. She's a good pliant wench,
And easy to be wrought, sir; but the nurse,
Old mother Mortgage, if you have a tenement,
Or such a morsel, tho' she have no teeth,
She loves a sweet-meat, any thing that melts
In her warm gums, she could command it for you
On such a trifle, a toy. Sir, you may see
How for your love, and this so pure complexion,
(A perfect sanguine) I ha' ventur'd thus,
The straining of a ward, opening a door
Into the secrets of our family.

Pye. I pray you let me know, sir, unto whom
I am so much beholden; but your name.

Bro. My name is Broker; I am secretary
And usher to her grace.

Pye. Good master Broker!

Bro. Good master Pyed-mantle.

Pye. Why, you could do me,
If you would, now, this favour of your self.

Bro. Truly I think I could; but if I would,
I hardly should, without, or mistress Band,
Or mistress Statute, please to appear in it;
Or the good nurse I told you of, mistress Mortgage.
We know our places here, we mingle not
One in another's sphere, but all move orderly
In our own orbs; yet we are all concentricks.

Pye. Well, sir, I'll wait a better season.

Bro. Do,

And study the right means; get mistress Band
To urge on your behalf, or little Wax,

(Broker makes a mouth at her)

Pye. I have a hope, sir, that I may, by chance,
Light on her grace, as she's taking the air.

Bro. That air of hope has blasted many an aiery
Of castrils like your self, good master Pyed-mantle.

[He jeers him again.]

P. sen. Well said, mr. Secretary, I stood behind

[Old Penny-boy leaps.]

And heard thee all. I honour thy dispatches.

If they be rude, untrained in our method,

And have not studied the rule, dismiss 'em quickly.

Where's Lick-finger my cook, that unctuous rascal?

He'll never keep his hour, that vessel of kitchen-stuff!

S C E N E III.

Broker, Penny-boy sen. Lick-finger.

Bro. Here he is come, sir.

P. sen. Pox upon him, kidney,
Always too late!

Lic. To wish 'em you, I confess,
That ha' them already.

P. sen. What?

Lic. The pox!

P. sen. The piles,
The plague and all diseases light on him
Knows not to keep his word. I'd keep my word, sure!
I hate that man that will not keep his word.
When did I break my word?

Lic. Or I, till now.
And 'tis but half an hour.

P. sen. Half a year,
To me, that stand upon a minute of time.
I am a just man, I love still to be just.

Lic. Why, you think I can run like light-foot Ralph,
Vol. IV. L Or

Or keep a wheel-barrow with a sail in town here,
 To whirl me to you. I have lost two stone
 Of suet i' the service, posting hither :
 You might have follow'd me like a watering-pot,
 And seen the knots I made along the street ;
 My face dropt like the skimmer in a fritter-pan,
 And my whole body is yet (to say the truth)
 A roasted pound of butter, with grated bread in't !

[He sweeps his face.]

P. sen. Believe you he that list ; you staid of purpose
 To have my venison stink, and my fowl mortified,
 That you might ha' 'em——

Lic. A shilling or two cheaper,
 That's your jealousy:

P. sen. Perhaps it is.
 Will you go in, and view, and value all ?
 Yonder is venison sent me, fowl, and fish,
 In such abundance, I am sick to see it !
 I wonder what they mean ! I ha' told 'em of it !
 To burden a weak stomach, and provoke
 A dying appetite ! thrust a sin upon me
 I ne'er was guilty of ! nothing but gluttony !
 Gross gluttony ! that will undo this land !

Lic. And bating two i' the hundred.

P. sen. I, that same's
 A crying sin, a fearful damn'd device,
 Eats up the poor, devours 'em——

Lic. Sir, take heed
 What you give out.

P. sen. Against your grave great Solons ?
 Numæ Pompilii, they that made that law ?
 To take away the poor's inheritance :
 It was their portion ; I will stand to't :
 And they have robb'd 'em of it, plainly robb'd 'em.
 I still am a just man, I tell the truth.
 When moneys went at ten i' the hundred, I,

And such as I, the servants of Pecunia,
Could spare the poor two out of ten, and did it:
How say you, Broker?

(*Lic.* Ask your eccho.)

Bro. You did it.

P. sen. I am for justice; when did I leave justice?
We knew 'twas theirs, they had right and title to't.
Now——

Lic. You can spare 'em nothing.

P. sen. Very little.

Lic. As good as nothing.

P. sen. They have bound our hands
With their wise solemmn act, shortned our arms.

Lic. Beware those worshipful ears, sir, be not shortned,
And you play crop i' the Fleet, if you use this licence.

P. sen. What licence. knave, informer?

Lic. I am Lick-finger, your cook.

P. sen. A saucy Jack you are, that's once.
What said I, Broker?

Bro. Nothing that I heard, sir.

Lic. I know his gift, he can be deaf when he list.

P. sen. Ha' you provided me my bushel of eggs
I did bespeak? I do not care how stale
Or stinking that they be; let 'em be rotten:
For ammunition here to pelt the boys
That break my windows.

Lic. Yes, sir, I ha' spar'd 'em
Out of the custard-politick for you, the mayor's.

P. sen. 'Tis well; go in, take hence all that excess,
Make what you can of it, your best: and when
I have friends that I invite at home, provide me
Such, such, and such a dish, as I bespeak;
One at a time, no superfluity.
Or if you have it not, return me money:
You know my ways.

Lic. They are a little crooked.

P. sen. How, knave?

Lic. Because you do indent.

P. sen. 'Tis true, sir,

I do indent you shall return me money.

Lic. Rather than meat, I know it : you are just still.

P. sen. I love it still. And therefore if you spend
The red-deer pies i' your house, or sell 'em forth, sir,
Cast so, that I may have their coffins all
Return'd here, and pil'd up : I would be thought
To keep some kind of house.

Lic. By the mouldy signs ?

P. sen. And then remember meat for my two dogs :
Fat flaps of mutton, kidneys, rumps of veal,
Good plenteous scraps ; my maid shall eat the relicks.

Lic. When you and your dogs have din'd. A sweet
Reversion.

P. sen. Who's here ? my courtier, and my little doctor
My muster-master ? And what plover's that
They have brought to pull ?

Bro. I know not, some green plover.
I'll find him out.

P. sen. Do, for I know the rest :
They are the jeerers, mocking, flouting Jacks.

S C E N E IV.

*Fitton, Penny-boy sen. Almanack, Shunfield, Madrigal,
Lick-finger, Broker.*

Fit. How now, old Money-bawd ? W' are come

P. sen. To jeer me,
As you were wont, I know you.

Alm. No, to give thee
Some good security, and see Pecunia.

P. sen. What is't ?

Fit. Our selves.

Alm. We'll be one bound for another.

Fit. This noble doctor here.

Alm. This worthy courtier.

Fit. This man o' war, he was our muster-master.

Alm. But a sea-captain now, brave captain Shunfield.

[*He holds up his nose.*

Sbun. You snuff the air now, has the scent displeas'd
[you ?

Fit. Thou need'st not fear him, man, his credit is
[sound.

Alm. And season'd too, since he took salt at sea.

P. sen. I do not love pickled security ;
Would I had one good fresh-man in for all :
For truth is, you three stink.

Sbun. You are a rogue.

P. sen. I think I am ; but I will lend no money
On that security, captain.

Alm. Here's a gentleman,
A fresh-man i' the world, one master Madrigal.

Fit. Of an untainted credit ; what say you to him ?
[*Madrigal steps aside with Broker.*

Sbun. He's gone, methinks ; where is he ? Madrigal ?

P. sen. H' has an odd singing name : is he an heir ?

Fit. An heir to a fair fortune.

Alm. And full hopes :

A dainty scholar, and a pretty poet !

P. sen. Y've said enough. I ha' no money, gentlemen,
An' he go to't in rhyme once, not a penny.

[*He snuffs again.*

Sbun. Why, he's of years, though he have little
[beard.

P. sen. His beard has time to grow. I have no money.
Let him still dabble in poetry. No Pecunia
Is to be seen.

Alm. Come, thou lov'st to be costive^a
Still i' thy courtesy; but I have a pill,
A golden pill, to purge away this melancholy.

Shun. 'Tis nothing but his keeping o' the house here,
With his two drowsy dogs.

Fit. A drench of sack
At a good tavern, and a fine fresh pullet,
Would cure him.

Lic. Nothing but a young heir in white broth;
I know his diet better than the doctor.

Shun. What, Lick-finger? mine old host of Ram-
You ha' some market here. [ally?

Alm. Some dosser of fish
Or fowl to fetch off.

Fit. An odd bargain of venison
To drive.

P. sen. Will you go in, knave?

Lic. I must needs,
You see who drives me, gentlemen.

Alm. Not the Devil.

Fit. He may in time, he is his agent now.

[*Penny-boy thrusts him in.*

P. sen. You are all cogging Jacks, a covey o' wits,
The jeerers, that still call together at meals:
Or rather an aiery; for you are birds of prey,
And fly at all; nothing's too big or high for you.
And are so truly fear'd, but not belov'd
One of another, as no one dares break
Company from the rest, lest they should fall
Upon him absent.

^a *Thou lov'st to be costive*
Still i' thy courtesy.] i. e. To let it come hardly from thee.
Mr. SYMPSON.

Alm. O! the only oracle
 That ever peep'd or spake out of a doublet.
Shun. How the rogue stinks worse than a fishmon-
Fit. Or carriers hands! [ger's sleeves!
Shun. And such a parboil'd visage!
Fit. His face looks like a dyer's apron, just!
Alm. A sodden head, and his whole brain a posset-
 [curd!
P. sen. I, now you jeer, jeer on; I have no money.
Alm. I wonder what religion he is of!
Fit. No certain species sure! a kind of mule!
 That's half an Ethnick, half a Christian!
P. sen. I have no money, gentlemen.
Shun. This stock,
 He has no sense of any virtue, honour,
 Gentry, or merit.
P. sen. You say very right,
 My meritorious captain, (as I take it!)
 Merit will keep no house, nor pay no house-rent.
 Will mistress Merit go to market, think you,
 Set on the pot, or feed the family?
 Will gentry clear with the butcher, or the baker?
 Fetch in a pheasant, or a brace of partridges,
 From good wife Poulter, for my lady's supper?
Fit. See! this pure rogue!
P. sen. This rogue has money though;

3 *Alm.* O! the only ORACLE

That ever peep'd or spake out of a DOUBLET.] The allu-
 sion to the heathen priests, who were *Eyyarpuabn*, or had the art of
 keeping their voice within, as if the Divinity spoke in their belly.
 There have been those in modern times who have possessed the
 same knack. There is also an allusion to this custom in the pro-
 phet *Isaiab*; "And when they shall say unto you, seek unto them
 "who have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep, and that
 "mutter." viii. 19.

My worshipful brave courtier has no money ;
No, nor my valiant captain.

Shun. Hang you, rascal.

P. sen. Nor you, my learned doctor. I lov'd you
While you did ho'd your practice, and kill tripe-wives,
And kept you to your urinal ; but since your thumbs
Have greas'd the Ephemerides, casting figures,
And turning over for your candle-rents,
And your twelve houses in the Zodiac,
With your Almutens, Alma-cantaras.
Troth you shall cant alone for Penny-boy.

Shun. I told you what we should find him, a meer

Fit. A rogue, a cheater.

[bawd.

P. sen. What you please, gentlemen :
I'm of that humble nature and condition,
Never to mind your worships, or take notice
Of what you throw away thus. I keep house here
Like a lame cobbler, never out of doors,
With my two dogs, my friends ; and (as you say)
Drive a quick pretty trade, still. I get money :
And as for titles, be they rogue, or rascal,
Or what your worships fancy, let 'em pass,
As transitory things ; they're mine to-day,
And yours to-morrow.

Alm. Hang thee, dog.

Shun. Thou cur.

P. sen. You see how I do blush, and am ashamed
Of these large attributes ? yet you've no money.

Alm. Well wolf, hyena, you old pocky rascal,
You will ha' the Hernia fall down again
Into your scrotum, and I shall be sent for.
I will remember then, that, and your fistula
In ano, I cur'd you of.

P. sen. Thank your dog-leech craft :
They were wholesome piles, afore you meddled with 'em.

Alm. What an ungrateful wretch is this ?

Shun.

Sbun. He minds

A courtesie no more than London-bridge
What arch was mended last.

Fit He never thinks,
More than a log, of any grace at court
A man may do him; or that such a lord
Reach'd him his hand.

P. sen. O yes! if grace would strike
The brewer's tally, or my good lord's hand
Would quit the scores. But, sir, they will not do it.
Here is a piece, my good lord Piece doth all;

[*He shews a pitce.*

Goes to the butcher's, fetches in a mutton;
Then to the baker's, brings in bread, makes fires,
Gets wine, and does more real courtesies
Than all my lords I know: my sweet lord Piece!
You are my lord, the rest are cogging Jacks,
Under the rose.

Sbun. Rogue, I could beat you now.

P. sen. True, captain, if you durst bear any other,
I should believe you; but indeed you are hungry;
You are not angry, captain, if I know you
Aright, good captain. No Pecunia
Is to be seen, though mistress Band would speak,
Or little blushet Wax be ne'er so easie;
I'll stop mine ears with her, against the Syrens,
Court, and philosophy. God be wi' you, gentlemen,
Provide you better names, Pecunia is for you.

Fit. What a damn'd harpy it is! Where's Madrigal?
Is he sneak'd hence?

Sbun. Here he comes with Broker, [*Madr. returns.*
Pecunia's secretary.

Alm. He may do some good
With him perhaps. Where ha' you been, Madrigal?

Mad. Above, with my lady's women reading verses.

Fit. That was a favour. Good morrow, mr. Secre-

[tary.
Sbun.

Shun. Good morrow, mr. Usher.

Alm. Sir, by both
Your worshipful titles, and your name, mas Broker,
Good morrow.

Mad. I did ask him if he were
Amphibion Broker.

Shun. Why?

Mad. A creature of two natures *,
Because he has two offices.

Bro. You may jeer,
You ha' the wits, young gentlemen: but your hope
Of Helicon will never carry it here,
With our fat family; we ha' the dullest,
Most unbor'd ears for verse amongst our females.
I griev'd you read so long, sir; old nurse Mortgage
She snor'd i' the chair, and Statute (if you mark'd her)
Fell fast asleep, and mistress Band she nodded,
But not with any consent to what you read.
They must have somewhat else to chink, than rhymes.
If you could make an epitaph on your land,
(Imagine it on departure) such a poem
Would awake 'em, and bring Wax to her true temper.

Mad. I' faith sir, and I will try.

Bro. 'Tis but earth,
Fit to make bricks and tyles of.

Shun. Pox upon't,
'Tis but for pots, or pipkins at the best.
If it would keep us in good tobacco-pipes,

Bro. 'Twere worth keeping.

Fit. Or in Porc'lane dishes,
There were some hope,

* *Alm.* A creature of two natures.] I have given this speech to Madrigal, whose character it seems best to suit, and who had used the word *amphibion* before; and this is a reply to the other question.

Alm. But this is a hungry soil,
And must be helpt.

Fit. Who would hold any land,
To have the trouble to marle it?

sbun. Not a gentleman.

Bro. Let clowns and hinds affect it, that love plows,
And carts, and harrows, and are busy still
In vexing the dull element.

Alm. Our sweet songster
Shall rarify't into air.

Fit. And you, mas Broker,
Shall have a feeling.

Bro. So it supple, sir,
The nerves.

Mad. O! it shall be palpable,
Make thee run through a hoop, or a thumb-ring,
The nose of a tobacco-pipe, and draw
Thy ductile bones out like a knitting-needle,
To serve my subtile turns.

Bro. I shall obey, sir,
And run a thread, like an hour-glass.

P. sen. Where is Broker?
Are not these flies gone yet? 'Pray quit my house,
I'll smoke you out else.

Fit. O the prodigal!
Will you be at so much charge with us, and loss?

Mad. I've heard you ha' offer'd, sir, to lock up smoke,
And cauk your windows, spar up all your doors,

Mad. I've heard you ha' offer'd, sir, to lock up smoke,
And cauk your windows, spar up all your doors.] This,
with what follows, is improved with true comic humour from
the subsequent passage in Plautus;

Quin Divum atque hominum clamat continuo fidem,

De suo tiglio fumus si qua exit foras.

Quin, quum it dormitum, fellum obstringit ob gulam.

AULULAR.

Thinking

Thinking to keep it a close prisoner wi' you,
And wept when it went out, sir, at your chimney.

Fit. And yet his eyes were drier than a pumice.

Shun. A wretched rascal, that will bind about
The nose of his bellows, lest the wind get out
When he's abroad.

Alm. Sweeps down no cobwebs here,
But sells 'em for cut fingers; and the spiders
As creatures rear'd of dust, and cost him nothing,
To fat old ladies monkeys.

Fit. He has offer'd
To gather up spilt water, and preserve
Each hair falls from him, to stop balls withal.

Shun. A slave, and an idolator to Pecunia!

P. sen. You all have happy memories, gentlemen,
In rocking my poor cradle. I remember too,
When you had lands and credit, worship, friends,
I, and could give security: now you have none,
Or will have none right shortly. This can time,
And the vicissitude of things. I have
All these, and money too, and do profess 'em,
And am right heartily glad of all our memories,
And both the changes.

Fit. Let us leave the viper.

P. sen. He's glad he is rid of his torture, and so soon.
Broker, come hither; up, and tell your lady,
She must be ready presently, and Statute,
Band, Mortgage, Wax: my prodigal young kinsman
Will straight be here to see her; top of our house,
The flourishing and flanting Penny-boy.
We were but three of us in all the world,
My brother Francis, whom they call'd Frank Penny-boy
Father to this; he's dead. This Penny-boy
Is now the heir! I, Richer Penny-boy,
Not Richard, but old Harry Penny-boy,
And (to make rhyme) close, wary Penny-boy,

1 fl

I shall have all at last, my hopes do tell me.
Go, see all ready; and where my dogs have faulted,
Remove it with a broom, and sweeten all
With a slice of juniper, not too much, but sparing,
We may be faulty our selves else, and turn prodigal,
In entertaining of the prodigal.
Here he is, and with him—what! a clapper-dudgeon!
That's a good sign, to have the beggar follow him
So near, at his first entry into fortune.

S C E N E V.

Penny-boy jun. Penny-boy sen. Picklock, Canter.

[*Broker, Pecunia, Statute, Band, Wax, Mortgage, bid
in the study.*]

P. jun. How now, old uncle? I am come to see thee,
And the brave lady here, the daughter of Ophyr,
They say thou keep'st.

P. sen. Sweet nephew, if she were
The daughter of the Sun, she's at your service,
And so am I, and the whole family,
Worshipful nephew.

P. jun. Say'st thou so, dear uncle?
Welcome my friends then: here is Domine Picklock,
My man o' law, sollicit all my causes,
Follows my business, makes and compounds my quarrels
Between my tenants and me; sows all my strifes,
And reaps them too; troubles the country for me,
And vexes any neighbour that I please.

P. sen. But with commission?

P. jun. Under my hand and seal.

P. sen. A worshipful place!

Pic. I thank his worship for it.

P. sen. But what is this old gentleman?

P. Ca.

P. Ca. A rogue,
A very Canter, sir, one that maunds
Upon the pad : we should be brothers though ;
For you are near as wretched as myself,
You dare not use your money, and I have none:

P. sen. Not use my money, cogging Jack ! who uses it
At better rates ? lets it for more i' the hundred
Than I do, firrah ?

P. jun. Be not angry, uncle.

P. sen. What ? to disgrace me, with my queen, as if
I did not know her value.

P. Ca. Sir, I meant,
You durst not to enjoy it.

P. sen. Hold your peace,
You are a Jack.

P. jun. Uncle, he shall be a John,

[Young Penny-boy is angry.]

An' you go to that, as good a man as you are :
An' I can make him so, a better man ;
Perhaps I will too. Come, let us go.

P. sen. Nay, kinsman,
My worshipful kinsman, and the top of our house,
Do not your penitent uncle that affront,
For a rash word, to leave his joyful threshold,
Before you see the lady that you long for,
The Venus of the time and state, Pecunia !
I do perceive your bounty loves the man,
For some concealed virtue that he hides
Under those rags.

P. Ca. I owe my happiness to him,
The waiting on his worship, since I brought him
The happy news welcome to all young heirs.

P. jun. Thou didst indeed, for which I thank thee yet
Your fortunate princess, uncle, is long a coming.

P. Ca. She is not rigg'd, sir ; setting forth some lady
Will cost as much as furnishing a fleet.

He

Here she is come at last, and like a gally
Gilt i' the prow.

[The study is opened where she sits in state.]

P. jun. Is this Pecunia?

P. sen. Vouchsafe my toward kinsman, gracious ma-
The favour of your hand. [dam,

Pec. Nay of my lips, sir, [She kisseth him.]
To him.

P. jun. She kisses like a mortal creature.
Almighty madam, I have long'd to see you.

Pec. And I have my desire, sir, to behold
That youth and shape, which in my dreams and wakes
I have so oft contemplated, and felt
Warm in my veins, and native as my blood.
When I was told of your arrival here,
I felt my heart beat, as it would leap out
In speech; and all my face it was a flame:
But how it came to pass, I do not know.

P. jun. O! beauty loves to be more proud than na-
That made you blush. I cannot satisfy [ture,
My curious eyes, by which alone I'm happy,
In my beholding you.

P. Ca. They pass the compliment
Prettily well. [He kisseth her:]

Pic. I, he does kiss her, I like him.

P. jun. My passion was clear contrary, and doubtful,
I shook for fear, and yet I danc'd for joy,
I had such motions as the sun-beams make
Against a wall, or playing on a water,
Or trembling vapour of a boiling pot——

P. sen. That's not so good, it should ha' been a cru-
With molten metal, she had understood it. [cible]

P. jun. I cannot talk, but I can love you, madam:
Are these your gentlewomen? I love them too.
And which is mistress Statute? mistress Band?
They all kiss close, the last stuck to my lips.

Bro. It was my lady's chambermaid, soft Wax.

P. jun.

P. jun. Soft lips she has, I'm sure on't. Mother Mort.
I'll owe a kiss, 'till she be younger. Statute, [gag]
Sweet mistress Band, and honey little Wax,
We must be better acquainted.

[*He doubles the compliment to them all.*]

Sta. We are but servants, sir.

Band But whom her grace is so content to grace,
We shall observe.

Wax. And with all fit respect.

Mor. In our poor places.

Wax. Being her grace's shadows.

P. jun. A fine well-spoken family. What's thy name?

Bro. Broker.

P. jun. Methinks my uncle should not need thee,
Who is a crafty knave enough, believe it.
Art thou her grace's steward?

Bro. No, her usher, sir.

P. jun. What, o' the hall? thou hast a sweeping face
Thy beard is like a broom.

Bro. No barren chin, sir,
I am no eunuch, though a gentleman-usher.

P. jun. Thou shalt go with us, uncle, I must have
My princess forth to-day.

P. sen. Whither you please, sir.
You shall command her.

Pec. I will do all grace
To my new servant.

P. sen. Thanks unto your bounty;
He is my nephew, and my chief, the point,

[*Old Penny-boy thanks her, but makes his condition*
Tip, top, and tuft of all our family!

But, sir, condition'd always you return
Statute and Band home, with my sweet soft Wax,
And my good nurse here, Mortgage.

P. jun. O! what else?

P. sen. By Broker.

P. jun. Do not fear,

P. sen. She shall go wi' you,
Whither you please, fir, any where.

P. Ca. I see
A money-bawd is lightly a flesh-bawd too.

Pic. Are you advis'd? Now, o' my faith, this Canter
Would make a good grave burges in some barn.

P. jun. Come, thou shalt go with us, uncle.

P. sen. By no means, fir.

P. jun. We'll have both sack and fiddlers.

P. sen. I'll not draw
That charge upon your worship⁶.

P. Ca. He speaks modestly,
And like an uncle.

P. sen. But mas Broker here,
He shall attend you, nephew; her grace's usher.
And what you fancy to bestow on him,
Be not too lavish, use a temperate bounty,
I'll take it to myself.

P. jun. I will be princely,
While I possess my princess, my Pecunia.

P. sen. Where is't you eat?

P. jun. Hard by, at Picklock's lodging,
Old Lickfinger's the cook, here in Ram-alley.

⁶ *P. jun.* Come, thou shalt go with us, uncle.

P. Ca. By no means, fir.

P. jun. We'll have both sack and fiddlers.

P. sen. I'll not draw that charge upon your worship.] The speeches
above are not rightly ordered: the second line does not belong to
the Canter, but to Penny-boy the uncle; and besides, the metre is
not properly observed: they should be given thus;

" *P. jun.* Come, thou shalt go with us, uncle.

" *P. sen.* By no means, fir.

" *P. jun.* We'll have both sack and fiddlers.

" *P. sen.* I'll not draw

" That charge upon your worship."

In some other passages of this play, the verses have been broken and
confounded; and I have more than once set them to rights, without
giving the reader notice of it.

P. sen. He has good cheer; perhaps I'll come and
[see you.]

P. Ca. O fy! an alley, and a cook's shop, grofs!
[*The Canter takes him aside, and persuades him.*]

'Twill favour, sir, most rankly of 'em both.
Let your meat rather follow you to a tavern.

Pic. A tavern's as unfit too for a princefs.

P. Ca. No, I have known a princefs, and a great one,
Come forth of a tavern.

Pic. Not go in, sir, though.

P. Ca. She must go in, if she came forth: the blessed
Pokahontas (as the historian calls her,
And great king's daughter of Virginia)
Hath been in womb of tavern; and besides,
Your nasty uncle will spoil all your mirth,
And be as noisome.

Pic. That is true.

P. Ca. No 'faith,
Dine in Apollo with Pecunia,
At brave duke Wadloe's', have your friends about you,
And make a day on't.

P. jun. Content, i' faith:
Our meat shall be brought thither. Simon the king
Will bid us welcome.

Pic. Patron, I have a suit.

P. jun. What's that?

Pic. That you will carry the Infanta
To see the Staple; her grace will be a grace
To all the members of it.

P. jun. I will do it,
And have her arms set up there, with her titles,

P. Ca. No 'faith,

Dine in APOLLO with Pecunia,

[*At brave duke WADLOE'S.*] Apollo is the room so called, where
Jonson and his friends held their club, at the Devil-tavern in Fleet-
street, the n kept by one Simon Wadloe.

Aurelia

Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the Infanta.

And in Apollo. Come, sweet princess, go.

P. sen. Broker, be careful of your charge.

Bro. I warrant you.

The second INTERMEAN after the second act.

Censure. “**W**H Y, this is duller and duller! intolerable! scurvy! neither devil nor fool in this play! pray God some on us be not a witch, gossip, to forespeak the matter thus.”

Mirth. “I fear we are all such, an’ we were old enough: but we are not all old enough to make one witch.” How like you the vice i’ the play?”

Expectation. “Which is he?”

Mirth. “Three or four: old Covetousness, the sordid Penny-boy, the Money-bawd, who is a flesh-bawd too, they say.”

Tattle. “But here is never a fiend to carry him away. Besides, he has never a wooden dagger! I’d not give a rush for a vice, that has not a wooden dagger to snap at every body he meets.”

Mirth. “That was the old way, gossip, when Iniquity came in like Hokos Pokos, in a jugler’s jerkin, with false skirts, like the knave of clubs! but now they are attir’d like men and women o’ the time, the vices male and female! Prodigality, like a young heir, and his mistress Money, (whose favours he scatters like counters) prank’t up like a prime lady, the Infanta of the mines.”

Censure. “I, therein they abuse an honourable princess, it is thought.”

Mirth. By whom is it so thought? or where lies the abuse?”

Censure. “Plain in the stiling her Infanta, and giving her three names.”

M 2

Mirth.

Mirth. "Take heed it lie not in the vice of your interpretation; what have Aurelia, Clara, Pecunia to do with any person? do they any more but express the property of Money, which is the daughter of Earth, and drawn out of the mines? Is there nothing to be call'd Infanta, but what is subject to exception? why not the infanta of the beggars, or infanta o' the gypsies, as well as king of beggars, and king of gypsies?"

Censure. "Well, an' there were no wiser than I, I would sow him in a sack, and send him by sea to his princesses."

Mirth. "Faith, an' he heard you, Censure, he would go near to stick the ass's ears to your high dressing, and perhaps to all ours for hearkning to you."

Tattle. "By'r lady but he should not to mine, I would hearken, and hearken, and censure, if I saw cause, for th' other princess' sake Pokahontas, surnam'd the Blessed, whom he has abus'd indeed, (and I do censure him, and will censure him) to say she came forth of a tavern, was said like a paltry poet."

Mirth. "That's but one gossip's opinion, and my gossip Tattle's too! but what says Expectation, here, she sits sullen and silent."

Expectation. "Troth, I expect their office, their great office! the Staple, what it will be! they have talk'd on't, but we see't not open yet; would butter would come in, and spread itself a little to us."

Mirth. "Or the butter-box, Buz, the emissary."

Tattle. "When it is churn'd and disht, we shall hear of it."

Expectation. "If it be fresh and sweet butter; but say it be sour and wheyish."

Mirth. "Then it is worth nothing, meer pot butter, fit to be spent in suppositories, or greasing coach-wheels, stale stinking butter, and such I fear it is, by the being barrel'd up so long."

Expectation.

Expectation. " Or rank Irish butter."

Censure. " Have patience, gossip, say that, contrary
" to our expectation, it prove right, seasonable, salt
" butter."

Mirth. " Or to the time of year, in Lent, delicate
" almond butter! I have a sweet tooth yet, and I will
" hope the best, and sit down as quiet and calm as
" butter, look as smooth and soft as butter, be merry
" and melt like butter, laugh and be fat like butter:
" so butter answer my expectation, and be not mad but-
" ter; if it be, it shall both July and December see!
" I say no more, but——*Dixi.*"

To the R E A D E R S.

" **I**N this following act the Office is open'd, and
" shewn to the prodigal and his princess Pecunia,
" wherein the allegory and purpose of the author hath
" hitherto been wholly mistaken, and so sinister an
" interpretation been made, as if the souls of most of
" the spectators had liv'd in the eyes and ears of these
" ridiculous gossips that tattle between the acts. But
" he prays you thus to mend it. To consider the news
" here vented to be none of his news, or any reasonable
" man's; but news made like the time's news, (a
" weekly cheat to draw money) and could not be fitter
" reprehended, than in raising this ridiculous office of
" the Staple, wherein the age may see her own folly,
" or hunger and thirst after published pamphlets of
" news, set out every Saturday but made all at home,
" and no syllable of truth in them; than which there
" cannot be a greater disease in nature, or a fouler
" scorn put upon the times. And so apprehending it,
" you shall do the author and your own judgment a

“ courtesie, and perceive the trick of alluring money
 “ to the office, and there cozz’ning the people. If you
 “ have the truth, rest quiet, and consider that
 “ *Ficta, voluptatis causâ, sint proxima veris.*”

ACT III. SCENE I.

Fitton, Cymbal.

To them] Picklock, Register, Clerk, Tho. Barber.

Fit. **Y**OU hunt upon a wrong scent still, and think
 The air of things will carry ’em, but it must
 Be reason and proportion, not fine sounds,
 My cousin Cymbal, must get you this lady.
 You have entertain’d a petty logger here,
 Picklock, with trust of an emissary’s place,
 And he is all for the young prodigal,
 You see he has left us.

Cym. Come, you do not know him,
 That speak thus of him. He will have a trick
 To open us a gap by a trap-door,
 When they least dream on’t. Here he comes. What
 [news?

Pic. Where is my brother Buz? my brother Ambler?
 The register, examiner, and the clerks?
 Appear, and let us muster all in pomp,
 For here will be the rich Infanta presently,
 To make her visit. Penny-boy the heir,
 My patron, has got leave for her to play
 With all her train, of the old churl her guardian.
 Now is your time to make all court unto her,
 That she may first but know, then love the place,
 And shew it by her frequent visits here:

And

And afterwards get her to sojourn with you.
She will be weary of the prodigal quickly.

Cym. Excellent news!

Fit. And counsel of an oracle!

Cym. How say you, cousin Fitton?

Fit. Brother Picklock,

I shall adore thee for this parcel of tidings,
It will cry up the credit of our office
Eternally, and make our Staple immortal!

Pic. Look your addresses then be fair and fit,
And entertain her and her creatures too,
With all the migniardise, and quaint caresses
You can put on 'em.

Fit. Thou seem'st by thy language,
No less a courtier than a man o' law.
I must embrace thee.

Pic. Tut. I am Vertumnus,
On every change, or chance, upon occasion,
A true camælion, I can colour for't.
I move upon my axle like a turn-pike,
Fit my face to the parties, and become
Straight one of them.

Cym. Sirs, up into your desks,
And spread the rolls upon the table, so.
Is the examiner set?

Reg. Yes, sir.

Cym. Ambler and Buz
Are both abroad now.

Pic. We'll sustain their parts,
No matter, let them ply the affairs without,
Let us alone within, I like that well.

[*Fitton puts on the office cloke, and Cymbal the gown.*
On with the cloke, and you with the Staple gown,
And keep your state, stoop only to the Infants;
We'll have a flight at Mortgage, Statute, Band,

And hard, but we'll bring Wax to the retrieve':
Each know his several province, and discharge it.

Fit. I do admire this nimble ingine, Picklock.

[*Fitton is brought about.*]

Cym. Cuz, what did I say?

Fit. You have rectified my error!

SCENE II.

Penny-boy jun. P. Canter, Pecunia, Statute, Band, Mortgage, Wax, Broker, Customers.

P. jun. By your leave, gentlemen, what news? good,
[good still,

I' your new office? Princess, here's the Staple!

This is the governour, kifs him, noble princess,

For my sake. Thom, how is it, honest Thom?

How does thy place, and thou? my creature, princess,

[*He tells Pecunia of Thom.*]

This is my creature, give him your hand to kifs,

He was my barber, now he writes clericus!

I bought this place for him, and gave it him.

P. Ca. He should have spoke of that, sir, and not
Two do not do one office well. [you:

P. jun. 'Tis true,
But I am loth to lose my courtesies.

P. Ca. So are all they that do them to vain ends,
And yet you do lose when you pay your selves.

P. jun. No more o' your sentences, Canter, they are
We come for news, remember where you are. [stale,
I pray thee let my princess hear some news,
Good master Cymbal.

' But we'll bring Wax to the retrieve.] A term in falconry; to
make the hawk return to the lure.

Cym.

Cym. What news would she hear?
Or of what kind, sir?

P. jun. Any, any kind,
So it be news, the newest that thou hast,
Some news of state for a princefs.

Cym. Read from Rome there. [*News from Rome.*

Tbo. They write, the king of Spain is chosen pope.

P. jun. How?

Tbo. And emperor too, the thirtieth of February.

P. jun. Is the emperor dead?

Cym. No, but he has resign'd,

[*News of the emperor and Tilly.*

And trails a pike now under Tilly.

Fit. For penance.

[dom!

P. jun. These will beget strange turns in Christen-

Tbo. And Spinola is made general of the Jesuits.

[*News of Spinola.*

P. jun. Stranger!

Fit. Sir, all are alike true and certain.

Cym. All the pretence to the fifth monarchy

[*The fifth monarchy uniting the ecclesiastick and
secular power.*

Was held but vain, until the ecclesiastick

And secular powers were united thus,

Both in one person.

Fit. 'T has been long the aim
Of the house of Austria.

Cym. See but Maximilian

[*A plot of the house of Austria.*

His letters to the baron of Bouterfheim,

Or Scheiter-huyffen.

Fit. No, of Liechtenstein,
Lord Paul, I think.

P. jun. I have heard of some such thing.

Don Spinola made general of the Jesuits!

[*More of Spinola.*

Cym. A priest!

Cym.

Cym. O, no, he is dispens'd withal——
And the whole society, who do now appear
The only engineers of Christendom.

P. jun. They have been thought so long and rightly
[too.

Fit. Witness the engine that they have presented
To wind himself with up into the moon, [him,
And thence make all his discoveries!

Cym. Read on.

Tbo. And Vittellesco, he that was last general,
Being now turn'd cook to the society,
Has drest his excellence such a dish of eggs——

[His eggs.

P. jun. What, porch'd?

Tbo. No, powder'd.

Cym. All the yolk is wild-fire,
As he shall need beleaguer no more towns,
But throw his egg in.

Fit. It shall clear consume
Palace and place; demolish and bear down
All strengths before it!

Cym. Never be extinguish'd,
'Till all become one ruin!

Fit. And from Florence.

Tbo. They write was found in Galilæo's study,
[Galilæo's study.

A burning glass (which they have sent him too)
To fire any fleet that's out at sea——

Cym. By moonshine, is't not so?

Tbo. Yes, sir, i' the water.

[The burning-glass by moon-shine.

P. jun. His strengths will be unresistable, if this hold!
Ha' you no news against him on the contrary?

Cle. Yes, sir, they write here, one Cornelius Son,

[The Hollanders call

Hath made the Hollanders an invisible eel

To swim the haven at Dunkirk, and sink all
The shipping there.

P. jun. Why ha' not you this, Thom?

Cym. Because he keeps the pontifical side.

[Penny-boy will have him change sides.

P. jun. How! change sides, Thom, 'twas never in
[my thought

To put thee up against our selves. Come down
Quickly.

Cym. Why, sir?

P. jun. I ventur'd not my money

Upon those terms: if he may change, why so.

I'll ha' him keep his own side, sure.

Fit. Why, let him,

Tis but writing so much over again.

[pieces.

P. jun. For that I'll bear the charge: there's two

Fit. Come, do not stick with the gentleman.

Cym. I'll take none, sir.

And yet he shall ha' the place.

P. jun. They shall be ten then. [Though he pay for it.

Thom, and th' office shall take 'em. Keep your
[side, Thom.

Now your own side, do not forsake your side, Thom.

Cym. Read.

Tho. They write here one Cornelius-Son

which made the Hollanders an invisible eel

To swim the haven at Dunkirk, and sink all

the shipping there

P. jun. But how is't done?

Cym. I'll shew you, sir.

It is an Automa, runs under water,

With a snug nose, and has a nimble tail

made like an auger, with which tail she wriggles

twixt the costs of a ship, and sinks it straight.

She wriggles

[Between the costs of a ship.] i. e. the ribs; from the Latin

Mr. SYMPSON,

P. jun.

P. jun. Whence ha' you this news?

Fit. From a right hand, I assure you,
The eel boats here, that lye before Queen-hythe,
Came out of Holland.

P. jun. A most brave device,
To murder their flat bottoms:

Fit. I do grant you :
But what if Spinola have a new project,
[*Spinola's new project ; an army in cork-shoes.*
To bring an army over in cork-shoes,
And land them here at Harwich ? all his horse
Are shod with cork, and fourscore pieces of ordnance,
Mounted upon cork-carriages, with bladders
Instead of wheels, to run the passage over
At a spring-tide.

P. jun. Is't true ?

Fit. As true as the rest.

P. jun. He'll never leave his engines : I would hear
Some curious news. [now

Cym. As what ?

P. jun. Magick or Alchimy,
Or flying i' the air, I care not what.

Cle. They write from Libtzig (reverence to your
[ears]

The art of drawing farts out of dead bodies,
[*Extraction of farts*
Is by the brotherhood of the Rosie Cross
Produc'd unto perfection, in so sweet
And rich a tincture——

Fit. As there is no princess,
But may perfume her chamber with th' extraction.

P. jun. There's for you, princess.

P. Ca. What, a fart for her ?

P. jun. I mean the spirit.

P. Ca. Beware how she resents it.

P. jun. And what hast thou, Thom ?

Tho. The perpetual motion,

[The perpetual motion.]

Is here found out by an ale-wife in Saint Katherine's,
At the sign o' the Dancing Bears.

P. jun. What, from her tap?
I'll go see that, or else I'll send old Canter.
He can make that discovery.

P. Ca. Yes, in ale.

P. jun. Let me have all this news made up and seal'd.

Reg. The people press upon us. Please you, sir,
Withdraw with your fair princess. There's a room,
[The register offers him a room.]

Within, sir, to retire to.

P. jun. No, good register,
We'll stand it out here, and observe your office;
[The office call'd the house of fame.]

What news it issues.

Reg. 'Tis the house of fame, sir,
Where both the curious and the negligent,
The scrupulous and careless, wild and stay'd,
The idle and laborious, all do meet,
To taste the cornu-copiæ of her rumours,
Which she, the mother of sport, pleaseth to scatter
Among the vulgar: baits, sir, for the people!
And they will bite like fishes.

P. jun. Let us see it.

Dep. Ha' you in your profane shop any news
[1 Cust. a she Baptist.]

O' the saints at Amsterdam?

Reg. Yes, how much would you?

Dep. Six penny worth.

Reg. Lay your money down; read Thomas.

Tho. The saints do write, they expect a prophet
shortly, *[Prophet Baal expelled in Holland.]*

The

The prophet Baal, to be sent over to them,
To calculate a time, and half a time,
And the whole time ³, according to Naometry.

P. jun. What's that?

Tbo. The measuring o' the temple; a cabal
Found out but lately, and set out by Archie ⁴,

[*Archie mourn'd then.*

Or some such head, of whose long coat they have heard,
And being black, desire it.

Dop. Peace be with them!

Reg. So there had need, for they are still by the ears
One with another.

Dop. It is their zeal.

Reg. Most likely.

Dop. Have you no other of that species?

Reg. Yes,

But dearer, it will cost you a shilling.

Dop. Verily,

There is a nine-pence, I will shed no more.

Reg. Not to the good o' the saints?

Dop. I am not sure

That man is good.

³ *The prophet BAAL, to be sent over to them,
To calculate a TIME, and HALF A TIME,
And the WHOLE TIME.]*

This was intended to ridicule the fanatics of those days, who dealt much in expounding the prophecies contained in the Revelations, and applied them to themselves. We read that the woman fled from the face of the serpent into the wilderness, where she was nourished for a *time*, and *times*, and *half a time*, Revel. xii. 14. This comprehends the space of 1260 days, (as it is said above in the 6th verse) or the space of 42 months; a *time*, *times*, and *half a time*, being twelve, twenty four, and six months, and the old Jewish month was thirty days. By the prophet Baal is meant any factious leader, like *Jobu Baal*, a Kentish minister and fomenter of the rebellion by Wat. Tyler in Richard the 1st time.

⁴ *And set out by ARCHIE.]* At that time the court-fool.

Reg. Read from Constantinople
Nine penny'orth.

Tbo. They give out here, the grand signior
[*The great Turk turn'd Christian.*

Is certainly turn'd Christian; and to clear
The controversie 'twixt the pope and him,
Which is the Antichrist, he means to visit
The church at Amsterdam this very summer,
And quit all marks o' the beast.

Dop. Now joyful tidings.
Who brought in this? which emissary?

Reg. Buz,
Your countryman.

Dop. Now, blessed be the man,
And his whole family, with the nation.

Reg. Yes, for Amboyna, and the justice there!
This is a Doper, a she Anabaptist!
Seal and deliver her her news, dispatch.

2 Cust. Ha' you any news from the Indies? any mi-
racle [2 *Cust.*

Done in Japan by the Jesuits? or in China?

Cle. No, but we hear of a colony of cooks

[*A colony of cooks sent over to convert the cannibals.*

To be set ashore o' the coast of America,
For the conversion of the cannibals,
And making them good eating Christians.
Here comes the colonel that undertakes it.

3 Cust. Who, captain Lickfinger?

[3 *Cust.* by colonel Lickfinger.

Lic. News, news, my boys!

I am to furnish a great feast to-day,
And I would have what news the office affords.

Cle. We were venting some of you, of your new
[project.

Reg. Afore 'twas paid for, you were somewhat too
[hasty.

P. jun.

P. jun. What, Lickfinger! wilt thou convert the
With spit and pan divinity? [cannibals]

Lic. Sir, for that

I will not urge, but for the fire and zeal
To the true cause; thus I have undertaken:
With two lay-brethren, to my self, no more,
One o' the broach, th' other o' the boyler,
In one six months, and by plain cookery,
No magic to it, but old Japhet's physick,
The father of the European arts,
To make such sauces for the savages,
And cook their meats, with those enticing staems,
As it would make our Cannibal-christians
Forbear the mutual eating one another,
Which they do do, more cunningly, than the wild
Anthropophagi, that snatch only strangers,
Like my old patron's dogs there.

P. jun. O, my uncle's!

Is dinner ready, Lickfinger?

Lic. When you please, sir,
I was bespeaking but a parcel of news,
To strew out the long meal withal, but't seems
You are furnish'd here already.

P. jun. O, not half!

Lic. What court news is there? any proclamation
Or edicts to come forth?

Tho. Yes, there is one,

That the king's barber has got, for aid of our trade,
Whereof there is a manifest decay,
A precept for the wearing of long hair,

[To let long hair run to seed, to sow bold pates]

To run to seed, to sow bald pates withal,
And the preserving fruitful heads and chins,
To help a mystery almost antiquated.
Such as are bald and barren beyond hope,

Are to be separated and set by
For ushers to old countesses : and coachmen⁵
To mount their boxes reverently, and drive,
Like lapwings, with a shell upo' their heads,
Thorow the streets.

Lic. Ha' you no news o' the stage ?
They'll ask me about new plays at dinner-time,
And I should be as dumb as a fish.

Tbo. O! yes,
There is a legacy left to the king's players,
[*Spalato's legacy to the players:*

Both for their various shifting of their scene,
And dextrous change of their persons to all shapes
And all disguises, by the right reverend
Archbishop of Spalato.

Lic. He is dead that play'd him !

Tbo. Then h'has lost his share o' the legacy.

Lic. What news of Gundomar ?

Tbo. A second fistula,

[*Gundomar's use of the Game at Chess, or play so called.*
Or an excoriation (at least)
For putting the poor English play, was writ of him⁶,
To such a sordid use, as (is said) he did,
Of cleansing his posteriors.

⁵ *Lic.* ————— *And coachmen*

To mount their boxes reverently.] This seems to be an interruption of Lickfinger's, and a part of Tom's speech. I imagine that Lickfinger ought not to speak till he asks the question,

Ha' you no news o' the stage ?

and I have accordingly reformed the speeches in that manner.

⁶ *For putt'ng the poor English play, was writ of him.]* Our author tells us it was the play called the *Game at Chess*: a comedy ascribed to Thomas Middleton: the game is play'd between the church of England, and the church of Rome, as Langbain tells us; Ignatius Loyola being spectator, the former in the end gaining the victory. 'Tis not improbable, that in this representation a character might have been designed for Gundomar.

Lic. Justice ! justice !

Tho. Since when, he lives condemn'd to his share at
And there sits filing certain politick hinges, [Bruxels,
To hang the states on h'has heav'd off the hooks.

Lic. What must you have for these ?

P. jun. Thou shalt pay nothing,
But reckon them i' the bill. There's twenty pieces,
[*He gives twenty pieces to the office.*
Her grace bestows upon the office, Thom :
Write thou that down for news.

Reg. We may well do't,
We have not many such.

P. jun. There's twenty more,
If you say so; my princess is a princess ! [Doubles it.
And put that too under the office seal.

[*Cym. takes Pecunia aside, courts and woos her
to the office.*

Cym. If it will please your grace to sojourn here,
And take my roof for covert, you shall know
The rites belonging to your blood and birth,
Which few can apprehend : these sordid servants,
Which rather are your keepers, than attendants,
Should not come near your presence. I would have
You waited on by ladies, and your train
Born up by persons of quality and honour ;
Your meat should be serv'd in with curious dances,
And set upon the board with virgin hands,
Tun'd to their voices ; not a dish remov'd,
But to the musick, nor a drop of wine
Mixt with his water, without harmony.

Pec. You are a courtier, sir, or somewhat more,
That have this tempting language !

Cym. I'm your servant,
Excellent princess, and would ha' you appear
That which you are. Come forth the state and wonder
Of these our times, dazle the vulgar eyes,
And strike the people blind with admiration.

P. Ca. Why that's the end of wealth ! thrust riches
[outward,

And remain beggars within : contemplate nothing
But the vile fordid things of time, place, money,
And let the noble and the precious go ;
Virtue and honesty, hang 'em ; poor thin membranes
Of honour ; who respects them ? O, the fates !
How hath all just true reputation fallen,
Since money, this base money 'gan to have any !

*[Fitton hath been courting the waiting-women,
this while, and is jeered by them.]*

Ban. Pity the gentleman is not immortal.

Wax. As he gives out, the place is by description.

Fit. A very paradise, if you saw all, lady.

Wax. I am the chamber-maid, sir, you mistake,
My lady may see all.

Fit. Sweet mistress Statute, gentle mistress Band,
And mother Mortgage, do but get her grace
To sojourn here.

Pic. I thank you, gentle Wax.

Mor. If it were a chattel, I would try my credit.

Pic. So it is, for term of life, we count it so.

Sta. She means inheritance to him and his heirs :
Or that he could assure a state of years :
I'll be his Statute-staple, Statute-merchant,
Or what he please.

Pic. He can expect no more.

Ban. His cousin, alderman Security,
That he did talk of so, e'en now——

Sta. Who is
The very broch o' the bench, gem o' the city.

Ban. He and his deputy, but assure his life
For one seven years.

Sta. And see what we'll do for him,
Upon his scarlet motion.

Ban. And old chain,
That draws the city-ears.

Wax. When he says nothing,
But twirls it thus.

Sta. A moving oratory !

Ban. † Dumb rhetorick and silent eloquence !
As the fine poet says !

Com. They all scorn us ;
Do you not see't ? the family of scorn !

Bro. Do not believe him : gentle master Picklock,
They understood you not ; the gentlewomen,
They thought you would ha' my lady sojourn with you,
And you desire but now and then a visit.

Pic. Yes, if she pleas'd, sir, it would much advance
Unto the office, her continual residence !
(I speak but as a member.)

Bro. 'Tis enough.
I apprehend you. And it shall go hard,
But I'll so work, as somebody shall work her ! [it.

Pic. Pray you change with our master but a word about

P. jun Well, Lick-finger, see that our meat be ready,
Thou hast news enough.

Lic. Something of Bethlem Gabor,
And then I'm gone.

Tho. We hear he has devis'd
A drum, to fill all Christendom with the sound :
[Bethlem Gabor's drum.

But that he cannot draw his forces near it,
To march yet for the violence of the noise.
And therefore he is fain, by a design,
To carry 'em in the air, and at some distance,
'Till he be married, then they shall appear.

Ban. DUMB RHETORICK, and SILENT ELOQUENCE !

As the fine poet says !) A sneering allusion to these lines of
Daniel ;

" Ah ! beauty, siren, fair enchanting good,
" Sweet silent rhetorick of persuading eyes ;
" Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,
" More than the words, or wisdom of the wise."

*DANIEL'S complaint of Resigned
Lib.*

Lic. Or never ; well, God b' wi' you (stay, who's
A little of the Duke of Bavier, and then— (here ?)

[The duke of Bavier.]

Cle. He has taken a grey habit, and is turn'd
The church's miller, grinds the catholick grist
With every wind ; and Tilly takes the toll.

4 Cust. Ha' you any news o' the pageants to send down

[4 Cust. The pageants.]

Into the severall counties ? All the country
Expected from the city most brave speeches,
Now, at the coronation.

Lic. It expected
More than it understood ; for they stand mute,
Poor innocent dumb things ; they are but wood,
As is the bench and blocks they were wrought on ; yet
If May-day come, and the sun shine, perhaps
They'll sing like Memnon's statue, and be vocal.

5 Cust. Ha' you any forest news ?

[5 Cust. The new park in the forest of fools.]

Tho. None very wild, sir,
Some tame there is, out o' the forest of fools,
A new park is making there, to sever
Cuckolds of Antler, from the rascals. Such
Whose wives are dead, and have since cast their heads,
Shall remain cuckolds pollard.

Lic. I'll ha' that news.

1 Cust. And I.

2 Cust. And I.

3 Cust. And I.

4 Cust. And I.

5 Cust. And I.

[Penny-boy would invite the master of the office.]

Cym. Sir, I desire to be excus'd ; and, madam,
I cannot leave my office the first day.

My cousin Fitton here shall wait upon you,
And emissary Picklock.

P. jun. And Thom. Clericus ?

N 3

Cym.

Cym. I cannot spare him yet, but he shall follow you,
When they have order'd the rolls. Shut up the office,
When you ha' done, till two a clock.

S C E N E III.

Sbunfield, Almanack, Madrigal, Clerks.

Sbun. By your leave, clerks,
Where shall we dine to-day? do you know? the jeerers.

Alm. Where is my fellow Fitton?

Tbo. New gone forth.

Sbun. Cannot your office tell us, what brave fellows
Do eat together to-day, in town, and where?

Tbo. Yes, there's a gentleman, the brave heir, young
Dines in Apollo. [Penny-boy,

Mad. Come, let's thither then,
I ha' sup't in Apollo.

Alm. With the Muses.

Mad. No,

But with two gentlewomen, call'd the Graces.

Alm. They were ever three in poetry.

Mad. This was truth, sir.

Tbo. Sir, master Fitton's there too.'

Sbun. All the better.

Alm. We may have a jeer, perhaps.

Sbun. Yes, you'll drink, doctor,
(If there be any good meat) as much good wine now,
As would lay up a Dutch ambassador.

Tbo. If he dine there, he's sure to have good meat,
For Lick-finger provides the dinner.

Alm. Who?

The glory o' the kitchen? that holds cookery
A trade from Adam, quotes his broths and fallads,
And swears he is not dead yet, but translated
In some immortal crust, the paste of almonds?

Mad. The same. He holds no man can be a poet
That is not a good cook, to know the palates

And several tastes o' the time. He draws all arts
Out of the kitchen, but the art of poetry,
Which he concludes the same with cookery.

Sbun. Tut, he maintains more heresies than that.
He'll draw the magisterium from a minc'd-pye,
And prefer jellies, to your julips, doctor.

Alm. I was at an olla podrida of his making,
Was a brave piece of cookery ! at a funeral !
But opening the pot-lid, he made us laugh,
Who 'had wept all day ! and sent us such a tickling
Into our nostrils, as the funeral feast
Had been a wedding-dinner.

Sbun. Gi' him allowance,
And that but a moderate, he will make a syren
Sing i' the kettle, send in an Arion
In a brave broth, and of a watry green,
Just the sea-colour, mounted on the back
Of a grown conger, but in such a posture,
As all the world would take him for a dolphin.

Mad. He's a rare fellow, without question ! but
He holds some paradoxes.

Alm. I, and pseudodoxes.
Marry, for most, he's orthodox i' the kitchen.

Mad. And knows the clergies taste !

Alm. I, and the laities !

Sbun. You think not o' your time, we'll come too late,
If we go not presently.

Mad. Away then.

Sbun. Sirs,
You must get o' this news, to store your office,
" Who dines and sups i' the town ; where, and with
'Twill be beneficial : when you are stor'd, [whom :"
And as we like our fare, we shall reward you.

Cle. A hungry trade, 'twill be.

The. Much like duke Humphry's,
But, now and then, as the wholesome proverb says,
N 4 'Twill

'Twill *obsonare famem ambulando*.

Cle. Shut up the office, gentle brother Thomas.

Tbo. Brother Nathaniel, I ha' the wine for you.
I hope to see us, one day, emissaries.

Cle. Why not? 'Slid, I despair not to be master!

S C E N E IV.

Penny-boy sen. Broker, Cymbal.

He is started with Broker's coming back.

P. sen. How now? I think I was born under Her-
[cules' star!

Nothing but trouble and tumult to oppress me?

Why come you back? where is your charge?

Bro. I ha' brought

A gentleman to speak with you.

P. sen. To speak with me?

You know 'tis death for me to speak with any man.

What is he? set me a chair.

Bro. He is the master

Of the great office.

P. sen. What?

Bro. The Staple of News,

A mighty thing, they talk six thousand a year.

P. sen. Well, bring your six in. Where ha' you left

Bro. Sir, in Apollo, they are scarce set. [Pecunia?

P. sen. Bring six.

Bro. Here is the gentleman.

P. sen. He must pardon me,

I cannot rise, a diseas'd man.

Cym. By no means, sir,

Respect your health and ease.

P. sen. It is no pride in me!

But pain, pain: what's your errand, sir, to me!

Broker

Broker, return to your charge, be Argus-ey'd,

[He sends Broker back.]

Awake to the affair you have in hand,

Serve in Apollo, but take heed of Bacchus.

Go on, sir.

Cym. I am come to speak with you.

P. sen. 'Tis pain for me to speak, a very death,
But I will hear you!

Cym. Sir, you have a lady,
That sojourns with you.

P. sen. Ha? I am somewhat short

[He pretends infirmity.]

In my sense too——

Cym. Pecunia.

P. sen. O' that side very imperfect; on——

Cym. Whom I would draw

Ofiner to a poor office, I am master of——

P. sen. My hearing is very dead, you must speak
[quicker.]

Cym. Or, if it please you, sir, to let her sojourn
In part with me; I have a moiety,
We will divide, half of the profits.

P. sen. Ha?

I hear you better now; how come they in?

Is it a certain business, or a casual?

For I am loth to seek out doubtful courses,

Run any hazardous paths, I love straight ways,

A just and upright man! now all trade totters;

The trade of money is fall'n two i' the hundred,

That was a certain trade, while th' age was thrifty,

And men good husbands, look'd into their stocks,

Had their minds bounded; now the public riot

Prostitutes all, scatters away in coaches,

In footmens coats, and waiting womens gowns,

They must have velvet hanches (with a pox)

Now taken up, and yet not pay the use;

Bate

Bate of the use? I am mad with this time's manners.

[*He talks vehemently and aloud.*]

Cym. You said e'en now, it was death for you to
[*Speak.*]

P. sen. I, but an anger, a just anger, (as this is)
Puts life in man. Who can endure to see
The fury of mens gullets, and their groins?
What fires, what cooks, what kitchens might be spar'd?

[*Is mov'd more and more.*]

What stews, ponds, parks, coops, garners, magazines?
What velvets, tissues, scarfs, embroideries,
And laces they might lack? They covet things—
Superfluous still; when it were much more honour
They could want necessary! what need hath nature
Of silver dishes, or gold chamber-pots?
Of perfum'd napkins, or a numerous family
To see her eat? poor, and wise, she requires
Meat only; hunger is not ambitious:
Say, that you were the emperor of pleasures,
The great dictator of fashions, for all Europe,
And had the pomp of all the courts, and kingdoms,
I laid forth unto the shew? to make yourself
Gaz'd and admir'd at? you must go to bed,
And take your natural rest: then all this vanisheth.
Your bravery was but shown; 'twas not possess'd:
While it did boast itself, it was then perishing.

Cym. This man has healthful lungs.

P. sen. All that excess

Appear'd as little yours, as the spectators.
It scarce fills up the expectation
Of a few hours, that entertain mens lives.

Cym. He has the monopoly of sole-speaking.
Why, good sir? you talk all.

[*He is angry.*]

P. sen. Why should I not?

Is it not under mine own roof? my ceiling?

Cym. But I came here to talk with you.

P. sen.

P. sen. Why, an' I will not
Talk with you, fir? you are answer'd; who sent for
Cym. No body sent for me—— [you?

P. sen. But you came; why then
Go as you came, here's no man holds you; there,
[Bids him get out of his house.

There lies your way, you see the door.

Cym. This's strange!

P. sen. 'Tis my civility, when I do not relish
The party, or his business. Pray you be gone, fir.
I'll ha' no venture in your shop, the office,
Your bark of six, if 'twere sixteen, good fir.

Cym. You are a rogue. [Cymbal rails at him.

P. sen. I think I am, fir, truly.

Cym. A rascal, and a money-bawd.

P. sen. My fir-names.

Cym. A wretched rascal!

P. sen. You will overflow—— [He jeers him.
And spill all.

Cym. Caterpillar, moth,
Horse-leech, and dung-worm——

P. sen. Still you lose your labour.
I am a broken vessel, all runs out:
A shrunk old Dryfat. Fare you well, good six.

The third INTERMEAN after the third act.

Censure. “ **A** Notable tough rascal! this old Penny-
boy! right city bred!”

Mirth. “ In Silver-street, the region of money, a
“ good seat for an usurer.”

Tattle. “ He has rich ingredients in him, I warrant
“ you, if they were extracted; a true receipt to make
“ an alderman, an' he were well wrought upon, ac-
“ cording to art.”

Expectation.

Expectation. "I would fain see an alderman *in chimie*! that is, a treatise of aldermanity truly written."

Censure. "To shew how much it differs from urbanity."

Mirth. "I, or humanity. Either would appear in this Penny boy, an' he were rightly distill'd. But how like you the news? you are gone from that."

Censure. "O, they are monstrous! scurvy! and stale! and too exotick! ill cook'd! and ill dish'd!"

Expectation. "They were as good, yet, as butter could make them!"

Tattle. "In a word, they were beastly butter'd! he shall never come o' my bread more, nor in my mouth, if I can help it. I have better news from the bake-house, by ten thousand parts, in a morning; or the conduits in Westminster! all the news of Tuttle-street, and both the Alm'ries! the two Sanctuaries! long and round Wool-staple! with King's-street, and Chanon-row to boot."

Mirth. "I, my gossip Tattle knew what fine slips grew in Gardeners-lane, who kist the butcher's wife with the cow's breath; what matches were made in the Bowling-alley, and what bets were won and lost; how much grist went to the mill, and what besides; who conjur'd in Tuttle-fields, and how many, when they never came there; and which boy rode upon doctor Lamb in the likeness of a roaring lion, that run away with him in his teeth, and has not devour'd him yet."

Tattle. "Why, I had it from my maid Joan Hearsay; and she had it from a limb o' the school, she says, a little limb of nine year old; who told her the master left out his conjuring-book one day, and he found it, and so the fable came about. But whether it were true or no, we gossips are bound to believe it, an't be once out, and a-foot: how should

" we
" shic
" cree
" Cen
" no
" ma
" sch
" tha
" all
" see
" our
" gra
" play
" par
" Zea
" tru
" goo
" you
" fabl
" vex

Penny-

P. jun.

This I
For ou
While
Fit.

"we entertain the time else, or find ourselves in fashionable discourse, for all companies, if we do not credit all, and make more of it in the reporting?"

Censure. "For my part, I believe it: an' there were no wiser than I, I would have ne'er a cunning school-master in England. I mean, a cunning man a school-master; that is, a conjurer, or a poet, or that had any acquaintance with a poet. They make all their scholars play-boys! Is't not a fine sight, to see all our children made interluders? do we pay our money for this? we send them to learn their grammar and their Terence, and they learn their play-books. Well, they talk we shall have no more parliaments (God bless us) but an' we have, I hope, Zeal-of-the-land Busy and my gossip Rabby Trouble-truth will start up, and see we shall have painful good ministers to keep school, and catechise our youth, and not teach 'em to speak plays, and act fables of false news, in this manner, to the super-vexation of town and country, with a wanion."

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Penny-boy jun. Pitton, Shun-field, Almanack, Madrigal, Canter, Picklock.

P. jun. COME gentlemen, let's breathe from healths a while.

This Lick-finger has made us a good dinner,
For our Pecunia: what shall's do with ourselves,
While the women water, and the fiddlers eat?

Fit. Let's jeer a little.

P. jun.

P. jun. Jeer? what's that?

Sbun. Expect, sir.

Alm. We first begin with ourselves, and then at you.

Sbun. A game we use.

Mad. We jeer all kind of persons
We meet withal, of any rank or quality,
And if we cannot jeer them, we jeer ourselves.

P. Ca. A pretty sweet society, and a grateful!

Pic. Pray let's see some.

Sbun. Have at you then, lawyer.

They say, there was one of your coat in Bet'lem lately.

Alm. I wonder all his clients were not there.

Mad. They were the madder sort.

Pic. Except, sir, one
Like you, and he made verses.

Fit. Madrigal,

A jeer.

Mad. I know.

Sbun. But what did you do, lawyer,
When you made love to mistress Band, at dinner?

Mad. Why, of an advocate, he grew the client.

P. jun. Well play'd, my port.

Mad. And shew'd the law of nature
Was there above the common-law.

Sbun. Quit, quit.

P. jun. Call you this jeering? I can play at this,
'Tis like a ball at tennis.

Fit. Very like,

But we were not well in.

Alm. 'Tis indeed, sir.

When we do speak at volley, all the ill
We can one of another,

Sbun. As this morning,
(I would you had heard us) of the rogue your uncle.

Alm. That money-bawd.

Mad. We call'd him a coat-card,
O' the last order.¹

P. jun. What's that? a knave?

Mad. Some readings have it so, my manuscript
Doth speak it varlet.

P. Ca. And yourself a fool
O' the first rank, and one shall have the leading
O' the right-hand file, under this brave commander.

P. jun. What say'st thou, Canter?

P. Ca. Sir, I say this is
A very wholesome exercise, and comely.
Like lepers shewing one another their scabs,
Or flies feeding on ulcers.

P. jun. What news, gentlemen?
Ha' you any news for after dinner? methinks
We should not spend our time unprofitably.

P. Ca. They never lie, sir, between meals; 'gainst
You may have a bale or two brought in. [supper

Fit. This Canter
Is an old envious knave!

Alm. A very rascal!

Fit. I ha' mark'd him all this meal, he has done no-
But mock, with scurvy faces, all we said. [thing

Alm. A supercilious rogue! he looks as if
He were the patrico——

Mad. Or arch-priest o' Canters.

Sbun. He's some primate metropolitan rascal,
Our shot-clog makes so much of him.

Alm. The law,
And he does govern him.

P. jun. What say you, gentlemen?

Fit. We say, we wonder not, your man o' law
Should be so gracious wi' you; but how it comes,
This rogue, this Canter!

¹ —We call'd him a COAT-CARD,

O' the last order.] i. e. A knave. See the *New Inn*, act 1. not. 5.

P. jun.

P. jun. O, good words.

Fit. A fellow

That speaks no language——

Alm. But what jingling gypsies

And pedlers trade in——

Fit. And no honest Christian

Can understand——

P. Can. Why, by that argument

You are all Canters, you, and you, and you,

[He speaks to all the jeerers.]

All the whole world are Canters, I will prove it
In your professions.

P. jun. I would fain hear this :

But stay, my princels comes, provide the while,
I'll call for it anon. How fares your grace ?

S C E N E II.

[To them] Lick-finger, Pecunia, Statute, Band, Wax.

Lic. I hope the fare was good.

Pec. Yes, Lick-finger,

And we shall thank you for it, and reward you.

Mad. Nay, I'll not lose my argument, Lickfinger ;

*[Lick-finger is challeng'd by Madrigal of an
argument.]*

Before these gentlemen, I affirm,
The perfect and true strain of poetry
Is rather to be given the quick cellar,
Than the fat kitchen.

Lic. Heretick, I see

Thou art for the vain oracle of the bottle.

The hogthead, Trismegistus, is thy Pegasus.

Thence flows thy muse's spring, from that hard hoof
Seduced poet, I do say to thee,

A boiler, range, and dresser were the fountains

Of all the knowledge in the universe.

And they're the kitchens, where the master-cook——

(Thou dost not know the man, nor canst thou know him,

'Till thou hast serv'd some years in that deep school,

That's both the nurse and mother of the arts,

And hear'st him read, interpret, and demonstrate!)

A master-cook! why, he's the man o' men,

For a professor! he designs, he draws,

He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,

Makes citadels of curious fowl and fish,

Some he dry-dishes, some motes round with broths;

Mounts marrow-bones, cuts fifty angled custards,

Rears bulwark pies, and for his outer works,

He raiseth ramparts of immortal crust;

' And teacheth all the tacticks, at one dinner:

What ranks, what files, to put his dishes in;

The whole art military. Then he knows

The influence of the stars upon his meats,

And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,

And so to fit his relishes and sauces.

He has nature in a pot, 'bove all the chymists,

Or airy brethren of the Rosie-crofs.

He is an architect, an engineer,

A soldier, a physician, a philosopher,

A general mathematician.

Mad. It is granted.

Lic. And that you may not doubt him for a poet——

Alm. This fury shews, if there were nothing else!

And 'tis divine! I shall for ever hereafter

Admire the wisdom of a cook! [*Penny-boy is courting his*

Ban. And we, sir! *princess all the while.*

^a *And teacheth all the TACTICKS, at one dinner.*] We have all this in the masque called *Neptune's triumph*: our poet seems so pleased with his conceit, that he was willing the good people of the city should share in it, as well as the finer gentlemen about court. The reader will find the original of this description, in a note on the masque abovementioned.

P. jun. O, how my princess draws me with her looks,
And hales me in, as eddies draw in boats,
Or strong Charybdis ships, that sail too near
The shelves of love! The tides of your two eyes!
Wind of your breath, are such as suck in all
That do approach you!

Pec. Who hath chang'd my servant?

P. jun. Yourself, who drink my blood up with your
As doth the sun the sea! Pecunia shines [beams,
More in the world than he; and makes it spring
Where e'er she favours! please her but to show
Her melting wrists, or bare her ivory hands,
She catches still! her smiles they are love's fetters!
Her breasts his apples! her teats strawberries!
Where Cupid (were he present now) would cry,
Farewel my mother's milk, here's sweeter nectar!
Help me to praise Pecunia, gentlemen:
She is your princess, lend your wits.

Fit. A lady

The graces taught to move!

Alm. The hours did nurse.

[*They all begin the encomium of Pecunia.*

Fit. Whose lips are the instructions of all lovers!

Alm. Her eyes their lights, and rivals to the stars!

Fit. A voice, as if that harmony still spake!

Alm. And polish'd skin, whiter than Venus' foot!

Fit. Young Hebe's neck, or Juno's arms!

Alm. A hair,

Large as the morning's, and her breath as sweet
As meadows after rain, and but new mown!

Fit. Leda might yield unto her for a face!

Alm. Hermione for breasts!

Fit. Flora for cheeks!

Alm. And Helen for a mouth!

P. jun. Kiss, kiss 'em, princess. [*She kisseth them.*

Fit. The pearl doth strive in whiteness with her neck,

Alm.

Alm. But loseth by it : here the snow thaws snow ;
One frost resolves another !

Fit. O, she has
A front too slippery to be look't upon !
And glances that beguile the seer's eyes !

P. jun. Kifs, kifs again ; what says iny man o' war !
[*Again.*

Shun. I say, she's more than fame can promise of her,
A theme that's overcome with her own matter !
Praise is struck blind, and deaf, and dumb with her !
She doth astonish commendation !

P. jun. Well pumpst i'faith, old sailor ; kifs him too,
[*She kisseth captain Shunfield.*

Though he be a slug. What says my poet-sucker ?
He's chewing his muse's cud, I do see by him.

Mad. I have almost done, I want but e'en to finish.

Fit. That's the ill luck of all his works still.

P. jun. What ?

Fit. To begin many works, but finish none.

P. jun. How does he do his mistress-work ?

Fit. Imperfect.

Alm. I cannot think he finisheth that.

P. jun. Let's hear.

Mad. It is a madrigal ; I affect that kind
Of poem much.

¹ *Fit.* O, she has

A front too slippery to be lookt upon.] The poet has given us
a literal translation of the expression in Horace :

Urit me Glyceræ nitor

Splendentis Pariæ marmore purius,

Et vultus nimium lubricus affici.

L. 1. od. 19.

It was common with the antients, to commend living beauties, by
comparing them to works of art : and in particular, the poets use
many terms drawn from statues, to express the beauty of the human
body itself. In this passage of Horace, we seem to be directed im-
mediately to the idea taken from statues ; some of which, among
the antients, are said to have been so bright, that they could scarce
bear to look upon them long and steadily. See the very ingenious
Dr. Spence's Polymetis, p. 323. note 18.

O 2

P. jun.

P. jun. And thence you ha' the name.

Fit. † It is his rose, he can make nothing else.

Mad. I made it to the tune the fiddlers play'd,
That we all lik'd so well.

P. jun. Good, read it, read it.

Mad. The sun is father of all metals, you know,
Silver and gold.

P. jun. I, leave your prologues, say.

S O N G.

Mad. " **A**S bright as is the sun her fire,
" Or earth her mother, in her best attire,
" Or Mint, the midwife, with her fire,
" Comes forth her grace!"

(*P. jun.* That Mint the midwife does well.)

" The splendour of the wealthiest mines!
" The stamp and strength of all imperial lines,
" Both majesty and beauty shines
" In her sweet face!"

(*Fit.* That's fairly said of money.)

" Look how a torch of taper light,
" Or of that torches flame, a beacon bright;"

(*P. jun.* Good!)

Mad. Now there, I want a line to finish, sir.

P. jun. " Or of that beacon's fire, moon-light:

Mad. " So takes she place!

(*Fit.* 'Tis good.)

Mad. And then I have a saraband——

" She makes good cheer, she keeps full boards,
" She holds a fair of knights and lords,
" A market of all offices,
" And shops of honours, more or less.
" According to Pecunia's grace,
" The bride hath beauty, blood, and place;

† It is his rose, he can make nothing else. } Alluding to the painter, who could paint nothing else but that flower.

" The bridegroom virtue, valour, wit,

" And wisdom, as he stands for it."

P. jun. Call in the fidlers. Nick the boy shall sing it.
Sweet princess, kiss him, kiss 'em all, dear madam,
And at the close, vouchsafe to call them cousins.

[He urgeth her to kiss them all.]

Pec. Sweet cousin Madrigal, and cousin Fitton,
My cousin Shunfield, and my learned cousin.

P. Ca. Al-manach, though they call him Almanack.

Pic. Why, here's the prodigal prostitutes his mistress!

P. jun. And Picklock, he must be a kinsman too.
My man o' law will teach us all to win,
And keep our own. Old founder.

P. Ca. Nothing, I, sir?

I am a wretch, a beggar. She the fortunate,
Can want no kindred; we the poor know none.

Fit. Nor none shall know, by my consent.

Alm. Nor mine.

P. jun. Sing, boy, stand here. *[The boy sings the song.]*

P. Ca. Look, look, how all their eyes
Dance i' their heads (observe) scatter'd with lust!
At sight o' their brave idol! how they are tickled
With a light air! the bawdy saraband!
They are a kind of dancing engines all!
And set by nature, thus to run alone
To every sound! all things within, without them,
Move, but their brain, and that stands still! mere mon-
Here in a chamber, of most subtil feet! *[sters,*
And make their legs in tune, passing the streets!
These are the gallant spirits o' the age!
The miracles o' the time! that can cry up
And down mens wits! and set what rate on things
Their half-brain'd fancies please! now pox upon 'em.
See how solicitously he learns the jig,
As if it were a mystery of his faith!

Shun. A dainty ditty!

Fit. O, he's a dainty poet!
When he sets to it!

P. jun. And a dainty scholar!

[They are all struck with admiration.]

Alm. No, no great scholar, he writes like a gentleman.

Sbun. Pox o' your scholar.

P. Ca. Pox o' your distinction!

As if a scholar were no gentleman.

With these, to write like a gentleman, will in time
Become all one, as to write like an ass.

These gentlemen? these rascals! I am sick
Of indignation at 'em.

P. jun. How do you like't, sir?

Fit. 'Tis excellent!

Alm. 'Twas excellently sung!

Fit. A dainty air!

P. jun. What says my Lick-finger?

Lic. I am telling mistress Band, and mistress Statute,
What a brave gentleman you are, and Wax, here!
How much 'twere better, that my lady's grace
Would here take up, sir, and keep house with you.

P. jun. What say they?

Sta. We could consent, sir, willingly.

Band. I, if we knew her grace had the least liking.

Wax. We must obey her grace's will and pleasure.

P. jun. I thank you, gentlewomen; ply 'em, Lick-
Give mother Mortgage, there—— *[finger.]*

Lic. Her dose of sack.

I have it for her, and her distance of Hum.

Pec. Indeed therein, I must confess, dear cousin,
I am a most unfortunate princess.

Alm. And

You still will be so, when your grace may help it.

[The gallants are all about Pecunia.]

Mad. Who'd lie in a room with a close-stool, and gar-
And kennel with his dogs, that had a prince *[lick,*
Like this young Penny-boy to sojourn with? *Sbun.*

Sbun. He'll let you ha' your liberty——

Alm. Go forth,

Whither you please, and to to what company——

Mad. Scatter yourself amongst us——

P. jun. Hope of Parnassus!

Thy ivy shall not wither, nor thy bays,
Thou shalt be had into her grace's cellar,
And there know sack and claret, all December,
Th' vein is rich, and we must cherish it.
Poets and bees swarm now-a-days; but yet
There are not those good taverns, for the one sort,
As there are flow'ry fields to feed the other.
Though bees be pleas'd with dew, ask little Wax,
That brings the honey to her lady's hive:
The poet must have wine; and he shall have it.

S C E N E III.

Penny-boy sen. Penny-boy jun. Lick-finger, &c.

P. sen. Broker? what, Broker?

P. jun. Who's that? my uncle!

P. sen. I am abus'd; where is my knave, my Broker?

Lic. Your Broker is laid out upon a bench, yonder,
Sack hath seiz'd on him, in the shape of sleep.

Pic. He hath been dead to us almost this hour.

P. sen. This hour?

P. Ca. Why sigh you, sir? 'cause he's at rest?

P. sen. It breeds my unrest.

Lic. Will you take a cup,
And try if you can sleep?

P. sen. No, cogging Jack,
Thou and thy cups too, perish.

[He strikes the sack out of his hand.]

Sbun. O, the sack!

Mad. The sack, the sack!

P. Ca. A madrigal on sack!

Pec. Or rather an elegy, for the sack is gone.

Pec. Why do you this, sir? spill the wine, and rave?
For Broker's sleeping?

P. sen. What through sleep and sack,
My trust is wrong'd: but I am still awake,
To wait upon your grace, please you to quit
This strange lewd company, they are not for you.

*[He would have Pecunia home, but she refuseth,
and her train.]*

Pec. No, guardian, I do like him very well.

P. sen. Your grace's pleasure be observ'd; but you
Statute, and Band, and Wax, will go with me?

Stat. Truly, we will not.

Ban. We will stay, and wait here
Upon her grace, and this your noble kinsman.

P. sen. Noble! how noble! who hath made him noble?

P. jun. Why, my most noble money hath, or shall;
My princess here: she, that had you but kept,
And treated kindly, would have made you noble,
And wise too: nay, perhaps have done that for you,
An act of parliament could not, made you honest.
The truth is, uncle, that her grace dislikes
Her entertainment, 'specially her lodging.

Pec. Nay, say her jayl. Never unfortunate princess
Was us'd so by a jaylor. Ask my women:
Band, you can tell, and Statute, how he has us'd me,
Kept me close prisoner, under twenty bolts——

Stat. And forty padlocks——

Ban. All malicious engines
A wicked smith could forge out of his iron;
As locks and keys, shackles and manacles,
To torture a great lady.

Stat. H' has abus'd
Your grace's body.

Pec. No, he would ha' done,
That lay not in his power: he had the use

Of our bodies, Band, and Wax, and sometimes Statute's:
But once he would ha' smother'd me in a chest,
And strangled me in leather, but that you
Came to my rescue then, and gave me air.

Stat. For which he cramm'd us up in a close box,
All three together, where we saw no sun
In one six months.

Wax. A cruel man he is!

Ban. H' has left my fellow Wax out i' the cold.

Stat. Till she was stiff as any frost, and crumbled
Away to dust, and almost lost her form.

Wax. Much ado to recover me.

P. sen. Women jeerers!
Have you learn'd too the subtle faculty?
Come, I'll shew you the way home, if drink
Or too full diet have disguis'd you.

Ban. Troth,
We have not any mind, sir, of return——

Stat. To be bound back to back——

Ban. And have our legs
Turn'd in, or writh'd about——

Wax. Or else displaid——

Stat. Be lodg'd with dust and fleas, as we were wont——

Ban. And dieted with dogs-dung.

P. sen. Why, you whores,
My bawds, my instruments, what should I call you,
Man may think base enough for you?

P. jun. Hear you, uncle:
Must not hear this of my princess' servants,
And in Apollo, in Pecunia's room,
Go, get you down the stairs; home, to your kennel,
As swiftly as you can. Consult your dogs,
The Lares of your family; or believe it,
The fury of a footman and a drawer
Hangs over you.

Shun. Cudgel and pot do threaten

A kind

A kind of vengeance.

Mad. Barbers are at hand.

Alm. Washing and shaving will ensue.

Fit. The pump [*They all threaten,*
Is not far off; if 'twere, the sink is near,
Or a good jordan.

Mad. You have now no money.

Sbun. But are a rascal.

P. sen. I am cheated, robb'd,
Jeer'd by confederacy.

Fit. No, you are kick'd, [*and spurn him.*
And used kindly, as you should be.

Sbun. Spurn'd
From all commerce of men, who are a cur.

Alm. A stinking dog in a doublet, with foul linen. [*Kicks him out.*

Mad. A snarling rascal, hence.

Sbun. Out.

P. sen. Well, remember, [*He exclaims.*
I am cozen'd by my cousin, and his whore!
Bane o' these meetings in Apollo!

Lic. Go, sir,
You will be tost like Block in a blanket, else.

P. jun. Down with him, Lick-finger. [*One of his dogs.*

P. sen. Saucy Jack, away;
Pecunia is a whore.

P. jun. Play him down, fiddlers,
And drown his noise. Who's this?

Fit. O, master Pyed-mantle!

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

[*To them*] *Pyed-mantle.*

Pye. By your leave, gentlemen.

[*Pyed-mantle brings the lady Pecunia her pedigree.*]

Fit. Her grace's herald.

Alm. No herald yet, a heraldet.

P. jun. What's that?

P. Ca. A Canter.

P. jun. O, thou saidst thou'dst prove us all so!

P. Ca. Sir, here is one will prove himself so, straight.

So shall the rest, in time.

Pec. My pedigree?

I tell you, friend, he must be a good scholar

Can my descent: I am of princely race,

And as good blood as any is i' the mines

Runs thro' my veins. I'm, every limb, a prince's!

Dutchess o' mines was my great grandmother;

And by the father's side, I come from Sol,

My grandfather was duke of Or, and match'd

In the blood-royal of Ophyr.

Pye. Here's his coat.

Pec. I know it, if I hear the blazon.

Pye. He bears

In a field azure, a sun proper, beamy,

Twelve of the second.

P. Ca. How far is this from canting?

P. jun. Her grace doth understand it.

P. Ca. She can cant, sir.

Pec. What be these? bezants?

Pye. Yes, an't please your grace.

Pec. That is our coat too, as we come from Or.

N What line is this?

Pye.

Pye. The rich mines of Potosi,
The Spanish mines i' the West-Indies.

Pec. This?

Pye. The mines o' Hungary, this of Barbary.

Pec. But this, this little branch?

Pye. The Welch mine, that.

Pec. I ha' Welsh blood in me too; blaze, sir, that coat.

Pye. She bears (an't please you) argent, three leeks vert,
In canton Or, and tassell'd of the first.

P. Ca. Is not this canting? do you understand him?

P. jun. Not I; but it sounds well, and the whole thing
Is rarely painted: I will have such a scroll,
Whate'er it cost me.

Pec. Well, at better leisure
We'll take a view of it, and so reward you.

P. jun. Kiss him, sweet princess, and stile him a cousin.

Pec. I will, if you will have it. Cousin Pyed-mantle.

[*She kisseth.*]

P. jun. I love all men of virtue, from my prince's,
Unto my beggar here, old Canter; on,
On to thy proof; whom prove you the next Canter?

P. Ca. The doctor here, I will proceed with the learned.
When he discourseth of dissection,
Or any point of anatomy; that he tells you
Of vena cava, and of vena porta,
The meseraicks, and the mesenterium:
What does he else but cant? or if he run
To his judicial astrology,
And trowl the Trine, the Quartile, and the Sextile,
Platick aspect, and Partile, with his Hyleg,
Or Alchochoden, Cuspes, and Horoscope;
Does not he cant? who here does understand him?

Alm. This is no Canter, though!

P. Ca. Or when my muster-master
Talks of his tacticks, and his ranks and files,
His bringers-up, his leaders-on, and cries

“ Face

"Faces about to the right-hand, the left,"
Now, "as you were;" then tells you of redoubts,
Of cats, and cortines; doth not he cant?

P. jun. Yes, faith.

[forth

P. Ca. My egg-chin'd laureat here, when he comes
With dimeters, and trimeters, tetrameters,
Pentameters, hexameters, catalecticks,
His hyper, and his brachy-catalecticks,
His pyrrhicks, epitrites, and choriambicks;
What is all this, but canting?

Mad. A rare fellow!

Sbun. Some begging scholar!

Fit. A decay'd doctor, at least!

P. jun. Nay, I do cherish virtue, though in rags.

P. Ca. And you, mas courtier.

P. jun. Now he treats of you,
Stand forth to him fair.

P. Ca. With all your fly-blown projects,
And looks out of the politicks, your shut faces,
And reserv'd questions and answers, that you game
[with; as,

Is't a clear business? will it manage well?
My name must not be us'd else. Here 'twill dash.
Your business has receiv'd a taint, give off,
I may not prostitute my self. Tut, tut,
That little dust I can blow off at pleasure.
Here's no such mountain, yet, i' the whole work!
But a light purse may level. I will ride
This affair for you; give it freight, and passage:
And such mint-phrase, as 'tis the worst of canting,
By how much it affects the sense it has not.

Fit. This is some other than he seems!

P. jun. How like you him?

Fit. This cannot be a Canter!

P. jun. But he is, sir,
And shall be still, and so shall you be too:

We'll

We'll all be Canters. Now I think of it,
A noble whimfie's come into my brain!
I'll build a college, I and my Pecunia,
And call it Canters college: sounds it well?

[*Canter's college begun to be erected.*]

Alm. Excellent!

P. jun. And here stands my father rector,
And you professors, you shall all profess
Something, and live there, with her grace and me,
Your founders: I'll endow't with lands and means,
And Lick-finger shall be my master-cook.
What, is he gone?

P. Ca. And a professor.

P. jun. Yes,

P. Ca. And read Apicius de re culinaria
To your brave doxy and you!

P. jun. You, cousin Fitton,
Shall (as a courtier) read the politicks;
Doctor Almanack he shall read Astrology;
Shunfield shall read the military arts.

P. Ca. As carving and assaulting the cold custard.

P. jun. And Horace here, the art of poetry.

[*That's Madrigal.*]

His lyricks, and his madrigals, fine songs,
Which we will have at dinner, steeped in claret,
And against supper, sous'd in sack.

Mad. In troth,
A divine whimfie!

Shun. And a worthy work,
Fit for a chronicle!

P. jun. Is't not?

Shun. To all ages.

P. jun. And Pyed-mantle shall give us all our arms
But Picklock, what wouldst thou be? thou canst cant too

Pic. In all the languages in Westminster-hall,
"Pleas, Bench, or Chancery. Fee-farm, fee-tail,

"Tenan

"Tenant in dower, at will, for term of life,
"By copy of court-roll, knights service, homage,
"Fealty, escuage, soccage, or frank almoigne,
"Grand sergeantry, or burgage."

P. jun. Thou appear'st,
Kat *ἡχοῦν*, a Canter. Thou shalt read
All Littleton's tenures to me, and indeed
All my conveyances *.

Pic. And make 'em too, sir?
Keep all your courts, be steward o' your lands,
Let all your leases, keep your evidences:
But first, I must procure and pass your mort-main,
You must have licence from above, sir.

P. jun. Fear not,
Pecunia's friends shall do it.

P. Ca. But I shall stop it.

[Here his father discovers himself.]

Your worship's loving and obedient father,
Your painful steward, and lost officer!
Who have done this, to try how you would use
Pecunia when you had her; which since I see,
will take home the lady to my charge,
and these her servants, and leave you my cloke,
to travel in to Beggars-bush! A seat
built already, furnish'd too, worth twenty
of your imagin'd structures, Canterscollege.

Fit. It is his father!

Mad. He's alive methinks.

Alm. I knew he was no rogue!

P. Ca. Thou, prodigal,

was I so careful for thee, to procure

And INDEED

All my conveyances.] The sense will perhaps receive some improvement if for *indeed*, we read, *intend* all my conveyances, i. e. in the management and inspection of them. But I leave the matter as I found it, not venturing to pronounce it erroneous.

And

And plot wi' my learn'd counsel, master Picklock,
 This noble match for thee? and dost thou prostitute,
 Scatter thy mistress' favours, throw away
 Her bounties, as they were red-burning coals,
 Too hot for thee to handle, on such rascals,
 Who are the scum and excrements of men?
 If thou hadst sought out good and virtuous persons
 Of these professions, I had lov'd thee and them:
 For these shall never have that plea against me,
 Or colour of advantage, that I hate
 Their callings, but their manners and their vices.
 A worthy courtier is the ornament
 Of a king's palace, his great master's honour;
 This is a moth, a rascal, a court-rat,
 That gnaws the commonwealth with broking suits,
 And eating grievances! so, a true soldier,
 He is his country's strength, his sovereign's safety,
 And to secure his peace, he makes himself
 The heir of danger, nay the subject of it,
 And runs those virtuous hazards that this scarecrow
 Cannot endure to hear of.

Shun. You are pleasant, sir.

P. Ca. With you I dare be! here is Pyed-mantle
 'Cause he's an ass, do not I love a herald,
 Who is the pure preserver of descents,
 The keeper fair of all nobility,
 Without which all would run into confusion?
 Were he a learned herald, I would tell him
 He can give arms and marks, he cannot honour;
 No more than money can make noble: it may
 Give place, and rank, but it can give no virtue:
 And he would thank me for this truth. This dog-lea
 You stile him doctor, 'cause he can compile
 An almanack, perhaps erect a scheme
 For my great madam's monkey, when't has ta'en
 A glyster, and bewray'd the Ephemerides.

Do I despise a learn'd physician,
In calling him a quacksalver? or blast
The ever-living garland, always green,
Of a good poet, when I say his wreath
Is piec'd and patch'd of dirty wither'd flowers?
Away, I am impatient of these ulcers,
(That I not call you worse.) There is no sore
Or plague but you to infect the times. I abhor
Your very scent. Come, lady, since my prodigal
Knew not to entertain you to your worth,
I'll see if I have learn'd how to receive you
With more respect to you, and your fair train here.
Farewel, my beggar in velvet, for to-day;
To-morrow you may put on that grave robe,
[*He points him to his patch'd cloke thrown off.*
And enter your great work of Canters college,
Your work, and worthy of a chronicle.

The fourth INTERMEAN after the fourth act.

Tattle. " **W**HY, this was the worst of all, the catastrophe!

Cen. " The matter began to be good but now; and
" he has spoil'd it all with his beggar there!"

Mirth. " A beggarly Jack it is, I warrant him, and
" a-kin to the poet."

Tat. " Like enough, for he had the chiefest part
" in his play, if you mark it."

Exp. " Absurdity on him, for a huge overgrown
" play-maker! why should he make him live again,
" when they and we all thought him dead? if he had
" left him to his rags, there had been an end of
" him."

Tat. " I, but set a beggar on horse-back, he'll ne-
" ver lin till he be a gallop."

Cen. " The young heir grew a fine gentleman in this
" last act."

Exp. " So he did, gossip, and kept the best company."

Cen. " And feasted 'em, and his mistress."

Tat. " And shew'd her to 'em all! was not jealous!"

Mirth. " But very communicative and liberal, and began to be magnificent, if the churl his father would have let him alone."

Cen. " It was spitefully done o' the poet, to make the chuff take him off in his height, when he was going to do all his brave deeds!"

Exp. " To found an academy!"

Tat. " Erect a college!"

Exp. " Plant his professors, and water his lectures!"

Mirth. " With wine, gossips, as he meant to do; and then to defraud his purposes?"

Exp. " Kill the hopes of so many towardly young spirits?"

Tat. " As the doctors?"

Cen. " And the courtiers! I protest I was in love with master Fitton: he did wear all he had, from the hatband to the shoe-tie, so politically, and would stoop, and leer!"

Mirth. " And lie so in wait for a piece of wit, like a mouse-trap!"

Exp. " Indeed, gossip, so would the little doctor; all his behaviour was meer glister! O' my con-

[*He'll never *lin* till he be a gollop.*] We know very well the sense of the proverb, tho' possibly the words are not all exact. *Lin* seems to have lost a letter at the press: I presume it should be *blin*, i. e. leave off, or stop. The word is Saxon, and the substantive *blin*, derived from the verb *bliunan*, occurs in the *Sad Shepherd*. Yet the word occurs in *Drayton*, in the sense of stopping, or staying, as it is used here by our poet.

" Quoth Puck, my liege, I'll never *lin*,

" But I will thorough thick and thin." *Court of Fairy.*
So that an emendation may be unnecessary, and *lin*, the same as leave, might have been in common use.

" science,

"science, he would make any party's physick i' the world work with his discourse."

Mirth. "I wonder they would suffer it, a foolish old fornicating father to ravish away his son's mistress."

Cen. "And all her women at once, as he did!"

Tat. "I would ha' flown in his gipsy's face, i' faith."

Mirth. "It was a plain piece of political incest, and worthy to be brought afore the high commission of wit. Suppose we were to censure him, you are the youngest voice, gossip Tattle, begin."

Tat. "Marry, I would ha' the old coney-catcher cozen'd of all he has, i' the young heir's defence, by his learned counsel mr. Picklock!"

Cen. "I would rather the courtier had found out some trick to beg him for his estate!"

Exp. "Or the captain had courage enough to beat him!"

Cen. "Or the fine Madrigal-man in rhyme, to have run him out o' the country, like an Irish rat."

Tat. "No, I would have master Pyed-mantle, her grace's herald, to pluck down his hatchments, reverse his coat-armour, and nullifie him for no gentleman."

Exp. "Nay, then, let master doctor dissect him, have him open'd, and his tripes translated to Lick-finger, to make a probation-dish of."

Cen. Tat. "Agreed! agreed!"

Mirth. "Faith, I would have him flat disinherited by a decree of court, bound to make restitution of the lady Pecunia, and the use of her body, to his son."

Exp. "And her train to the gentlemen."

Cen. "And both the poet, and himself, to ask them all forgiveness!"

Tat. "And us too."

Cen. "In two large sheets of paper——"

Exp. "Or to stand in a skin of parchment, (which the court please.)"

Cen. "And those fill'd with news!"

Mirth. "And dedicated to the sustaining of the Staple!"

Exp. "Which their poet hath let fall most abruptly."

Mirth. "Bankruptly indeed."

Cen. "You say wittily, gossip; and therefore let a protest go out against him."

Mirth. "A mournival of protests, or a gleek, at least."

Exp. "In all our names."

Cen. "For a decay'd wit——"

Exp. "Broken——"

Tat. "Non-solvent——"

Cen. "And for ever forfeit——"

Mirth. "To scorn of Mirth!"

Cen. "Censure!"

Exp. "Expectation!"

Tat. "Subsign'd, Tattle. Stay, they come again."

ACT V. SCENE I.

Penny-boy jun. [To him] *The Barber.* After Pick-lock

He comes out in the patcht cloke his father left him.

P. jun. **N**AY, they are fit, as they had been made for me,

And I am now a thing worth looking at!

The same I said I would be in the morning!

No rogue, at a comitia of the cantera,

Did ever there become his parent's robes
Better than I do these. Great fool! and beggar!
Why do not all that are of those societies
Come forth, and gratulate me one of theirs?
Methinks I should be on every side saluted,
Dauphine of beggars, prince of prodigals!
That have so fall'n under the ears, and eyes,
And tongues of all, the fable of the time,
Matter of scorn, and mark of reprehension!
I now begin to see my vanity
Shine in this glass, reflected by the foil!
Where is my fashioner? my feather-man?
My linener, perfumer, barber? all
That tail of riot follow'd me this morning?
Not none! but a dark solitude about me,
Worthy my cloke and patches; as I had
The epidemical disease upon me:
And I'll sit down with it.

Tho. My master! maker!

How do you? why do you sit thus o' the ground, sir?
Hear you the news?

P. jun. No, nor I care to hear none.
Would I could here sit still, and slip away
The other one and twenty, to have this
Forgotten, and the day raz'd out, expung'd
In every ephemerides, or almanack.
Or if it must be in, that time and nature
Have decreed; still let it be a day
Of tickling prodigals about the gills,
Deluding gaping heirs, losing their loves,
And their discretions, falling from the favours
Of their best friends and parents, their own hopes,
And entering the society of canters.

Tho. A doleful day it is, and dismal times
Are come upon us: I am clear undone.

P. jun. How, Thom?

P 3

Tho.

Tbo. Why, broke, broke; wretchedly broke!

P. jun. Ha?

Tbo. Our Staple is all to pieces, quite dissolv'd!

P. jun. Ha!

Tbo. Shiver'd, as in an earthquake! heard you not
The crack and ruins? we are all blown up!
Soon as they heard th' Infanta was got from them,
Whom they had so devoured i' their hopes,
To be their patroness, and sojourn with 'em,
Our emissaries, register, examiner,
Flew into vapour: our grave governour
Into a subt'ler air, and is return'd
(As we do hear) grand captain of the jeerers.
I and my fellow melted into butter,
And spoil'd our ink, and so the office vanish'd.
' The last hum that it made, was, that your father
And Pick-lock are fall'n out, the man o' law.

P. jun. How? this awakes me from my lethargy.

[*He starts up at this.*]

Tbo. And a great suit is like to be between 'em:
Pick-lock denies the seoffment, and the trust,
(Your father says) he made of the whole estate
Unto him, as respecting his mortality,
When he first laid his late device, to try you.

P. jun. Has Pick-lock then a trust?

Tbo. I cannot tell,

Here comes the worshipful——

[*Pick-lock enters.*]

Pic. What, my velvet heir
Turn'd beggar in mind, as robes?

P. jun. You see what case
Your, and my father's plots have brought me to.

Pic. Your father's, you may say, indeed, not mine.
He's a hard-hearted gentleman! I am sorry
To see his rigid resolution!

** The last hum that it made.] i. e. the office: the printed
books by mistake have it made.*

That

That any man should so put off affection,
And human nature, to destroy his own,
And triumph in a victory so cruel !
He's fallen out with me, for being yours,
And calls me knave, and traitor to his trust,
Says he will have me thrown over the bar——

P. jun. Ha' you deserv'd it ?

Pic. O, good heaven knows
My conscience and the silly latitude of it ;
A narrow-minded man ! my thoughts do dwell
All in a lane, or line indeed : no turning,
Nor scarce obliquity in them. I still look
Right forward, to th' intent and scope of that
Which he would go from now.

P. jun. Had you a trust then ?

Pic. Sir I had somewhat will keep you still lord
Of all the estate, if I be honest, as
I hope I shall. My tender scrupulous breast
Will not permit me to see the heir defrauded,
And like an alien thrust out of the blood,
The laws forbid that I should give consent
To such a civil slaughter of a son.

P. jun. Where is the deed ? hast thou it with thee ?

Pic. No,
It is a thing of greater consequence,
Than to be borne about in a black box,
Like a Low-Country vorlosse or Welsh brief.
It is at Lick-finger's, under lock and key.

P. jun. O, fetch it hither.

Pic. I have bid him bring it,
That you might see it.

P. jun. Knows he what he brings ? [carries.

Pic. No more than a gardener's ass, what roots he

P. jun. I was a sending my father, like an ass,
A penitent epistle ; but I'm glad
I did not now,

Pic. Hang him, an austere grape,
That has no juice, but what is verjuice in him.

P. jun. I'll shew you my letter!

[*Penny-boy runs out to fetch his letter.*

Pic. Shew me a defiance!

If I can now commit father and son,
And make my profits out of both; commence
A suit with the old man for his whole state,
And go to law with the son's credit, undo
Both, both with their own money, 'twere a piece
Worthy my night-cap, and the gown I wear,
A Pick-lock's name in law. Where are you, sir?
What do you do so long?

P. jun. I cannot find
Where I have laid it; but I've laid it safe.

Pic. No matter, sir; trust you unto my trust,
'Tis that that shall secure you, an absolute deed!
And I confess it was in trust for you,
Lest any thing might have happen'd mortal to him;
But there must be a gratitude thought on,
And aid, sir, for the charges of the suit,
Which will be great, 'gainst such a mighty man
As is your father, and a man posselt
Of so much land, Pecunia and her friends.
I am not able to wage law with him,
Yet must maintain the thing, as my own right,
Still for your good, and therefore must be bold
To use your credit for moneys.

P. jun. What thou wilt,
So we be safe, and the trust bear it.

Pic. Fear not,
'Tis he must pay arrearages in the end.
We'll milk him, and Pecunia, draw their cream down,
Before he get the deed into his hands.
My name is Pick-lock, but he'll find me a padlock.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Penny-boy Can. Penny-boy jun. Pick-lock, Tho. Barber.

P. Ca. How now ? conferring wi' your learned counsel
Upo' the cheat ? Are you o' the plot to cozen me ?

P. jun. What plot ?

P. Ca. Your counsel knows there, mr. Pick-lock.
Will you restore the trust yet ?

Pic. Sir, take patience
And memory unto you, and bethink you,
What trust ? where does't appear ? I have your deed :
Doth your deed specifie any trust ? is't not
A perfect act and absolute in law ?
Seal'd and deliver'd before witnesses ?
The day and date emergent ?

P. Ca. But what conference,
What oaths and vows preceded ?

Pic. I will tell you, sir,
Since I am urg'd, of those, as I remember,
You told me you had got a grown estate,
By griping means, sinisterly.

(P. Ca. How !)

Pic. And were
Ev'n weary of it ; if the parties lived
From whom you had wrested it——

(P. Ca. Ha !)

Pic. You could be glad
To part with all, for satisfaction :
But since they had yielded to humanity,
And that just heaven had sent you for a punishment
(You did acknowledge it) this riotous heir,
That would bring all to beggary in the end,
And daily sow'd consumption where he went——

P. Ca.

P. Ca. You'd cozen both then ? your confederate too?

Pic. After a long mature deliberation,
You could not think where better how to place it——

P. Ca. Than on you, rascal ?

Pic. What you please i' your passion ;
But with your reason, you will come about,
And think a faithful and a frugal friend
To be prefer'd.

P. Ca. Before à son ?

Pic. A prodigal,
A tub without a bottom, as you term'd him :
For which I might return you a vow or two,
And seal it with an oath of thankfulness,
I not repent it, neither have I cause, yet——

P. Ca. Forehead of steel, and mouth of brass ! hath
[impudence]

Polish'd so gross a lie, and dar'st thou vent it ?
Engine, compos'd of all mixt metals ! hence,
I will not change a syllable with thee more,
Till I may meet thee at a bar in court,
Before thy judges.

Pic. Thither it must come,
Before I part with it to you, or you, sir.

P. Ca. I will not hear thee.

P. jun. Sir, your ear to me tho'.

[*His son entreats him.*]

Not that I see through his perplexed plots,
And hidden ends ; nor that my parts depend
Upon th' unwinding this so knotted skean,
Do I beseech your patience. Unto me
He hath confest the trust.

Pic. How ? I confess it ?

P. jun. I, thou false man.

P. Ca. Stand up to him, and confront him.

Pic. Where ? when ? to whom ?

P. jun. To me, even now, and here :
Canst thou deny it ?

Pic.

Pic. Can I eat or drink ?

Sleep, wake, or dream ? arise, sit, go, or stand ?

Do any thing that's natural ?

P. jun. Yes, lie

It seems thou canst, and perjure ; that is natural.

Pic. O me ! what times are these of frontless car-

An egg of the same nest ! the father's bird ! [riage !

It runs in a blood, I see !

P. jun. I'll stop your mouth.

Pic. With what ?

P. jun. With truth.

Pic. With noise ; I must have witness.

Where is your witness ? you can produce witness ?

P. jun. As if my testimony were not twenty,

Balanc'd with thine ?

Pic. So say all prodigals,

Sick of self-love ; but that's not law, young Scatter-

I live by law. [good :

P. jun. Why, if thou hast a conscience,

That is a thousand witnesses.

Pic. No court

Grants out a writ of summons for the conscience,

That I know, nor subpoena, nor attachment,

I must have witness, and of your producing,

E'er this can come to hearing, and it must

Be heard on oath and witness.

P. jun. Come forth, Thom, [He produceth Thom.

Speak what thou heard'st, the truth, and the whole

[truth,

And nothing but the truth. What said this varlet ?

Pic. A rat behind the hangings !

Tho. Sir, he said,

It was a trust ! an act, the which your father

Had will to alter ; but his tender breast

Would not permit to see the heir defrauded,

And, like an alien, thrust out of the blood,

The laws forbid that he should give consent

To

To such a civil slaughter of a son——

P. jun. And talk'd of a gratuity to be given,
And aid unto the charges of the suit;
Which he was to maintain in his own name,
But for my use, he said.

P. Ca. It is enough.

Tho. And he would milk Pecunia, and draw down
Her cream, before you got the trust again.

P. Ca. Your ears are in my pocket, knave, go shake
The little while you have them. [em

Pic. You do trust
To your great purse.

P. Ca. I ha' you in a purse-net,
Good master Pick-lock, wi' your worming brain,
And wriggling engine-head of maintenance*,
Which I shall see you hole with very shortly.
A fine round head, when those two lugs are off,
To trundle through a pillory. You are sure
You heard him speak this?

P. jun. I, and more.

Tho. Much more!

Pic. I'll prove yours maintenance and combination,
And sue you all.

P. Ca. Do, do, my gowned vulture,
Crop in reversion; I shall see you coited
Over the bar, as barge-men do their billets.

Pic. This 'tis, when men repent of their good deeds,
And would ha' 'em in again—They are almost mad!
But I forgive their lucida intervalla.

O, Lick-finger! come hither. Where's my writing?
[*Pick-lock spies Lick-finger, and as-
him aside for the writing.*

* *And wriggling engine-head of MAINTENANCE.*] In the law, maintenance signifies the supporting a cause or person by any kind of countenance or encouragement, and is generally taken in a bad sense. The writ that lies against a man for this offence, is also called maintenance.

S C E N E III.

[*To them*] *Lick-finger.*

Lic. I sent it you, together with your keys,

Pic. How?

Lic. By the porter that came for it from you,
And by the token, you had giv'n me the keys,
And bade me bring it.

Pic. And why did you not?

Lic. Why did you send a countermand?

Pic. Who, I?

Lic. You, or some other you, you put in trust.

Pic. In trust?

Lic. Your trust's another self, you know;
And without trust, and your trust, how should he
Take notice of your keys, or of my charge?

Pic. Know you the man?

Lic. I know he was a porter,
And a seal'd porter; for he bore the badge
On's breast, I am sure.

Pic. I am lost! a plot! I scent it!

Lic. Why! and I sent it by the man you sent,
Whom else I had not trusted.

Pic. Plague o' your trust,
I am trufs'd up among you.

P. jun. Or you may be.

Pic. In mine own halter, I have made the noose.

[*Pick-lock goes out.*]

P. jun. What was it, Lick-finger?

[*Young Penny-boy discovers it to his father to be
his plot of sending for it by the porter, and that
he is in possession of the deed.*]

Lic. A writing, sir,
He sent for't by a token: I was bringing it,

But

But that he sent a porter, and he seem'd
A man of decent carriage.

P. Ca. 'Twas good fortune!

To cheat the cheater, was no cheat, but justice.
Put off your rags, and be yourself again :
This act of piety and good affection
Hath partly reconcil'd me to you.

P. jun. Sir.

P. Ca. No vows, no promises ; too much protes-
[tation

Makes that suspected oft, we would persuade.

Lic. Hear you the news ?

P. jun. The office is down, how should we ?

Lic. But of your uncle ?

P. jun. No.

Lic. He's run mad, sir.

P. Ca. How, Lick-finger ?

Lic. Stark staring mad, your brother,
H'has almost kill'd his maid.

P. Ca. Now heav'n forbid.

[*Elder Penny-boy starts at the news.*

Lic. But that she's cat-liv'd, and squirrel-limb'd,
With throwing bed-staves at her : he has set wide
His outer doors, and now keeps open house
For all the passers by to see his justice.
First, he has apprehended his two dogs,
As being o' the plot to cozen him ;
And there he sits like an old worm o' the peace,
Wrapp'd up in furs, at a square table, forewing,
Examining, and committing the poor curs
To two old cases of close-stools, as prisons ;
The one of which he calls his Lollard's tower,
Th'other his Block-house, 'cause his two dogs names
Are Block and Lollard.

P. jun. This would be brave matter
Unto the jeerers.

P. Ca.

P. Ca. I, if so the subject
Were not so wretched.

Lic. Sure I met them all,
I think, upon that quest.

P. Ca. Faith, like enough :
The vicious still are swift to shew their natures.
I'll thither too, but with another aim,
If all succeed well, and my simples take.

S C E N E IV.

Penny-boy sen. Porter.

[*He is seen sitting at his table, with papers before him.*]

P. sen. Where are the prisoners ?

Por. They are forth-coming, sir,
Or coming forth, at least.

P. sen. The rogue is drunk,
Since I committed them to his charge. Come hither,
Near me, yet nearer ; breathe upon me. Wine !

[*He smells him.*

Wine o' my worship ! Sack ! Canary sack !
Could not your badge ha' been drunk with fulsom ale,
Or beer, the porters element ? but sack !

Por. I am not drunk ; we had, sir, but one pint,
An honest carrier and myself.

P. sen. Who paid for't ?

Por. Sir, I did give it him.

P. sen. What ? and spend six-pence !

Stoek spend six-pence ! six-pence !

—*Wine !*

Wine o' your worship ! It seems most natural to read, " o' my
worship ;" as we say commonly, On my honour ! unless it be
ironically, Your worship must have wine !

Por.

P. Ca.

Por. Once in a year, fir.

P. sen. In seven years, varlet ! know'st thou what
[thou hast done?

What a consumption thou hast made of a state ?
It might please heav'n (a lusty knave and young)
To let thee live some seventy years longer,
Till thou art fourscore and ten, perhaps a hundred.
Say seventy years ; how many times seven in seventy ?
Why seven times ten, is ten times seven, mark me,
I will demonstrate to thee on my fingers.

Sixpence in seven year (use upon use)
Grows in that first seven year to be a twelve-pence ;
That, in the next, two shillings ; the third, four shil-

[lings ;
The fourth seven year, eight shillings ; the fifth, sixteen ;
The sixth, two and thirty ; the seventh, three pound

[four ;
The eighth, six pound and eight ; the ninth, twelve
[pound sixteen ;

And the tenth seven, five and twenty pound
Twelve shillings. This thou art fall'n from by thy riot !
Should'st thou live seventy years, by spending sixpence
Once i' the seven : but in a day to waste it !

There is a sum that number cannot reach !
Out o' my house, thou pest of prodigality !
Seed o' consumption ! hence : a wicked keeper
Is oft worse than the prisoners. There's thy penny,
Four tokens for thee. Out, away. My dogs
May yet be innocent and honest. If not,
I have an entrapping question or two more,
To put unto 'em, a cross interrogatory,
And I shall catch 'em. Lollard ? Peace :

[*He calls forth Lollard, and examines him*

¹ *Four TOKENS for thee.* i. e. Four farthings. See *North down
fair*, act 3. not. 4.

What whispering was that you had with Mortgage,
When you last lick'd her feet? the truth now. "Ha?
"Did you smell she was going?" Put down that.

[And not,

"Not to return?" You are silent? good. And when
Leap'd you on Statute? "As she went forth?" Consent:
There was consent, as she was going forth.

'Twould have been fitter at her coming home,
But you knew "that she would not?" To your tower:

[*He commits him again.*

You are cunning, are you? I will meet your craft.

Block, shew your face, leave your careffies, tell me,

[*Calls forth Block, and examines him.*

And tell me truly, what affronts do you know

Were done Pecunia, that she left my house?

"None," say you so? "not that you know?" or "will
I fear me, I shall find you an obstinate cur. [know?"

Why did your fellow Lollard cry this morning?

"'Cause Broker kickt him?" Why did Broker kick

"Because he pist against my lady's gown?" [him?

Why, that was no affront? no? no distaste?

"You knew o' none?" you're a dissembling tyke,

[*Commits him.*

To your hole again, your Block-house. Lollard, arise.

[*Lollard is call'd again.*

Where did you lift your leg up last? 'gainst what?

Are you struck dummerer now, and whine for mercy?

Whose kirtle was't you gnaw'd too? mistress Band's?

"And Wax's stockings?" Who? "did Block bescum-

[ber

Statute's white suit, wi' the parchment lace there:

"And Broker's sattin doublet?" All will out.

They had offence, offence enough to quit me.

Appear Block: fough! 'tis manifest; he shews it,

[*Block is summon'd the second time.*

Should he forswear't, make all the affidavits

gainst it, that he could afore the bench,

And twenty juries, he would be convinc'd.
 He bears an air about him doth confess it.
 To prison again, close prison. Not you, Lollard;
 *[Block is remanded, and Lollard has the liberty
 of the house.]*

You may enjoy the liberty of the house.
 And yet there is a quirk come in my head,
 For which I must commit you too, and close.
 Do not repine, it will be better for you.

S C E N E V.

Enter the jeerers.

*Cymbal, Fitton, Shunfield, Almanack, Madrigal, Penny-
 boy sen. Lick-finger.*

Cym. This is enough to make the dogs mad too:
 Let's in upon him.

P. sen. How now? what's the matter?
 Come you to force the prisoners? make a rescue?

Fit. We come to bail your dogs.

P. sen. They are notailable,
 They stand committed without bail or mainprise,
 Your bail cannot be taken.

Shun. Then the truth is,
 We come to vex you.

Alm. Jeer you.

Mad. Bait you rather.

Cym. A baited usurer will be good flesh.

Fit. And tender, we are told.

P. sen. Who is the butcher,
 Amongst you, that is come to cut my throat?

Shun. You would die a calf's death fain, but 'tis
 Is meant you.

Fit. To be fairly knock'd o' the head.

Shun. With a good jeer or two.

P.

P. sen. And from your jaw-bone,
Ddn Affinigo?

Cym. Shunfield, a jeer, you have it.

* *Shun.* I do confes, a swashing blow; but Snarl,
You that might play the third dog, for your teeth,
You ha' no money now?

Fit. No, nor no Mortgage.

Alm. Nor Band.

Mad. Nor Statute.

Cym. No, nor blusket Wax.

P. sen. Nor you no office, as I take it.

Shun. Cymbal,

A mighty jeer.

Fit. Pox o' these true jests, I say.

Mad. He'll turn the better jeerer.

Alm. Let's upon him,

And if we cannot jeer him down in wit——

Mad. Let's do't in noise.

Shun. Content.

Mad. Charge, man o' war.

Alm. Lay him aboard.

Shun. We'll give him a broad-side first.

Fit. Where is your venison now?

Cym. Your red-deer pies?

Shun. Wi' your bak'd turkeys?

Alm. And your partridges?

Mad. Your pheasants and fat swans?

P. sen. Like you, turn'd geese.

Mad. But such as will not keep your capitol.

Shun. You were wont to ha' your breams——

Alm. And trouts sent in.

Cym. Fat carps and salmons.

* *Shun.* I do confess, a WASHING blow] *Washing*, by the error
of the press; whereas *swashing* is the true word. See *Swash*, in
Mr. Lye's edition of *Junius*. And so *Rosalind*, in *As you like it*,

"We'll have a *swashing* and a martial outside,

"As many other manish cowards have."

Act 1. sc. 10.

Fu.

Q2

Fit. I, and now and then
An emblem o' yourself, an o'ergrown pike.

P. sen. You are a jack, sir.

Fit. You ha' made a shift
To swallow twenty such poor jacks e're now.

Alm. If he should come to feed upon poor John?

Mad. Or turn poor Jack-a-lent after all this?

Fit. Tut, he'll live like a grasshopper——

Mad. On dew.

Shun. Or like a bear, with licking his own claws.

Cym. I, if his dogs were away.

Alm. He'll eat them first,
While they are fat.

Fit. Faith, and when they are gone,
Here's nothing to be seen beyond.

Cym. Except
His kindred, spiders, natives o' the soil.

Alm. Dust he will ha' enough here, to breed fleas.

Mad. But by that time he'll ha' no blood to rear 'em.

Shun. He will be as thin as a lanthorn, we shall see
[thorough him.

Alm. And his gut colon tell his intestina.

P. sen. Rogues, rascals (baw waw.) [His dogs bark.

Fit. He calls his dogs to his aid.

Alm. O! they but rise at mention of his tripes.

Cym. Let them alone, they do it not for him.

Mad. They bark *se defendendo*.

Shun. Or for custom,
As commonly curs do one for another.

Lic. Arm, arm you, gentlemen jeerers, the old Canter
Is coming in upon you with his forces,
The gentleman that was the Canter.

Shun. Hence.

Fit. Away.

Cym. What is he?

Alm. Stay not to ask questions.

Fit. He is a flame.

Sbun. A furnace.

Alm. A consumption,

Kills where he goes.

[*They all run away.*]

Lic. See! the whole covey is scatter'd;

'Ware, 'ware the hawk. I love to see 'em fly.

S C E N E VI.

*Penny-boy Canter, Penny-boy sen. Penny-boy jun. Pecunia,
Train.*

P. Ca. You see by this amazement and distraction,
What your companions were, a poor, affrighted,
And guilty race of men, that dare to stand
No breath of truth; but conscious to themselves
Of their no-wit, or honesty, ran routed
At every pannick terror themselves bred.
Where else, as confident as sounding brass,
Their tinkling captain, Cymbal, and the rest,
Dare put on any visor, to deride
The wretched, or with buffoon licence jest
At whatsoe'er is serious, if not sacred.

P. sen. Who's this? my brother! and restor'd to life!

[*Penny-boy sen. acknowledgeth his elder brother.*]

P. Ca. Yes, and sent hither to restore your wits,
If your short madness be not more than anger
Conceived for your loss! which I return you.
See here, your Mortgage, Statute, Band, and Wax,
Without your Broker, come to abide with you,
And vindicate the prodigal from stealing
Away the lady. Nay, Pecunia herself
Is come to free him fairly, and discharge
All ties, but those of love unto her person,
To use her like a friend, not like a slave,
Or like an idol. Superstition

Doth violate the deity it worships,
 No less than scorn doth. And believe it, brother,
 The use of things is all, and not the store :
 Surfeit and fulness have kill'd more than famine.
 The sparrow with his little plumage, flies,
 While the proud peacock, overcharg'd with pens,
 Is fain to sweep the ground with his grown train,
 And load of feathers,

P. sen. Wise and honour'd brother !
 None but a brother, and sent from the dead,
 As you are to me, could have altered me :
 I thank my destiny, that is so gracious.
 Are there no pains, no penalties decreed
 From whence you come, to us that smother money
 In chests, and strangle her in bags ?

P. Ca. O, mighty,
 Intolerable fines, and mulcts impos'd !
 (Of which I come to warn you) forfeitures
 Of whole estates, if they be known and taken !

P. sen. I thank you, brother, for the light you have
 [given me]

I will prevent 'em all. First, free my dogs,
 Lest what I ha' done to them (and against law)
 Be a præmunire ; for by magna charta
 They could not be committed as close prisoners,
 My learned council tells me here, my cook ;
 And yet he shew'd me the way first.

Lic. Who did ? I ?

I trench the liberty o' the subjects ?

P. Ca. Peace,

Picklock, your guest, that Stentor, hath infected you
 Whom I have safe enough in a wooden collar.

[Picklock, your guest, that senator, hath infected you.] So
 edition of 1716 : the old edition, as it stands in the text, "
 " Stentor ;" an appellation not improper for a noisy, haughty
 lawyer.

P. sen.

P. sen. Next, I restore these servants to their lady,
With freedom, heart of chear, and countenance;
It is their year and day of jubilee.

Tra. We thank you, sir. [*Her train thanks him.*]

P. sen. And lastly, to my nephew
I give my house, goods, lands, all but my vices,
And those I go to cleanse; kissing this lady,
Whom I do give him too, and join their hands.

P. Ca. If the spectators will join theirs, we thank 'em.

P. jun. And wish they may, as I, enjoy Pecunia.

Pec. And so Pecunia herself doth wish,
That she may still be aid unto their uses,
Not slave unto their pleasures, or a tyrant
Over their fair desires; but teach them all
The golden mean; the prodigal how to live;
The sordid and the covetous how to die:
That, with sound mind; this, safe frugality.

Q4

The

P.

The EPILOGUE.

“ **T**HUS have you seen the maker’s double scope,
 “ To profit and delight ; wherein our hope
 “ Is, though the clout we do not always hit *,
 “ It will not be imputed to his wit :
 “ A tree so try’d, and bent, as ’twill not start,
 “ Nor doth he often crack a string of art ;
 “ Though there may other accidents as strange
 “ Happen, the weather of your looks may change,
 “ Or some high wind of misconceit arise,
 “ To cause an alteration in our skies :
 “ If so, we are sorry, that have so mispent
 “ Our time and tackle ; yet he’s confident,
 “ And vows, the next fair day he’ll have us shoot
 “ The same match o’er for him, if you’ll come to’t.”

* *Though the CLOUT we do not always hit.] The metaphor from archery : the clout is the white mark in the butts, which the archers aimed at. And so it is used by Shakespear.*

pe,
e,
t."
from
rchers

THE
NEW INN:
OR, THE
LIGHT HEART.
A
COMEDY.

As it was never Acted, but most negligently Play'd
by some, the KING'S SERVANTS; and more squeamishly beheld and censur'd by others, the KING'S
SUBJECTS, 1629.

Now at last set at Liberty to the Readers, his MAJESTY'S Servants and Subjects, to be judg'd of, 1631.

*— Me lectori credere mallem ;
Quàm spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi.*

HOR.

HE

T H E
D E D I C A T I O N
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

“ I F thou be such, I make thee my patron, and de-
“ dicate the piece to thee : if not so much, would
“ I had been at the charge of thy better literature.
“ Howsoever, if thou canst but spell, and join my
“ sense, there is more hope of thee, than of a hundred
“ fastidious impertinents, who were there present the
“ first day, yet never made piece of their prospect the
“ right way. What did they come for, then ? thou
“ wilt ask me. I will as punctually answer : To see,
“ and to be seen : to make a general muster of them-
“ selves in their clothes of credit ; and possess the stage
“ against the play : to dislike all, but mark nothing.
“ And by their confidence of rising between the acts,
“ in oblique lines, make affidavit to the whole house,
“ of their not understanding one scene. Arm’d with
“ this prejudice, as the stage-furniture, or arras-clothes,
“ they were there, as spectators, away. For the faces
“ in the hangings, and they, beheld alike. So I wish
“ they may do ever : and do trust myself and my book,
“ rather to thy rustick candour, than all the pomp of
“ their pride, and solemn ignorance to boot. Fare
“ thee well, and fall to. Read.

BEN. JONSON.

But first The ARGUMENT.

T H E

T H E
A R G U M E N T.

THE lord FRAMPUL, a noble gentleman, well educated, and bred a scholar in Oxford, was married young, to a virtuous gentlewoman, Syllly's daughter of the South, whose worth (tho' he truly enjoyed) he never could rightly value; but, as many green husbands, (given over to their extravagant delights, and some peccant humours of their own) occasioned in his over-loving wife so deep a melancholy, by his leaving her in the time of her lying-in of her second daughter, she having brought him only two daughters, Frances and Lætitia: and (out of her hurt fancy) interpreting that to be a cause of her husband's coldness in affection, her not being blest with a son, took a resolution with herself, after her month's time, and thanksgiving rightly in the church, to quit her home, with a vow never to return, till by reducing her lord, she could bring a wished happiness to the family.

He in the mean time returning, and hearing of this departure of his lady, began, tho' over-late, to resent the injury he had done her: and out of his cock-brain'd resolution, entred into as solemn a quest of her. Since when, neither of them had been heard of. But the eldest daughter Frances, by the title of Lady Frampul, enjoyed the estate, her sister being lost young, and is the sole reliet of the family.

A C T

A C T I. *Here begins our comedy.*

This lady, being a brave, bountiful lady, and enjoying this free and plentiful estate, hath an ambitious disposition to be esteemed the mistress of many servants, but loves none. And hearing of a famous New-inn, that is kept by a merry host, call'd Good-stock, in Barnet, invites some lords and gentlemen to wait on her thither, as well to see the fashions of the place, as to make themselves merry, with the accidents on the by. It happens there is a melancholy gentleman, one master Lovel, hath been lodged there some days before in the inn, who (unwilling to be seen) is surprised by the lady, and invited by Prudence, the lady's chambermaid, who is elected governess of the sports in the inn for that day, and install'd their sovereign. Lovel is persuaded by the host, and yields to the lady's invitation, which concludes the first act. Having reveal'd his quality before to the host.

In the Second A C T,

Prudence and her lady express their anger conceiv'd at the taylor, who had promised to make Prudence a new suit, and bring it home, as on the eve, against this day. But he failing of his word, the lady had commanded a standard of her own best apparel to be brought down; and Prudence is so fitted. The lady being put in mind, that she is there alone without other company of women, borrows (by the advice of Pru) the host's son of the house, whom they dress with the host's consent, like a lady, and send out the coachman with the empty coach, as for a kinswoman of her ladyship's, mistress Læritia Syllly, to bear her company: who attended with his nurse, an old chair-woman in the inn,
dress

dress'd odly by the host's counsel, is believed to be a lady of quality, and so receiv'd, entertain'd, and love made to her by the young lord Beaufort, &c. In the mean time the Fly of the inn is discover'd to colonel Glorious, with the militia of the house, below the stairs, in the drawer, tapster, chamberlain, and hostler, inferiour officers; with the coachman Trundle, Ferret, &c. And the preparation is made to the lady's design upon Lovel, his upon her, and the sovereign's upon both.

Here begins, at the Third A C T, the Epitasis, or business of the play.

Lovel, by the dexterity and wit of the sovereign of the sports Prudence, having two hours assign'd him of free colloquy, and love-making to his mistress, one after dinner, the other after supper, the court being set, is demanded by the lady Frampul, what love is? as doubting if there were any such power, or no. To whom he, first by definition, and after by argument, answers; proving and describing the effects of love, so vively, as she who had derided the name of love before, hearing his discourse, is now so taken both with the man and his matter, as she confesseth herself enamour'd of him, and, but for the ambition she hath to enjoy the other hour, had presently declared herself which gives both him and the spectators occasion to think she yet dissembles, notwithstanding the payment of her kiss, which he celebrates. And the court dissolves, upon news brought, of a new lady, a new coach, and a new coachman call'd Barnaby.

A C T IV.

The house being put into a noise, with the rumour of this new lady, and there being drinking below

the court, the colonel sir Glorious, with Bat Burst a broken citizen, and Hodge Huffle his champion; she falls into their hands, and being attended but with one footman, is uncivilly entreated by them, and a quarrel commenc'd, but is rescued by the valour of Lovel; which beheld by the lady Frampul, from the window, she is invited up for safety, where coming, and conducted by the host, her gown is first discovered to be the same with the whole suit, which was bespoke for Pru, and she herself, upon examination, found to be Pinnacia Stuff, the taylor's wife, who was wont to be pre-occupied in all his customers best cloaths, by the footman her husband. They are both condemned and censur'd, she stript like a doxey, and sent home a-foot. In the interim, the second hour goes on, and the question, at suit of the lady Frampul, is changed from love to valour; which ended, he receives his second kiss, and, by the rigour of the sovereign, falls into a fit of melancholy, worse, or more desperate than the first.

The Fifth and last A C T

Is the catastrophe, or knitting up of all, where Fly brings word to the host of the lord Beaufort's being married privately in the New-stable, to the supposed lady, his son; which the host receives as an omen of mirth; but complains that Lovel is gone to bed melancholick, when Prudence appears drest in the new suit, applauded by her lady, and employed to retrieve Lovel. The host encounters them, with this relation of lord Beaufort's marriage, which is seconded by the lord Latimer, and all the servants of the house. In this while, lord Beaufort comes in, and professes it, calls for his bed and bride-bowl to be made ready; the host forbids both, shews whom he hath married, and

and discovers him to be his son, a boy. The lord bridegroom confounded, the nurse enters like a frantick bedlamite, cries out on Fly, says she is undone in her daughter, who is confessed to be the lord Frampul's child, sister to the other lady, the host to be their father, she his wife. He finding his children, bestows them one on Lovel, the other on the lord Beaufort, the inn upon Fly, who had been a gypfy with him; offers a portion with Prudence, for her wit, which is refused; and she taken by the lord Latimer, to wife; for the crown of her virtue and goodness. And all are contented.

The SCENE, *BARNET*.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

With some short Characterism of the chief Actors.

GOOD-STOCK, the host (play'd well) alias the Lord **FRAMPUL**. He pretends to be a gentleman and a scholar, neglected by the times, turns host, and keeps an inn, the sign of the Light-Heart in *Barnet*: is supposed to have one only son, but is found to have none, but two daughters, *Frances*, and *Lætitia*, who was lost young, &c.

LOVEL, a compleat gentleman, a soldier and a scholar, is a melancholy guest in the Inn: first quarrel'd, after much honour'd and belov'd by the host. He is known to have been page to the old lord *Beaufort*, follow'd him in the French wars, after a companion of his studies, and left guardian to his son. He is assisted in his love to the lady *Frampul*, by the host, and the chambermaid *Prudence*. He was one that acted well too.

FERRET, who is called *Stote* and *Vermin*, is *Lovel's* servant, a fellow of a quick nimble wit, knows the manners and affections of people, and can make profitable and timely discoveries of them.

FRANK, suppos'd a boy, and the host's son, borrowed to be dress'd for a lady, and set up as a tale by *Prudence*, to catch *Beaufort* or *Latimer*, proves to be *Lætitia*, sister to *Frances*, and lord *Frampul's* younger daughter, stoln by a beggar woman, shorn, put into boys apparel, sold to the host, and brought up by him as his son.

VOL. IV.

R

NURSE,

NURSE, a poor chare-woman in the Inn, with one eye, that tends the boy, is thought the Irish beggar that sold him, but is truly the lady Frampul, who left her home melancholick, and jealous that her lord lov'd her not, because she brought him none but daughters, and lives unknown to her husband, as he to her.

FRANCES, supposed the lady Frampul, being reputed his sole daughter and heir, the barony descending upon her, is a lady of great fortune, and beauty, but phantastical: thinks nothing a felicity, but to have a multitude of servants, and be call'd mistress by them, comes to the Inn to be merry, with a chambermaid only, and her servants her guests, &c.

PRUDENCE, the chamber-maid, is elected sovereign of the sports in the Inn, governs all, commands, and so orders, as the lord Latimer is exceedingly taken with her, and takes her to his wife, in conclusion.

LORD LATIMER and lord Beaufort, are a pair of young lords, servants and guests to the lady Frampul; but as Latimer falls enamour'd of Prudence, so doth Beaufort on the boy, the host's son, set up for Lætitia, the younger sister, which she proves to be indeed.

SIR GLORIOUS TIPTO, a knight, and colonel, hath the luck to think well of himself, without a rival, talks gloriously of any thing, but very seldom is in the right. He is the lady's guest, and her servant too; but this day utterly neglects his service, or that him. For he is so enamour'd on the Fly of the Inn, and the militia below stairs, with Hodge Huffle, and Bat Burst, guests that come in, and Trundle, Barnaby, &c. as no other society relisheth with him.

The Persons of the Play.

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FLY, is the parasite of the Inn, visiter general of the house, one that had been a strolling gipsy, but now is reclaim'd, to be inflamer of the reckonings.

PIERCE, the drawer, knighted by the colonel, stil'd sir Pierce, and young Anon, one of the chief of the infantry.

JORDAN, the chamberlain, another of the militia, and an officer, commands the tertias of the beds.

JUG, the tapster, a thorough-fare of news.

PECK, the hostler.

BAT BURST, a broken citizen, an in-and-in man †.

HODGE HUFFLE, a cheater, his champion.

NICK STUFF, the ladies taylor.

PINNACIA STUFF, his wife.

TRUNDLE, a coachman.

BARNABY, a hir'd coachman.

STAGGERS, the smith.

TREE, the sadler.

} Only talk'd on.

† *An IN-AND-IN man.*] *In-and-in* was a game then in use, and played with four dice in a box: it was the usual diversion at ordinaries, and places of the like resort.

THE P R O L O G U E.

“ **Y**OU are welcome, welcome all to the New Inn :
“ Though the old house, we hope our chear
[will win
“ Your acceptation : we ha’ the same cook
“ Still, and the fat, who says, you sha’ not look
“ Long for your bill of fare, but every dish
“ Be serv’d in i’ the time, and to your wish :
“ If any thing be set to a wrong taste,
“ ’Tis not the meat, there, but the mouth’s displac’d,
“ Remove but that sick palate, all is well.
“ For this, the secure dresser bade me tell,
“ Nothing more hurts just meetings, than a crowd ;
“ Or, when the expectation’s grown too loud :
“ That the nice stomach would ha’ this or that,
“ And being ask’d, or urg’d, it knows not what :
“ When sharp or sweet, have been too much a feast,
“ And both out-liv’d the palate of the guest.
“ Beware to bring such appetites to the stage,
“ They do confess a weak, sick, queasie age ;
“ And a shrewd grudging too of ignorance,
“ When clothes and faces ’bove the men advance :
“ Hear for your health, then, but at any hand,
“ Before you judge, vouchsafe to understand,
“ Concoct, digest : if then, it do not hit,
“ Some are in a consumption of wit,
“ Deep he dares say, he will not think, that all—
“ For hecticks are not epidemical.”

THE

THE
NEW INN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Host, Ferret.

Host. **I** Am not pleas'd, indeed, you are i' the right ;
Nor is my house pleas'd, if my sign could
speak,

The sign o' the Light-Heart. There you may read it ;
So may your master too, if he look on't.

A heart weigh'd with a feather, and out-weigh'd too :

A brain-child o' my own ! and I am proud on't !

And if his worship think, here, to be melancholy,

In spite of me or my wit, he is deceiv'd ;

I will maintain the rebus 'gainst all humours,

And all complexions i' the body of man,

That's my word, or i' the isle of Britain !

Fer. You have reason, good mine host.

R 3

Host.

Host. Sir, I have rhyme too.
 Whether it be by chance or art,
 "A heavy purse makes a light heart."
 There 'tis exprest! first, by a purse of gold,
 A heavy purse, and then two turtles, makes,
 A heart with a light stuck in't, a Light-Heart!
 Old Abbot Islip could not invent better,
 Or prior Bolton with his Bolt and Ton'.
 I am an inn-keeper, and know my grounds,
 And study 'em; brain o' man, I study 'em:
 I must ha' jovial guests to drive my ploughs,
 And whistling boys to bring my harvest home,
 Or I shall hear no flails thwack. Here, your master
 And you ha' been this fortnight, drawing fleas
 Out of my mats, and pounding 'em in cages
 Cut out of cards, and those rop'd round with pack-thread,
 Drawn thorough birdlime! a fine subtilty!
 Or poring through a multiplying-glass,
 Upon a captiv'd crab-louse, or a cheese-mite
 To be dissected, as the sports of nature,
 With a neat Spanish needle! speculations
 That do become the age, I do confess!
 As measuring an ant's eggs with the silk-worms,
 By a phantastick instrument of thread,
 Shall give you their just difference to a hair!
 Or else recovering o' dead flies with crums!
 (Another quaint conclusion i' the physicks)
 Which I ha' seen you busy at, thro' the key hole—
 But never had the fate to see a fly—— [*Ent. Lovel.*]

¹ *Old abbot Islip could not invent better,*

Or prior Bolton with his bolt and ton.] The reader may find in *Camden's Remains*, the rebus made use of by these ecclesiastics to express their names on the several buildings erected by them, or belonging to them. It may not perhaps be immaterial to mention, that the word *bolt* is the same with *arrow*; which is the sense it bears in the proverbial expression, and in all our old writers. The *bolt and ton*, is a ton pierc'd thro' with an arrow.

Alive

Alive i' your cups, or once heard, drink mine host,
Or such a chearful chirping charm come from you.

S C E N E II.

Lovel, Ferret, Host.

Lov. What's that? what's that?

Fer. A buzzing of mine host
About a fly! a murmur that he has.

Host. Sir, I am telling your Stote here, monsieur Ferret,
(For that I hear's his name) and dare tell you, sir,
If you have a mind to be melancholy, and musty,
There's Footman's inn, at the town's end, the Stocks,
Or Carrier's place, at sign o' the Broken Wain,
Mansions of state! take up your harbour there,
There are both flies and fleas, and all variety
Of vermin, for inspection or dissection.

Lov. We ha' set our rest up here, sir, i' your heart.

Host. Sir, set your heart at rest, you shall not do it:
Unless you can be jovial. Brain o' man,
Be jovial first, and drink, and dance, and drink.
Your lodging here, and wi' your daily dumps,
Is a meer libel 'gain my house and me;
And, then, your scandalous commons.

Lov. How, mine host?

Host. Sir, they do scandal me, upo' the road, here.
A poor quotidian rack o' mutton, roasted
Dry to be grated! and that driven down
With beer and butter-milk, mingled together,
Or clarified whey instead of claret!
It is against my free-hold, my inheritance,
My Magna Charta, cor lætificat,
To drink such balder-dash, or bonny-clabber!
Gi' me good wine, or catholick, or christian,

Wine is the word that glads the heart of man :
 And mine's the house of wine, Sack, says my bush,
 " Be merry, and drink sherry ;" that's my poesie !
 For I shall never joy i' my Light-Heart,
 So long as I conceive a sullen guest,
 Or any thing that's earthy !

Lov. Humorous host.

Host. I care not if I be.

Lov. But airy also,

Not to defraud you of your rights, or trench
 Upo' your privileges, or great charter,
 (For those are every hostler's language now)
 Say, you were born beneath those smiling stars,
 Have made you lord, and owner of the Heart,
 Of the Light-Heart in Barnet ; suffer us
 Who are more saturnine, t' enjoy the shade
 Of your round roof yet.

Host. Sir, I keep no shades

Nor shelters, I ; for either owls or rere-mice.

S C E N E III.

Ferret, Host, Lovel.

Fer. He'll make you a bird of night, sir.

Host. Bless you child !

[*En. Fra.* (*the Host speaks to his child o' the by.*)
 You'll make your selves such.

Lov. That your son, mine Host ?

Host. He's all the sons I have, sir.

Lov. Pretty boy !

Goes he to school ?

Fer. O Lord, sir, he prates Latin,
 An' 'twere a parrot, or a play-boy.

Lov.

Lov. Thou——
Commend'st him fitly.

Fer. To the pitch, he flies, sir.
He'll tell you what is Latin for a looking-glass,
A beard-brush, rubber, or quick-warming pan.

Lov. What's that?

Fer. A wench, i' the inn-pharse, is all these;

{ A looking glass in her eye,
A beard-brush with her lips,
A rubber with her hand,
And a warming-pan with her hips.

Host. This, in your scurril dialect. But my Inn
Knows no such language.

Fer. That's because, mine host,
You do profess the teaching him your self.

Host. Sir, I do teach him somewhat. By degrees,
And with a funnel, I make shift to fill
The narrow vessel, he is but yet a bottle.

Lov. O let him lose no time tho'.

Host. Sir, he do's not.

Lov. And less his manners.

Host. I provide for those:

Come hither, Frank, speak to the gentleman
In Latin: he is melancholy; say,
I long to see him merry, and so would treat him.

Fra. *Subtristis visu' es esse aliquantulum patri,*
Qui te lautè excipere, etiam ac tractare gestit.

Lov. *Pulchrè.*

Host. Tell him, I fear it bodes us some ill luck,
His too reservedness.

Fra. *Veretur pater,*
Ne quid nobis mali ominis oportet iste
Nimis præclusus vultus.

Lov. *Bellè.* A fine child!

You wo' no part with him, mine host?

Host. Who told you
I would not?

Lov.

Lov. I but ask you.

Host. And I answer
To whom? for what?

Lov. To me to be my page.

Host. I know no mischief yet the child hath done,
To deserve such a destiny.

Lov. Why?

Host. Go down, boy,
And get your breakfast. Trust me, I had rather
Take a fair halter, wash my hands, and hang him
My self, make a clean riddance of him, than——

Lov. What?

Host. Than damn him to that desperate course of [life.

Lov. Call you that desperate, which by a line
Of institution, from our ancestors,
Hath been deriv'd down to us, and receiv'd
In a succession, for the noblest way
Of breeding up our youth, in letters, arms,
Fair mein, discourses, civil exercise,
And all the blazon of a gentleman?
Where can he learn to vault, to ride, to fence,
To move his body gracefuller? to speak
His language purer? or to tune his mind,
Or manners, more to the harmony of nature,
Than in these nurseries of nobility?——

Host. I that was, when the nursery's self was noble,
And only virtue made it, not the market,
That titles were not vented at the drum,
Or common out-cry; goodness gave the greatness,
And greatness worship: every house became
An academy of honour, and those parts——
We see departed, in the practice, now,
Quite from the institution.

Lov. Why do you say so?
Or think so enviously? do they not still
Learn there the Centaur's skill, the art of Thrace,
To ride? or Pollux' mystery, to fence?

The Pyrrhick gestures, both to dance and spring
In armour, to be active for the wars?
To study figures, numbers, and proportions,
May yield 'em great in counsels, and the arts
Grave Nestor and the wise Ulysses practis'd?
To make their English sweet upon their tongue!
As rev'rend Chaucer says?

Host. Sir, you mistake;
To play sir Pandarus my copy hath it,
And carry messages to madam Cresside.
Instead of backing the brave steed, o' mornings,
To mount the chambermaid; and for a leap
O' the vaulting horse, to ply the vaulting house²:
For exercise of arms, a bale of dice³,
Or two or three packs of cards to shew the cheat,
And nimbleness of hand: mistake a cloke
From my lord's back, and pawn it. Ease his pockets
Of a superfluous watch. Or geld a jewe!
Of an odd stone or so. Twinge three or four buttons
From off my lady's gown. These are the arts,
Or seven liberal deadly sciences
Of pagery, or rather paganism,
As the tides run. To which, if he apply him,
He may, perhaps, take a degree at Tyburn,
A year the earlier: come, to read a lecture
Upon Aquinas at St. Thomas à Waterings⁴,
And so go forth a laureat in hemp circle!

² ———— *And for a leap*

O' the vaulting horse, to PLAY the vaulting house] For play, which does by no means suit what follows, we must read I presume *ply* the vaulting house.

³ *For exercise of arms a BALE OF DICE*] i. e. a pair of dice; the expression is common to the sportsmen of Jonson's age, as well as the preceding.

"What lo man, se here of *Dyce a bale*."

Skelton's Bouge of Court.

⁴ ———— *Come to read a lecture*

Upon Aquinas at St. Thomas à Waterings] Antiently the place where criminals were executed, in the county of Surrey.

Low.

Lov. You're tart, mine Host, and talk above your
[seasoning,

O'er what you seem : it should not come, methinks,
Under your cap, this vein of salt and sharpness !
These strikings upon learning, now and then ?
How long have you, (if your dull guest may ask it)
Drove this quick trade, of keeping the Light-Heart,
Your mansion, palace here, or hostelry ?

Host. Troth, I was born to somewhat, sir, above it.

Lov. I easily suspect that : mine host, your name.

Host. They call me Good-stock.

Lov. Sir, and you confess it,

Both i' your language, treaty, and your bearing.

Host. Yet all, sir, are not sons o' the white hen ;
Nor can we, as the songster says, " come all
" To be wrapt soft and warm in fortune's smock :"
When she is pleas'd to trick or tromp mankind,
' Some may be coats, as in the cards ; but, then
Some must be knaves, some varlets, bawds, and ostlers,

As

[Some may be COATS, as in the cards.] This shews us that our common expression of *court cards*, tho' seemingly justified by the names *king*, *queen*, &c. is inaccurate. Those cards are named from the *coats* or *dresses* which the painted figures are drawn in. What follows in the next line but one, grew in time to be proverbial,

————— *Cards o' ten, to face it*
Out i' the game, which all the world is.

A *card o' ten*, is what we now call a *tenth card*, and the phrase " to face it with a *card of ten*," is to win it, or get the better of it. To this purpose Shakespear,

Tra. " A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide !
" Yet I have fac'd it with a *card of ten*."

Taming of the shrew.

Which passage Mr. Warburton thus explains, that is, with the highest card, in the old simple games of our ancestors ; so that this became a proverbial expression. So Skelton,

" First pycke a quarrel, and fall out with him then,
" And so out-face him with a *card of ten*."

There is a preceding line, which deserves a remark ;
When she is pleas'd to trick or tromp mankind.

The

As aces, duces, cards o' ten, to face it
Out i' the game, which all the world is.

Lev. But,

It being i' your free-will (as 'twas) to choose
What parts you would sustain, methinks a man
Of your sagacity, and clear nostril, should
Have made another choice, than of a place
So sordid, as the keeping of an inn :
Where every jovial tinker, for his chink,
May cry, mine host, to " Crambe, give us drink ;
" And do not sink, but skink, or else you stink."
Rogue, bawd, and cheater, call you by the surnames,
And known synonyma of your profession.

Host. But if I be no such ; who then's the rogue,
In understanding, sir, I mean ? who errs ?

Who tinkleth then ? or personates Thom Tinker ?

Your weazle here may tell you I talk bawdy,
And teach my boy it ; and you may believe him :

But sir, at your own peril, if I do not :

And at his too, if he do lie, and affirm it.

No slander strikes, less hurts, the innocent.

I'll be honest, and that all the cheat

Be of my self, in keeping this Light-Heart,

Where, I imagine all the world's a play ;

The state, and mens affairs, all passages

Of life, to spring new scenes ; come in, go out,

And shift, and vanish ; and if I have got

The common etymology of the word *trump*, as made use of in
games at cards, derives it from a corruption of *triumph* ; but from
the manner in which our poet has here spelt the word, it is pro-
bable he thought it was derived from the French *tromper*, to de-
ceive. And indeed it will easily bear this acceptation. A person
playing at the game thinks he shall win the trick, till his adversary
takes it from him by a *tromp* ; *he is trumped*, or deceived. The
word mentioned above is Juvenal, from whom the expression,
"Gallinae albae," *gallinae albae*, is borrowed

A seat

A seat to sit at ease here, i' mine inn *,
 To see the comedy ; and laugh, and chuck
 At the variety and throng of humours
 And dispositions, that come justling in,
 And out still, as they one drove hence another :
 Why will you envy me my happiness ?
 Because you are sad and lumpish ; carry a load-stone
 I' your pocket, to hang knives on ; or jet rings,
 T' entice light straws to leap at 'em ; are not taken
 With the alacrities of an host ! 'tis more,
 And justlier, sir, my wonder, why you took
 My house up, Fiddlers-hall, the seat of noise,
 And mirth, an inn here, to be drowsy in,
 And lodge your lethargy in the Light-Heart,
 As if some cloud from court had been your harbinger,
 Or Cheap-side debt-books, or some mistress' charge,
 Seeing your love grow corpulent, gi' it a dyet,
 By absence, some such mouldy passion !

Lov. 'Tis guess'd unhappily.

Fer. Mine host, yo're call'd.

Host. I come, boys.

Lov. Ferret, have not you been ploughing
 With this mad ox, mine host ? nor he with you ?

Fer. For what, sir ?

Lov. Why, to find my riddle out.

Fer. I hope you do believe, sir, I can find
 Other discourse to be at, than my master,
 With hosts and hostlers.

Lov. If you can, 'tis well.

Go down, and see, who they are come in, what guests
 And bring me word.

S C E N E

* TO SIT AT EASE HERE, I' MINE INN] *To take one's ease in one's inn*, was an ancient proverb of our ancestors, which arose from the right every man hath to be at ease, and quiet in his own house. Hence the assaulting a man therein, was deemed a capital offence.

SCENE IV.

Lovel.

O love, what passion art thou!
So tyrannous! and treacherous! first 't enslave,
And then betray, all that in truth do serve thee!
That not the wisest, nor the wariest creature,
Can more dissemble thee, than he can bear
Hot burning coals, in his bare palm, or bosom!
And less conceal, or hide thee, than a flash
Of inflam'd powder, whose whole light doth lay it
Open to all discovery, even of those
Who have but half an eye, and less of nose!
An host, to find me! who is, commonly,
The log, a little o' this side the sign-post!
Or at the best some round-grown thing, a jug,
Fac'd with a beard, that fills out to the guests,
And takes in fro' the fragments o' their jests?
But I may wrong this out of sullenness,
Or my mistaking humour? Pray thee, phant'sie,
Be lay'd again. And gentle melancholy,
Do not oppress me; I will be as silent,
As the tame lover should be, and as foolish.

SCENE V.

Host, Ferret, Lovel.

Host. My guest, my guest, be jovial, I beseech thee.
I have fresh golden guests, guests o' the game:
Three coach full! lords! and ladies! new come in.

Footnote: This offence in our old law is called *Hamsoken*, and the treatise entituled *Mirror de justices* describes it in the very words of the proverb: *Hamsoken d'ancien ordinance est peche mortelle, car il est qui chesun est quiet en son besoi qui a luy est.* And to this *Shakespeare* alludes, in the following application: "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd."

First part of Henry IV. act 3. sc. 5.

And

And I will cry them to thee, and thee to them,
 So can I spring a smile, but i' this brow,
 That like the rugged Roman alderman——
 Old master Gross, surnam'd 'Αγίλας⁶, [*Enter Ferret.*
 Was never seen to laugh, but at an ass⁶.

Fer. Sir, here's the lady Frampul.

Lov. How!

Fer. And her train,
 Lord Beaufort, and lord Latimer, the colonel
 Tipto, with mrs. Pru, the chamber-maid;
 Trundle, the coachman——

Lov. Stop, discharge the house:
 And get my horses ready, bid the groom
 Bring them to the back gate.

Host. What mean you, sir?

Lov. To take fair leave, mine host.

Host. I hope, my guest,
 Tho' I have talk'd somewhat above my share,
 At large, and been i' the altitudes, th' extravagants,
 Neither my self, nor any of mine have gi'n you
 The cause to quit my house thus on the sudden.

Lov. No, I affirm it on my faith. Excuse me
 From such a rudeness; I was now beginning
 To taste and love you: and am heartily sorry,
 Any occasion should be so compelling,
 To urge my abrupt departure thus. But——
 Necessity's a tyrant, and commands it.

Host. She shall command me first to fire my bush;
 Then break up house: or, if that will not serve,
 To break with all the world. Turn country bankrupt.

⁶ *That like the rugged Roman alderman——*

Old master Gross, surnam'd 'Αγίλας⁶,

It was never seen to laugh, but at an ass.] It is necessary to give a little light to our poet's joke: the Roman alluded to, and here called master Gross, was Crassus the grandfather of Crassus the rich. And, as Pliny tells us, he was never seen to laugh but once, and that was at an ass mumbling a thistle.

I' mine own town, upo' the market-day,
And be protested for my butter and eggs,
To the last bodge of oats, and bottle of hay ;
E're you shall leave me I will break my heart :
Coach, and coach-horses, lords; and ladies pack.
All my fresh guests shall stink ! I'll pull my sign down,
Convert mine Inn to an alms-house ! or a spittle
For lazars, or switch-sellers ! turn it to
An academy o' rogues ! or gi't away
For a free-school to breed up beggars in,
And send 'em to the canting universities,
Before you leave me.

Lov. Troth, and I confess
I'm loth, mine host, to leave you : your expressions
Both take and hold me. But, in case I stay,
I must enjoin you and your whole family
To privacy, and to conceal me. For,
The secret is, I would not willingly
See, or be seen, to any of this ging,
Especially the lady.

Host. Brain o' man,
What monster is she ? or cockatrice in velvet,
That kills thus ?

Lov. O good words, mine host. She is
A noble lady ! great in blood and fortune !
Fair ! and a wit ! but of so bent a phant'sie,
As she thinks nought a happiness, but to have
A multitude of servants ! and to get them,
(Though she be very honest) yet she ventures
Upon these precipices, that would make her
Not seem so, to some prying, narrow natures.
We call her, sir, the lady Frances Frampul,
Daughter and heir to the lord Frampul.

Host. Who ?
He that did live in Oxford, first a student,
And after, married with the daughter of——

Lov. Syllly.

[master.

Host. Right, of whom the tale went, to turn puppet.

Lov. And travel with young Goose, the motion-man.

Host. And lye, and live with the gipsies half a year
Together, from his wife.

Lov. The very same :

The mad lord Frampul ! and this same is his daughter !
But as cock-brain'd as e'er the father was !

There were two of them, Frances and Lætitia,
But Lætitia was lost young ; and, as the rumour
Flew then, the mother upon it lost herself.

A fond weak woman, went away in a melancholy,
Because she brought him none but girls, she thought
Her husband lov'd her not. And he as foolish,
Too late resenting the cause giv'n, went after,
In quest of her, and was not heard of since.

Host. A strange division of a family !

Lov. And scatter'd as i' the great confusion !

Host. But yet the lady, th' heir, enjoys the land.

Lov. And takes all lordly ways how to consume it
As nobly as she can ; if cloaths, and feasting,
And the authoriz'd means of riot will do it.

[Enter Ferret.

Host. She shews her extract, and I honour her for it.

S C E N E VI.

Ferret, Lovel, Host, Prudence.

Fer. Your horses, sir, are ready ; and the house
Dis—

Lov. Pleas'd thou think'st ?

Fer. I cannot tell, discharg'd
I'm sure it is.

Lov. Charge it again, good Ferret.
And make unready the horses : thou know'st how.
7 Chalk

'Chalk, and renew the rondels, I am now
Resolv'd to stay.

Fer. I easily thought so,
When you should hear what's purpos'd.

Lov. What?

Fer. To throw
The house out o' the windo'?

Host. Brain o' man,
I shall ha' the worst o' that! will they not throw
My household-stuff out first, cushions, and carpet,
Chairs, stools, and bedding? is not their sport my ruin?

Lov. Fear not, mine host, I am not o' the fellowship.

Fer. I cannot see, sir, how you will avoid it;
They know already, all, you are i' the house.

Lov. Who know?

Fer. The lords: they ha' seen me, and enquir'd it.

Lov. Why were you seen?

Fer. Because indeed I had
No med'cine, sir, to go invisible:
No fern-seed in my pocket; nor an opal
Wrapt in bay-leaf i' my left fist,
To charm their eyes with.

Host. He does give you reasons
As round as Gyges' ring: which, say the antients,
Was a hoop ring; and that is, round as a hoop.

Lov. You will ha' your rebus still, mine host.

Host. I must.

Fer. My lady too look'd out o' the windo', and call'd
And see where secretary Pru comes from her, [me.
[Enter Prudence.

[CHALK, and renew the RONDELS.] He is now resolv'd to stay,
and therefore orders his servant to begin a fresh score or account.
In publick houses, what is called for is usually set up with *chalk*.
But the word *rondels* requires an explanation: I apprehend it means
the circles, which are used to denominate shillings in an ale-house
score. *Rondel*, or *roundel*, is a term in heraldry, to denote a round
ball; and from this use of it, our poet, I presume, applies it in the
sense I have assigned.

Employ'd upon some embassy unto you——

Host. I'll meet her if she come upon employment :
Fair lady, welcome, as your host can make you.

Pru. Forbear, sir, I am first to have mine audience;
Before the compliment. This gentleman
Is my address to.

Host. And it is in state.

Pru. My lady, sir, as glad o' the encounter
To find a servant here, and such a servant,
Whom she so values; with her best respects,
Desires to be remembred; and invites
Your nobleness to be a part, to-day,
Of the society, and mirth intended
By her, and the young lords, your fellow-servants;
Who are alike ambitious of enjoying
The fair request; and to that end have sent
Me, their imperfect orator, to obtain it :
Which if I may, they have elected me,
And crown'd me, with the title of a sovereign
Of the day's sports devised i' the Inn,
So you be pleas'd to add your suffrage to it.

Lev. So I be pleas'd, my gentle mistress Prudence?
You cannot think me of that coarse condition *,
T' envy you any thing.

Host. That's nobly said!
And like my guest!

Lev. I gratulate your honour;
And should, with cheer, lay hold on any handle
That could advance it. But for me to think,
I can be any rag or particle
O' your lady's care, more than to fill her list,
She being the lady, that professeth still
To love no soul or body, but for ends,
Which are her sports: and is not nice to speak this,

* You cannot think me of that COARSE CONDITION.] *Coarse*
disposition, Edit. 1634.

But doth proclaim it, in all companies :
Her ladyship must pardon my weak counsels,
And weaker will, if I decline t'obey her.

Pru. O master Lovel, you must not give credit
To all that ladies publickly profess,
† Or talk, o' the voleè, unto their servants.
Their tongues and thoughts oft-times lye far asunder;
Yet when they please, they have their cabinet-counsels;
And reserv'd thoughts, and can retire themselves
As well as others.

Host. I, the subtlest of us!
All that is born within a lady's lips——

Pru. Is not the issue of their hearts, mine host.

Host. Or kiss or drink afore me.

Pru. Stay, excuse me ;
Mine errand is not done. Yet, if her ladyship's
Slighting, or disesteem, sir, of your service,
Hath formerly begot any distaste,
Which I not know of : here I vow unto you,
Upon a chamber-maid's simplicity,
Reserving, still, the honour of my lady,
I will be bold to hold the glass up to her,
To shew her ladyship where she hath err'd,
And how to tender satisfaction ;
So you vouchsafe to prove, but the day's venture.

Host. What say you, sir ? where are you ? are you
[within ?

Lov. Yes, I will wait upon her and the company.

Host. It is enough, queen Prudence ; I will bring him :
And o' this kiss. I long'd to kiss a queen !

Lov. There is no life on earth, but being in love !
There are no studies, no delights, no business,
No intercourse, or trade of sense, or soul,
But what is love ! I was the laziest creature,

† Or talk o' the voleè.] i. e. without thinking, rashly, and at random : the French phrase is, à la voleè,

The most unprofitable sign of nothing,
 The veriest drone, and slept away my life
 Beyond the dormouse, till I was in love !
 And now, I can outwake the nightingale,
 Out-watch an usurer, and out-walk him too,
 Stalk like a ghost, that haunted 'bout a treasure,
 And all that phant'sied treasure, it is love.

Host. But is your name Love-ill, sir, or Love-well ?
 I would know that.

Lov. I do not know't myself,
 Whether it is. But it is love hath been
 The hereditary passion of our house,
 My gentle host, and, as I guess, my friend ;
 The truth is, I have lov'd this lady long,
 And impotently, with desire enough,
 But no success : for I have still forborn
 To express it, in my person, to her.

Host. How then ?

Lov. I ha' sent her toys, verses, and anagrams,
 Trials o' wit, mere trifles she has commended,
 But knew not whence they came, nor could she guess.

Host. This was a pretty ridling way of wooing !

Lov. I oft have been, too, in her company ;
 And look'd upon her a whole day ; admir'd her ;
 Lov'd her, and did not tell her so ; lov'd still,
 " Look'd still, and lov'd ; and lov'd, and look'd, and
 But, as a man neglected, I came off, [sigh'd :"
 And unregarded——

Host. Could you blame her, sir,
 When you were silent, and not said a word ?

Lov. O but I lov'd the more ; and she might read it
 Best in my silence, had she been——

Host. As melancholick

As you are. 'Pray you, why would you stand mute, sir ?

Lov. O thereon hangs a history, mine host.
 Did you ever know, or hear of the lord Beaufort,
 Who serv'd so bravely in France ? I was his page,

And

And e're he dy'd, his friend : I follow'd him,
 First, i' the wars, and, i' the times of peace,
 I waited on his studies ; which were right.
 He had no Arthurs, nor no Rosicleers,
 No knights o' the Sun, nor Amadis de Gauls,
 Primalions, Pantagruels, publick nothings ;
 Abortives of the fabulous dark cloyster,
 Sent out to poison courts and infest manners :
 But great Achilles, Agamemnon's acts,
 Sage Nestor's counsels, and Ulysses' flights,
 Tydides' fortitude, as Homer wrought them
 In his immortal phant'ie, for examples
 Of the heroic virtue. Or, as Virgil,
 That master of the Epic poem, limn'd
 Pious Æneas, his religious prince,
 Bearing his aged parent on his shoulders,
 Rapt from the flames of Troy, with his young son.
 And these he brought to practice, and to use.
 He gave me first my breeding, I acknowledge,
 Then shower'd his bounties on me, like the Hours*,
 That open-handed sit upon the clouds,
 And press the liberality of heaven
 Down to the laps of thankful men ! but then !
 The trust committed to me at his death,
 Was above all, and left so strong a tie
 On all my powers, as time shall not dissolve !
 Till it dissolve itself, and bury all !
 The care of his brave heir, and only son !
 Who being a virtuous, sweet, young, hopeful lord,
 Hath cast his first affections on this lady.
 And though I know, and may presume her such,

* Then shower'd his bounties on me, like Hours &c.] It is pity so fine
 a passage should have been given with such mistakes ; but our com-
 fort is, the emendation is as easy and obvious : for *Hours*, which
 conveys no idea, we are to read *like the Hours* ; the poetical god-
 des presiding over the several seasons.

As, out of humour, will return no love;
 And therefore might indifferently be made
 The courting-stock, for all to practise on,
 As she doth practise on all us, to scorn.
 Yet, out of a religion to my charge,
 And debt profess'd, I've made a self-decree,
 Ne'er to express my person, though my passion
 Burn me to cinders.

Hof. Then you're not so subtil,
 Or half so read in love-craft, as I took you:
 Come, come, you are no phoenix, an' you were,
 I should expect no miracle from your ashes.
 Take some advice. Be still that rag of love,
 You are. Burn on till you turn tinder.
 This chamber-maid may hap to prove the steel,
 To strike a sparkle out o' the flint, your mistress
 May beget bon-fires yet, you do not know,
 What light may be forc'd out, and from what darkness,

Lev. Nay, I am so resolv'd, as still I'll love
 Tho' not confess it.

Hof. That's, sir, as it chances:
 We'll throw the dice for it: cheer up.

Lev. I do.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Lady, Prudence.

Lad. **C**OME wench, this suit will serve: dispatch,
 make ready.

It was a great deal with the biggest for me,
 Which made me leave it off after once wearing.
 How does it sit? wil't come together?

Pru. Hardly.

Lad.

Lad. Thou must make shift with it. Pride feels no
[pain.

Girt thee hard, Pru. Pox o' this errant taylor,
He angers me beyond all mark of patience.
These base mechanicks never keep their word,
In any thing they promise.

Pru. 'Tis their trade, madam,
To swear and break, they all grow rich by breaking;
More than their words; their honesties, and credits,
Are still the first commodity they put off.

Lad. And worst, it seems, which makes 'em do't so
If he had but broke with me, I had not car'd, [often.
But with the company, the body politick——

Pru. Frustrate our whole design, having that time,
And the materials in so long before?

Lad. And he to fail in all, and disappoint us?
The rogue deserves a torture——

Pru. To be crop'd
With his own scissars.

Lad. Let's devise him one.

Pru. And ha' the stumps scar'd up with his own scar-
[ing candle?

Lad. Close to his head, to trundle on his pillow?
I'll ha' the lease of his house cut out into measures.

Pru. And he be strangled with 'em.

Lad. No, no life
I would ha' toucht, but stretch'd on his own yard
He should be a little, ha' the strappado!

Pru. Or an ell of tassata
Drawn thro' his guts, by way of glyster, and fir'd
With aqua vitæ?

Lad. Burning i' the hand
With the pressing-iron cannot save him.

Pru. Yes,
Now I have got this on: I do forgive him,
What robes he should ha' brought.

Lad.

Lad. Thou art not cruel,
Although strait-lac'd, I see, Pru!

Pru. This is well.

Lad. 'Tis rich enough, but 'tis not what I meant thee!
I would ha' had thee braver than myself,
And brighter far. 'Twill fit the players yet,
When thou hast done with it, and yield thee somewhat.

Pru. That were illiberal, madam, and mere fardid
In me, to let a suit of yours come there.

Lad. Tut, all are players, and but serve the scene,
[I'ru,

Dispatch: I fear thou dost not like the province,
Thou art so long a fitting thyself for it.
Here is a scarf to make thee a knot finer.

Pru. You send me a-feasting, madam.

Lad. Wear it, wench.

Pru. Yes, but with leave o' your ladyship, I would
[tell you,

This can but bear the face of an odd journey.

Lad. Why, Pru?

Pru. A lady of your rank and quality,
To come to a publick inn, so many men,
Young lords and others, i' your company!
And not a woman but myself, a chamber-maid!

Lad. Thou doubtst to be overlaid, Pru? fear it not,
I'll bear my part, and share with thee i' the venture.

Pru. O but the censure, madam, is the main,
What will they say of you? or judge of me?
To be translated thus, 'bove all the bound
Of fitness or decorum?

Lad. How now, Pru!

Turn'd fool upo' the sudden, and talk idly
I' thy best clothes! shoot bolts and sentences
T' affright babies with! as if I liv'd
To any other scale than what's my own?
Or fought myself, without myself, from home?

Pru. Your ladyship will pardon me my fault,
If I have over-shot, I'll shoot no more.

Lad. Yes shoot again, good Pru, I'll ha' thee shoot,
And aim, and hit : I know 'tis love in thee,
And so I do interpret it.

Pru. Then madam,
I'd crave a farther leave.

Lad. Be it to license,
It sha' not want an ear, Pru. Say, what is it ?

Pru. A toy I have, to raise a little mirth
To the design in hand.

Lad. Out with it, Pru,
If it but chime of mirth.

Pru. Mine host has, madam,
A pretty boy i' the house, a dainty child,
His son, and is of your ladyship's name, too, Francis,
Whom if your ladyship would borrow of him,
And give me leave to dress him as I would,
Should make the finest lady and kinswoman,
To keep you company, and deceive my lords,
Upo' the matter, with a fountain o' sport.

Lad. I apprehend thee, and the source of mirth
That it may breed ; but is he bold enough,
The child ? and well assur'd ?

Pru. As I am, madam,
Have him in no suspicion, more than me.
Here comes mine host ; will you but please to ask him,
Or let me make the motion ?

Lad. Which thou wilt, Pru.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*Host, Lady, Prudence, Frank:**Host.* Your ladyship, and all your train are welcome.*Lad.* I thank my hearty host.*Host.* So is your sovereignty,
Madam, I wish you joy o' your new gown.*Lad.* It should ha' been, my host; but Stuff our
[taylor

Has broke with us; you shall be o' the counsel.

Pru. He will deserve it, madam. My lady has heard
You have a pretty son, mine host, she'll see him.*Lad.* I, very fain, I pray thee let me see him, host.*Host.* Your ladyship shall presently:
Bid Frank come hither, anon, unto my lady.
It is a bashful child, homely brought up,
In a rude hostelry. But the Light-Heart
Is now his father's, and it may be his.
Here he comes. Frank, salute my lady.*Fra.* I do.What, madam, I am design'd ~~to do~~, by my birth-right,
As heir of the Light-heart, bid you most welcome.*Lad.* And I believe your most, my pretty boy,
Being so emphas'd by you.*Fra.* Your ladyship, madam,
If you believe it such, are sure to make it.*Lad.* Prettily answered! Is your name Francis?*Fra.* Yes, madam.*Lad.* I love mine own the better.*Fra.* If I knew yours,
I should make haste to do so too, good madam.*Lad.* It is the same with yours.*Fra.* Mine then acknowledgeth
The lustre it receives, by being nam'd after.

Lad. You will win upon me in compliment.

Fra. By silence.

Lad. A modest and fair well-spoken child.

Host. Her ladyship shall have him, sovereign Pru,
Or what I have beside; divide my Heart

Between you and your lady. Make your use of it:

My house is yours, my son is yours. Behold,

I tender him to your service; Frank, become

What these brave ladies would ha' you. Only this,

There is a chare-woman i' the house, his nurse,

An Irish-woman, I took in a beggar,

That waits upon him, a poor, silly fool,

But an impertinent and sedulous one

As ever was; will vex you on all occasions,

Never be off, or from you, but in her sleep;

Or drink which makes it; she doth love him so,

Or rather doat on him. Now, for her, a shape,

And we may dress her (and I'll help) to fit her,

With a tuft-taffata cloke, an old French hood,

And other pieces, heterogene enough.

Pru. We ha' brought a standard of apparel down,
Because this taylor fail'd us i' the main.

Host. She shall advance the game.

Pru. About it then.

And send but Trundle hither, the coachman, to me.

Host. I shall: but Pru, let Lovel ha' fair quarter,

Pru. The best.

Lad. Our host (methinks) is very gamefome!

Pru. How like you the boy?

Lad. A miracle!

Pru. Good madam,

But take him in, and sort a suit for him.

I'll give our Trundle his instructions;

And wait upon your ladyship i' the instant.

Lad. But Pru, what shall we call him, when we ha'
drest him?

Pru.

Pru. My lady No-body, any thing, what you will.

Lad. Call him Lætitia, by my sister's name,
And so 'twill mind our mirth too we have in hand *.

S C E N E III.

Prudence, Trundle.

Pru. Good Trundle, you must straight make ready
[the coach,

And lead the horses out but half a mile,
Into the fields, whither you will, and then
Drive in again with the coach-leaves put down,
At the back gate, and so to the back stairs,
As if you brought in some body to my lady,
A kinswoman that she sent for. Make that answer,
If you be ask'd; and give it out i' the house so.

Tru. What trick is this, good mistress Secretary,
You'd put upon us?

Pru. Us? do you speak plural?

Tru. Me and my mares are us.

Pru. If you so join 'em,

Elegant Trundle, you may use your figures:
I can but urge, it is my lady's service.

Tru. Good mistress Prudence, you can urge enough;
I know you are secretary to my lady,
And mistress steward.

Pru. You'll still be trundling,
And ha' your wages stopt, now at the audit.

Tru. Tis true, you're gentlewoman o' the horse too;
Or what you will beside, Pru. I do think it
My best t' obey you.

Pru. And I think so too, Trundle.

* And so 'twill mind our mirth too we have in hand.] A marginal reading, in Mr. Theobald's copy, proposes *mend our mirth*, as the juster expression; and indeed, *mind our mirth* is hardly sense, without putting on it a very harsh construction.

SCENE IV.

Beaufort, Latimer, Host.

Bea. Why, here's return enough of both our ventures,
If we do make no more discovery.

Lat. What?

Then o' this parasite?

Bea. O he's a dainty one,
The parasite o' the house.

Lat. Here comes mine host.

Host. My lords, you both are welcome to the Heart.

Bea. To the Light-Heart, we hope.

Lat. And merry, I swear.

We never yet felt such a fit of laughter,
As your glad Heart hath offered us sin' we entred.

Bea. How came you by this property?

Host. Who! my Fly?

Bea. Your Fly, if you call him so.

Host. Nay, he is that,
And wi'll be still.

Bea. In every dish and pot?

Host. In every cup and company, my lords,
A creature of all liquors, all complexions,
Be the drink what it will he'll have his sip.

Lat. He's fitted with a name.

Host. And he joys in't.

I had him when I came to take the Inn here,
Assign'd me over in the inventory,
As an old implement, a piece of household-stuff,
And so he doth remain.

Bea. Just such a thing

We thought him.

Lat. Is he a scholar?

Host. Nothing less.

But colours for it, as you see: wears black,

And

And speaks a little tainted, fly-blown Latin;
After the school.

Bea. Of Stratford o' the Bow :
For Lillie's Latin is to him unknown¹.

Lat. What calling has he?

Host. Only to call in still,
Enflame the reckoning, bold to charge a bill,
Bring up the shot i' the rear, as his own word is.

Bea. And do's it in the discipline of the house?
As corporal o' the field, maestro del campo?

Host. And visiter general of all the rooms:
He has form'd a fine militia for the Inn too.

Bea. And means to publish it?

Host. With all his titles;
Some call him deacon Fly, some doctor Fly;
Some captain, some lieutenant: but my folks
Do call him quarter-master Fly, which he is.

S C E N E V.

Tipto, Host, Fly, L. Beaufort, L. Latimer.

Tip. Come, quarter-master, Fly.

Host. Here's one already
Hath got his titles.

Tip. Doctor!

Fly. Noble colonel!
No doctor, yet a poor professor of ceremony,
Here i' the Inn retainer to the host,

¹ *After the school.*

Bea. Of STRATFORD O' THE BOW :

For Lillie's Latin is to him unknown.] Alluding to the following
lines in Chaucer's *Character of the prioress* :

" And French she spake full fayr and fetisly, .

" After the school of Statford atte Bowe,

" For French of Paris was to her unknowe."

1 dis

I discipline the house.

Tip. Thou read'st a lecture
Unto the family here: when is the day?

Fly. This is the day.

Tip. I'll hear thee, and I'll ha' thee a doctor,
Thou shalt be one, thou hast a doctor's look!

A face disputative, of Salamanca.

Host. Who's this?

Lat. The glorious colonel Tipto, host.

Bea. One talks upon his tiptoes, if you'll hear him.

Tip. Thou hast good learning in thee, *maeste* Fly.

Fly. And I say *maeste* to my colonel.

Host. Well *maeste* of 'em both.

Bea. They are match'd i' faith.

Tip. But Fly, why *maeste*?

Fly. *Quasi magis aucte*,

My honourable colonel.

Tip. What a critique?

Host. There's another accession, critique Fly.

Lat. I fear a taint here i' the mathematicks.

They say, lines paralell do never meet,

He has met his parallel in wit and school-craft.

Bea. They side, not meet, man, mend your meta-
And save the credit of your mathematicks. [phor,

Tip. But Fly, how cam'st thou to be here, committed
Unto this Inn?

Fly. Upon suspicion o' drink, sir.
I was taken late one night here with the tapster,
And the under-officers, and so deposited.

Tip. I will redeem thee, Fly, and place thee better,
With a fair lady.

Fly. A lady, sweet sir Glorious!

* Unto this Inn? upon suspicion of drink, sir.] It is evident the latter part of this line must be given to Fly, whose name I have there-fore inserted where it should be.

Tip. A sov'reign lady. Thou shalt be the bird
To sovereign Pru, queen of our sports, her Fly,
The Fly in household and in ordinary;
Bird of her ear, and she shall wear thee there!
A Fly of gold, enamel'd, and a School-fly.

Host. The school then, are my stables, or the cellar,
Where he doth study deeply, at his hours,
Cases of cups, I do not know how spic'd
With conscience, for the tapster and the hostler; as
Whose horses may be cosen'd? or what jugs
Fill'd up with froth? that is his way of learning.

Tip. What antiquated feather's that that talks?

Fly. The worshipful host, my patron, mr. Good-
A merry Greek, and cants in Latin comely, [stock,
Spins like the parish top.

Tip. I'll set him up then.

Art thou the Dominus?

Host. Fac-totum here, sir:

Tip. Host really o' the house? and cap of main-
[tenance?

Host. The lord o' the Light-Heart, sir, cap-a-pie;
Whereof the feather is the emblem, colonel,
Put up with the Ace of Hearts!

Tip. But why in cuerpo?

I hate to see an host, and old, in Cuerpo.

Host. Cuerpo? what's that?

Tip. Light skipping hose and doublet.
The horse-boys garb! poor blank and half blank
They relish not the gravity of an host,
Who should be king at arms, and ceremonies cuerpo,
In his own house! know all, to the gold weights¹.

¹ Know all, to the GOLD WEIGHTS.] i. e. every minute particular
with great exactness. The weights made use of in weighing gold
being reducible to very small quantities, such as carats, grains, &c.

Bea. Why that his Fly doth for him here, your bird.

Tip. But I would do it my self were I my host,
I would not speak unto a cook of quality,
Your lordship's footman, or my lady's Trundle,
In Cuerpo ! if a dog but stay'd below,
That were a dog of fashion, and well nos'd,
And could present himself ; I would put on
The Savoy chain about my neck, the ruff
And cuffs of Flanders, then the Naples hat,
With the Rome hatband, and the Florentine agate,
The Milan sword, the cloke of Genoa, set
With Brabant buttons ; all my given pieces
Except my gloves, the natives of Madrid,
To entertain him in ; and compliment
With a tame coney, as with a prince that sent it.

Host. The same deeds, tho', become not every man ;
That that fits a colonel, will not fit an host.

Tip. Your Spanish host is never seen in cuerpo,
Without his paramentos, cloke and sword.

Fly. Sir, he has the father
Of swords within, a long sword ; blade Cornish stil'd
Of sir Rud Hughdebras.

Tip. And why a long sword, bully bird ? thy sense ?

Fly. To note him a tall man, aad a master of fence.

Tip. But doth he teach the Spanish way of don Lewis ?

It should be observed that this, and the following speech, occur almost verbatim in *Fletcher's Love's Pilgrimage* ; so likewise does the 1st scene of the 3d act, and I refer the reader to note the 2d on that act, where he will find a reason assigned for it.

* *Tip.* And with a long sword, bully-bird ? thy sense ? I apprehend we have a slight mistake in this line : Fly had just before said, the host was possessed of a long sword ; to which the other naturally replies,

And why a long sword, bully bird ? thy sense ? i. e. reason for it.
With therefore seems to be a corruption, and why the genuine reading.

Fly. No, the Greek master he.

Tip. What call you him?

Fly. Euclid.

Tip. Fart upon Euclid, he is stale and antick.
Gi' me the moderns.

Fly. Sir, he minds no moderns,
' Go by, Hieronimo!

Tip. What was he?

Fly. The Italian,
That play'd with abbot Antony i' the Fryers,
And Blinkin-sops the bold.

Tip. I marry, those
I had fencing names, what's become o' them?

Host. They had their times, and we can say, they were.
So had Caranza his: so had don Lewis.

Tip. Don Lewis of Madrid is the sole master
Now of the world.

Host. But this o' the other world
Euclid demonstrates! he! he's for all!
The only fencer of name, now in Elysium.

Fly. He does it all by lines and angles, colonel;
By parallels and sections, has his diagrams!

Bea. Wilt thou be flying, Fly.

Lat. At all, why not?
The air's as free for a fly as for an eagle.

Bea. A buzzard! he is in his contemplation!

Tip. Euclid a fencer, and in the Elysium!

Host. He play'd a prize last week with Archimedes,
And beat him I assure you.

Tip. Do you assure me?
For what?

Host. For four i' the hundred. Gi' me five,

' Go by, Hieronymo.] A by-word taken from the tragedy
of *Hieronymo*, of which the reader has a full account in *Every man*
in his humour.

And

And I assure you again.

Tip. Host peremptory,
You may be ta'en, but where? whence had you this?

Host. Upo' the road. A post that came from thence,
Three days ago, here, left it with the tapster.

Fly. Who is indeed a thorough-fare of news,
Jack Jug with the broken belly, a witty fellow!

Host. Your bird here heard him.

Tip. Did you hear him, bird?

Host. Speak i' the faith of a Fly.

Fly. Yes, and he told us
Of one that was the prince of Orange's fencer,

Tip. Stevinus?

Fly. Sir, the same had challeng'd Euclid
At thirty weapons more than Archimedes
E'er saw, and engines; most of his own invention.

Tip. This may have credit, and chimes reason, this!
If any man endanger Euclid, bird,
Observe, that had the honour to quit Europe
This forty year, 'tis he. He put down Scaliger.

Fly. And he was a great master.

Bea. Not of fence, Fly.

Tip. Excuse him, lord, he went o' the same grounds.

Bea. On the same earth I think, with other mortals.

Tip. I mean, sweet lord, the mathematicks. Basta!
When thou know'st more, thou wilt take less green ho-
He had his circles, semicircles, quadrants— [nour.

Fly. He writ a book o' the quadrature of the circle—

Tip. Cyclometria, I read——

Bea. The title only.

Lat. And Indice.

Bea. If it had one; of that quære:
What insolent, half-witted things these are?

Lat. So are all smatterers, insolent, and impudent.

Bea. They lightly go together.

Lat. 'Tis my wonder

Two animals should hawk at all discourse thus !
Flie every subject to the mark, or retrieve——

Bea. And never ha' the luck to be i' the right ?

Lat. 'Tis some folks fortune !

Bea. Fortune is a bawd,
And a blind beggar : 'tis their vanity !
And shews most vilely !

Tip. I could take the Heart now
To write unto don Lewis into Spain,
To make a progress to the Elysian fields
Next summer——

Bea. And persuade him to die for fame,
Of fencing with a shadow ! Where's mine host ?
I would he had heard this bubble break, i'faith.

S C E N E VI.

*Host, Tipto, Prudence, Beaufort, Latimer, Frank,
Nurse, Lady, Fly, Lovel.*

Host. Make place, stand by, for the queen-regent,
[gentlemen.

Tip. This is thy queen that shall be, bird, our so-

Bea. Translated Prudence ! [vereign.

Pru. Sweet my lord, hand off ;
It is not now, as when plain Prudence liv'd,
And reach'd her ladyship——

Host. The chamber-pot,

Pru. The looking-glass, mine host ; loose your house
You've a negligent memory indeed ; [metaphor ?
Speak the host's language. Here's a young lord
Will make't a precedent else.

Lat. Well acted, Pru.

Host. First minute of her reign ! what will she do
Forty years hence ? God bless her !

Pru.

Pru. If you'll kifs,
Or complement, my lord, behold a lady,
A stranger and my lady's kinswoman.

Bea. I do confefs my rudeness, that had need
To have mine eye directed to this beauty.

Fra. It was so little, as it ask'd a Perspicill.

Bea. Lady, your name?

Fra. My lord, it is Lætitia.

Bea. Lætitia! a fair omen! and I take it.
Let me have still such Lettice for my lips :
But that o' your family, lady?

Fra. Sylly, sir.

Bea. My lady's kinswoman?

Fra. I am so honour'd.

Host. Already, it takes!

Lad. An excellent fine boy.

Nur. He is descended of a right good stock, sir.

Bea. What's this? an antiquary?

Host. An antiquity,

By th' dress, you'd swear! an old Welsh herald's wi-
She's a wild Irish born! sir, and a Hybride, [dow :
That lives with this young lady a mile off here,
And studies Vincent against York *.

Bea. She'll conquer
If she read Vincent. Let me study her.

Host. She's perfect in most pedigrees, most descents.

Bea. A bawd, I hope, and knows to blaze a coat.

Host. And judgeth all things with a single eye.

Fly, come you hither; no discovery
Of what you see, to your colonel Toe, or Tip here,

* And studies VINCENT against YORK.] There was a dispute on foot about this time between two heralds at arms; one was Vincent, and the other Brook who was York herald. Vincent published a book, entitled, *A discovery of errors in two editions of the Catalogue of nobility*, written by Ralph Brook.

But keep all close, tho' you stand in the way o' prefer-
 Seek it off from the road ; no flattery for't : [ment,
 No lick-foot, pain of losing your proboscis :
 My liquorish Fly.

Tip. What says old velvet-head ?

Fly. He will present me himself, sir, if you will not.

Tip. Who ? he present ? what ? whom ? an host ?
 [a groom ?

Divide the thanks with me ? share in my glories ?

Lay up. I say no more.

Host. Then silence, sir,
 And hear the sovereign.

Tip. Hostlers ? to usurp
 Upon my Sparta or province, as they say ?
 No broom but mine ?

Host. Still colonel you mutter !

Tip. I dare speak out, as Cuerdo.

Fly. Noble colonel——

Tip. And carry what I ask——

Host. Ask what you can, sir,
 So't be i' the house.

Tip. I ask my rights and privileges ;
 And tho' for form I please to call't a suit,
 I have not been accustomed to repulse.

Pru. No, sweet sir Glorious, you may still com-

Host. And go without. [mand—

Pru. But yet, sir, being the first,
 And call'd a suit, you'll look it shall be such
 As we may grant.

Lad. It else denies it self.

Pru. You hear the opinion of the court.

Tip. I mind no court opinions.

Pru. 'Tis my lady's though.

Tip. My lady is a spinster at the law,
 And my petition is of right.

Pru. What is it ?

Tip.

Tip. It is for this poor learned bird.

Host. The fly.

Tip. Professor in the Inn, here, of small matters.

Lat. How he commends him!

Host. As to save himself in him.

Lad. So do all politicks in their commendations.

Host. This is a state bird, and the verier fly.

Tip. Hear him problematize.

Pru. Bless us, what's that?

Tip. Or syllogize, clenchize.

Lad. Sure, petards

To blow us up.

Lat. Some inginous strong words!

Host. He means to erect a castle i' the air,
And make his fly an elephant to carry it.

Tip. Bird of the arts he is, and Fly by name!

Pru. Buz.

Host. Blow him off, good Pru, they'll mar all else.

Tip. The sovereign's honour is to cherish learning.

Pru. What in a fly?

Tip. In any thing industrious.

Pru. But flies are busy!

Lad. Nothing more troublesome,
Or importune!

Tip. There's nothing more domestic,
Tame or familiar, than your fly in Cuerpo.

Host. That is when his wings are cut, he is tame
[indeed, else
Nothing more impudent and greedy; licking;

Lad. Or saucy, good sir Glorious.

Pru. Leave your advocateship
Except that we shall call you orator Fly,
And send you down to the dresser and the dishes.

Host. A good flap that!

Pru. Commit you to the steem.

Lad. Or else condemn you to the bottles.

Pru.

Pru. And pots.
There is his quarry.

Host. He will chirp far better,
Your bird, below.

Lad. And make you finer musick.

Pru. His buz will there become him.

Tip. Come away,

Buz, in their faces : give 'em all the buz,
Dor in their ears and eyes, hum, dor, and buz !
I will statuminate and under-prop thee.

If they scorn us, let us scorn them——We'll find
The thorough-fare below, and quære him ;
Leave these relicts, buz ; they shall see that I,
Spite of their jeers, dare drink, and with a fly.

Lat. A fair remove at once of two impertinents !
Excellent Pru ! I love thee for thy wit,
No less than state.

Pru. One must preserve the other.

Lad. Who's here ?

Pru. O Lovel, madam, your sad servant.

Lad. Sad ? he is sullen still, and wears a cloud
About his brows ; I know not how to approach him.

Pru. I will instruct you, madam, if that be all,
Go to him, kiss him.

Lad. How, Pru ?

Pru. Go, and kiss him,
I do command it.

Lad. Th'art not wild, wench !

Pru. No,
Tame, and exceeding tame, but still your sovereign.

Lad. Hath too much bravery made thee mad ?

Pru. Nor proud.
Do what I do enjoin you. No disputing
Of my prerogative, with a front or frown ;
Do not detract ; you know th' authority
Is mine, and I will exercise it swiftly,
If you provoke me.

Lad. I have woven a net

To

To snare my self in ! sir, I am enjoin'd
To tender you a kifs ; but do not know
Why, or wherefore, only the pleasure royal
Will have it so, and urges——Do not you
Triumph on my obedience, seeing it forc'd thus.
There 'tis.

Lov. And welcome. Was there ever kifs
That relish'd thus ! or had a sting like this,
Of so much Nectar, but with aloes mixt.

Pru. No murmuring, nor repining, I am fixt.

Lov. It had, methinks, a quintessence of either,
But that which was the better, drown'd the bitter.
How soon it pass'd away ! how unrecover'd !
The distillation of another soul

Was not so sweet ! and till I meet again
That kifs, those lips, like relish, and this taste,
Let me turn all consumption, and here waste.

Pru. The royal assent is past, and cannot alter.

Lad. You'll turn a tyrant.

Pru. Be not you a rebel.
It is a name is alike odious.

Lad. You'll hear me ?

Pru. No, not o' this argument.
Would you make laws, and be the first that break 'em ?
The example is pernicious in a subject,
And of your quality, most.

Lat. Excellent princess !

Host. Just queen !

Lat. Brave sov'reign.

Host. A she Trajan ! this !

Bra. What is't ? proceed, incomparable Pru !
I'm glad I'm scarce at leisure to applaud thee.

Lat. It's well for you, you have so happy expressions.

Lad. Yes, cry her up ; with acclamations, do,
And cry me down, run all with sovereignty :
Prince Power will never want her parasites.

Pru.

Pru. Nor murmur her pretences: master Lovel,
For so your libel here, or bill of complaint,
Exhibited, in our high court of sov'reignty,
At this first hour of our reign, declares
Against this noble lady, a disrespect
You have conceiv'd, if not receiv'd, from her.

Host. Receiv'd, so the charge lies in our bill.

Pru. We see it, his learned council, leave your plan-
We that do love our justice, above all [ing,
Our other attributes; and have the nearness,
To know your extraordinary merit,
As also to discern this lady's goodness,
And find how loth she'd be to lose the honour,
And reputation, she hath had, in having
So worthy a servant, tho' but for a few minutes;
Do here enjoin.

Host. Good!

Pru. Charge, will and command
Her ladyship, pain of our high displeasure,
And committing an extreme contempt
Unto the court, our crown and dignity.

Host. Excellent sovereign! and egregious Pru!

Pru. To entertain you for a pair of hours,
(Choose, when you please, this day) with all respects,
And valuation of a principal servant,
To give you all the titles, all the privileges,
The freedoms, favours, rights, she can bestow.

Host. Large ample words, of a brave latitude!

Pru. Or can be expected, from a lady of honour,
Or quality, in discourse, access, address.

Host. Good.

Pru. Not to give ear, or admit conference
With any person but your self. Nor there,
Of any other argument but love,
And the companion of it, gentle courtship,
For which your two hours service, you shall take
Two kisses.

Host.

Host. Noble!

Pru. For each hour a kifs,
To be ta'en freely, fully, and legally,
Before us; in the court here, and our presence.

Host. Rare.

Pru. But those hours past, and the two kisses paid,
The binding caution is, never to hope
Renewing of the time, or of the suit,
On any circumstance.

Host. A hard condition!

Lat. Had it been easier, I should have suspected
The sov'reign's justice.

Host. O you are servant,
My lord unto the lady, and a rival:
In point of law, my lord, you may be challeng'd.

Lat. I am not jealous!

Host. Of so short a time
Your lordship needs not, and being done *in foro*.

Pru. What is the answer?

Host. He craves respite, madam,
To advise with his learned council.

Pru. Be you he,
And go together quickly.

Lad. You are no tyrant?

Pru. If I be, madam, you were best appeal me!

Lat. Beaufort——

Bea. I am busy, prithee let me alone;
I have a cause in hearing too.

Lat. At what bar?

Bea. Love's court o' requests!

Lat. Bring't into the sovereignty:
It is the nobler court, afore judge Pru,
The only learned mother of the law!
And lady o' conscience, too!

Bea. 'Tis well enough
Before this mistress of requests, where it is.

Host.

Host. Let 'em not scorn you. Bear up, master Lovel,
And take your hours and kisses, they are a fortune.

Lov. Which I cannot approve, and less make use of.

Host. Still i' this cloud! why cannot you make
[use of?

Lov. Who would be rich to be so soon undone?
The beggar's best is, wealth he doth not know:
And, but to shew it him, inflames his want:

Host. Two hours at height?

Lov. That joy is too too narrow,
Would bound a love so infinite as mine;
And being past, leaves an eternal loss.
Who so prodigiously affects a feast,
To forfeit health and appetite, to see it?
Or but to taste a spoonful, would forego
All gust of delicacy ever after?

Host. These, yet, are hours of hope.

Lov. But all hours following
Years of despair, ages of misery!
Nor can so short a happiness, but spring
A world of fear, with thought of losing it;
Better be never happy, than to feel
A little of it, and then lose it ever.

Host. I do confess, it is a strict injunction;
But then the hope is, it may not be kept.
A thousand things may intervene, we see
The wind shift often, thrice a day sometimes;
Decrees may alter upon better motion,
And riper hearing. The best bow may start,
And the hand vary. Pru may be a sage
In law, and yet not sour; sweet Pru, smooth Pru,
Soft, debonaire, and amiable Pru,
May do as well as rough and rigid Pru;
And yet maintain her, venerable Pru,
Majestick Pru, and serenissimous Pru,

Try but one hour first, and as you like
The loss o' that, draw home and prove the other.

Low. If one hour could the other happy make,
I should attempt it.

Host. Put it on; and do.

Low. Or in the blest attempt that I might die!

Host. I' marry, there were happiness indeed;
Transcendent to the melancholy meant.

It were a fate above a monument,
And all inscription, to die so'. A death
For emperors to enjoy! and the kings
Of the rich East to pawn their regions for;
To sow their treasure, open all their mines,
Spend all their spices to embalm their corps,
And wrap the inches up in sheets of gold,
That sell by such a noble destiny!
And for the wrong to your friend, that fear's away,
He rather wrongs himself, following fresh light,
New eyes to swear by. If lord Beaufort change,
It is no crime in you to remain constant.
And upon these conditions, at a game
So urg'd upon you.

Pru. Sir your resolution——

Host. How is the lady affected?

Pru. Sov'reigns use not
To ask their subjects suffrage where 'tis due;
But where conditional.

Host. A royal sov'reign!

Lat. And a rare states-woman. I admire her bearing
In her new regiment.

*It were a fate above a moment,
And all inscription, to die so.]* The reader, I presume, easily
sees that *moment* and *inscription* do not exactly answer to each o-
ther; and I suppose hath prevented me in the change, by sug-
gesting *monument*, the true word.

Host.

Host. Come choose your hours,
Better be happy for a part of time,
Than not the whole : and a short part, than never.
Shall I appoint 'em, pronounce for you ?

Lov. Your pleasure.

Host. Then he designs his first hour after dinner ;
His second after supper. Say ye ? content ?

Pru. Content.

Lad. I am content.

Host. Content.

Fra. Content.

Bea. What's that ? I am content too.

Lat. You have reason,

You had it on the bye, and we observ'd it.

Nur. Trot I am not content : In fait' I am not.

Host. Why art not thou content, good Shelee-nien ?

Nur. He tauk so desperate, and so debausht,
So baudy like a courtier and a lord,
God bleß him, one that tak'th tobacco.

Host. Very well mixt.

What did he say ?

Nur. Nay, nothing to the purposh,
Or very little, nothing at all to purposh.

Host. Let him alone, Nurse.

Nur. I did tell him of Serly
Was a great family come out of Ireland
Descended of O Neal, Mac Con, Mac Dermot,
Mac Murrogh, but he mark'd not.

Host. Nor do I,

Good queen of heralds, ply the bottle, and sleep.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Tipto, Fly, Jug, Peirce, Jordan, Ferret, Trundle.

Tip. **I** Like the plot of your militia well!
It is a fine militia, and well order'd!
And the division's neat! 'twill be desir'd
Only, the expressions were a little more Spanish:
For there's the best militia o' the world!
To call 'em tertias. Tertia o' the kitchen,
The tertia of the cellar, tertia of the chamber,
And tertia of the stables.

Fly. That I can, sir;
And find out very able, fit commanders
In every tertia.

Tip. Now you are i' the right!
As i' the tertia o' the kitchen, yourself,
Being a person elegant in sauces,
There to command, as prime Maestro del campo,
Chief master of the palate, for that tertia;
Or the cook under you, 'cause you are the marshal;
And the next officer i' the field, to the host.
Then for the cellar, you have young Anon,
He's a rare fellow, what's his other name?

Fly. Peirce, sir.

Tip. Sir Peirce, I'll ha' him a cavalier.
Sir Peirce Anon will pierce us a new hog'shead!
And then your thorow-fare, Jug here, his Alfarez:
An able officer, gi' me thy beard, round Jug,
I take thee by this handle, and do love
One of thy inches! I' the chambers, Jordan here!
He is the Don del campo o' the beds.
And for the stables, what's his name?

Fly. Old Peck.

Tip. Maestro del campo, Peck ! his name is curt,
A monosyllable, but commands the horse well.

Fly. O, in an inn, sir, we have other horse,
Let those troops rest a while. Wine is the horse,
That we must charge with here.

Tip. Bring up the troops,
Or call sweet Fly ; 'tis an exact militia,
And thou an exact professor ; Lipsius Fly !
Thou shalt be call'd, and Jouse : Jack Ferret, welcome,
Old trench-master, and colonel o' the pioneers,
What canst thou bolt us now ? a coney ? or two
Out of Tom Trundle's burrow, here, the coach ?
This is the master of the carriages !

How is thy driving, Tom, good, as 'twas ?

Tru. It serves my lady, and our officer Pru.
Twelve miles an hour ! Tom has the old trundle still.

Tip. I am taken with the family here, fine fellows !
Viewing the muster-roll.

Tru. They are brave men ! [master !

Fer. And of the Fly-blown discipline all, the quarter-

Tip. The Fly's a rare bird, in his profession !
Let's sip a private pint with him, I would have him
Quit this light sign of the Light-Heart, my bird,
And lighter house. It is not for his tall
And growing gravity, so cedar-like,
To be the second to an host in Cuerpo,
That knows no elegancies ; use his own
Dictamen, and his genius, I would have him
Fly high, and strike at all. Here's young Anon too.

Pci. What wine is't gentlemen, white or claret ?

¹ And thou an exact professor, LIPSIVS FLY.] Lipsius wrote a
treatise upon the Roman militia ; so that the allusion is evident : but
what is the meaning of the following,

— " Lipsius Fly

" Thou shalt be call'd, and Jouse :"

The Christian name of Lipsius, as he wrote it in Latin, was Jusep-
of which Jouse perhaps is the German original.

Tip.

The New Inn.

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Tip. White, my brisk Anon.

Pei. I'll draw you Juno's milk
That dyed the lilies, colonel.

Tip. Do so, Peirce.

Pec. * A plague of all jades, what a clap he has gi'en

Fly. Why, how now, cousin?

Tip. Who's that?

[me?]

Fer. The hostler.

Fly. What ail'st thou, cousin Peck?

Pec. O me, my hanches!

As sure as you live, sir, he knew perfectly
I meant to cozen him. He did leer so on me,
And then he sneer'd. As who would say take, heed sirrah;
And when he saw our half-peck, which you know
Was but an old court-dish, Lord, how he stamp't!
I thought 't had been for joy. When suddenly
He cuts me a back-caper with his heels,

* *Pec.* A plague of all jades, &c.] Here should have been a stage-
direction, *Enter Peck.*

What follows in this scene, about the tricks of ostlers, occurs
likewise in the first act of Fletcher's *Love's pilgrimage*; and perhaps
there may be some difficulty in accounting for this coincidence.
We are told that some plays of Beaumont and Fletcher being left
imperfect, they were fitted for the stage by Shirley, who added what
he thought necessary to complete them: and that it is probable he
here borrowed from our author's *New Inn*, what passes between
Lazaro and Diego in *Love's pilgrimage*: and this he thought,
perhaps, might be done with safety enough, as the *New Inn*
met with ill success in the representation. Could we certainly know
that play to have been left deficient by its author, I should readily
admit the solution: but I think it more probable, this scene was
originally given to Fletcher by Jonson himself: Fletcher died in
1625, and the *New Inn* was not brought upon the stage till 1629.
Our author, therefore, might naturally redemand his own property,
when so fair an occasion occurred for employing it himself: other-
wise, I do not see how we can account for part of this play's ap-
pearing long before, in the performance of another author. It will
not, I believe, be said that Jonson was the borrower; for the whole
scene is entirely in his manner: and we have an instance in our
author's *Sejanus*, how extremely scrupulous he was in claiming to
himself what was the production of another person.

And takes me just o' the crupper. Down come I
And my whole ounce of oats! Then he neighed out,
As if he had a mare by the tail.

Fly. Troth cousin,
You are to blame to use the poor dumb Christians
So cruelly, defraud 'em o' their dimensum.
Yonder's the colonel's horse (there I look'd in)
Keeping our lady's eve! the devil a bit
He has got, sin' he came in yet! there he stands,
And looks and looks, but 'tis your pleasure, cuz,
He should look lean enough.

Pec. He has hay before him. [choke him,

Fly. Yes, but as gross as hemp, and as soon will
Unless he eat it butter'd. H' had four shoes,
And good ones, when he came in: it is a wonder,
With standing still, he should cast three.

Pec. Troth, quarter-master,
This trade is a kind of mystery, that corrupts
Our standing manners quickly: once a week,
I meet with such a brush to mollify me.
Sometimes a brace to awake my conscience,
Yet still I sleep securely.

Fly. Cousin Peck,
You must use better dealing, faith you must.

Pec. Troth, to give good example to my successors,
I could be well content to steal but two girts,
And now and then a saddle-cloth, change a bridle,
For exercise: and stay there.

Fly. If you could,
There were some hope on you, cuz. But the fate is,
You're drunk so early, you mistake whole saddles:
Sometimes a horse.

Pec. I' there's——

Fly. The wine, come cuz,
I'll talk with you anon.

Pec. Do, lose no time,
Good quarter-master.

Tip. There are the horse, come, Fly.

Fly. Charge, in boys, in; lieutenant o' the ordnance,
Tobacco and pipes.

Tip. Who's that? Old Jordan, good!

A comely vessel, and a necessary.

New-scour'd he is: here's to thee, martial Fly.

In milk, my young Anon says.

Pei. Cream o' the grape!

That dropt from Juno's breasts, and sprung the lily!

I can recite your fables, Fly. Here is, too,

The blood of Venus, mother of the rose!

Jor. The dinner is gone up.

Jug. I hear the whistle.

Jor. I, and the fiddlers. We must all go wait.

Pei. Pox o' this waiting, quarter-master Fly.

Fly. When chambermaids are sovereigns, wait their
Fly scorns to breathe. [ladies;

Pec. Or blow upon them, he.

Pei. Old parcel Peck! art thou there? how now? lame?

Pec. Yes faith: it is ill halting afore cripples;

I ha' got a dash of a jade, here, will stick by me.

Pei. O you have had some phant'sie, fellow Peck,
Some revelation——

Pec. What?

Pei. To steal the hay
Out o' the racks again.

Fly. I told him so,
When the guests backs were turn'd.

Tip. *Who's that? O'd Jordan, good!* I should imagine that
Tipto did not ask the question, for the pleasure of answering it him-
self. It seems most probable, that the answer is Fly's property,
and ought to be restored him, and the whole perhaps should be read
thus:

Tip. Who's that?

Fly. Old Jordan.

Tip. Good!

Pei. Or bring his peck,
The bottom upwards, heap'd with oats; and cry,
Here's the best measure upon all the road! when,
You know, the guest put in his hand to feel
And smell to the oats, that grated all his fingers
Upo' the wood——

Pec. Mum!

Pei. And found out your cheat.

Pec. I ha' been i' the cellar, Peirce.

Pei. You were then there,
Upo' your knees, I do remember it:
To ha' the fact conceal'd. I could tell more,
Soping of saddles, cutting of horse tails,
And cropping—Pranks of ale and hostelry——

Fly. Which he cannot forget, he says, young knights;
No more than you can other deeds of darkness,
Done i' the cellar.

Tip. Well said, bold professor.

Fer. We shall ha' some truth explain'd.

Pei. We are all mortal,
And have our visions.

Pec. Truly, it seems to me,
That every horse has his whole peck, and tumbles
Up to the ears in litter.

Fly. When, indeed
There's no such matter, not a smell of provender.

Fer. Not so much straw as would tie up a horse-tail!

Fly. Nor any thing i' the rack but two old cob-webs!
And so much rotten hay as had been a hen's nest!

Tru. And yet he's ever apt to sweep the mangers!

Fer. But puts in nothing.

Pei. These are fits and fancies,
Which you must leave, good Peck.

Fly. And you must pray
It may be reveal'd to you at some times,
Whole horse you ought to cozen; with what consciences

The

The how, and when; a parson's horse may suffer—

Pei. Whose master's double benefic'd; put in that.

Fly. A little greasing i' the teeth; 'tis wholesome;
And keeps him in a sober shuffle.

Pei. His saddle too
May want a stirrup.

Fly. And, it may be sworn,
His learning lay o' one side, and so broke it.

Pec. They have ever oats i' their cloke-bags, to
[affront us.

Fly. And therefore 'tis an office meritorious,
To tithe such soundly.

Pei. And graziers may——

Fer. O they are pinching pucksifts!

Tru. And suspicious.

Pei. Suffer before the master's face, sometimes.

Fly. He shall think he sees his horse eat half a bushel.

Pei. When the slight is, rubbing his gums with salt,
Till all the skin come off, he shall but mumble,
Like an old woman that were chewing brawn,
And drop 'em out again.

Tip. Well argu'd, cavalier.

Fly. It may do well; and go for an example:
But cuz, have a care of understanding horses,
Horses with angry heels, nobility horses,
Horses that know the world; let them have meat
Till their teeth ake; and rubbing till their ribs
Shine like a wench's forehead. They are devils else
Will look into your dealings.

Pec. For mine own part,
The next I cozen o' the pamper'd breed,
With he may be found'red.

Fly. Foun-de-red.

Pec. I'll relate it right.

Pec. And of all four, I wish it,
Love no crupper-compliments.

Pei. Whose horse was it?

Pec. Why, mr. Burst's.

Pei. Is Bat Burst come?

Pec. An hour he has been here,

Tip. What Burst?

Pei. Mas, Bartolmew Burst.

One that hath been a citizen, since a courtier,
And now a gamester. Hath had all his whirls,
And bouts of fortune, as a man would say,
Once a bat and ever a bat! a rere-mouse,
And bird o' twilight, he has broken thrice:

Tip. Your better men, the Geno'way proverb says,
Men are not made of steel.

Pei. Nor are they bound
Always to hold.

Fly. Thrice honourable colonel!
Hinges will crack.

Tip. Though they be Spanish iron.

Pei. He is a merchant still, adventurer,
At in and in; and is our thorough-fares friend.

Tip. Who? Jug's?

Pei. The same: and a fine gentleman
Was with him!

Pec. Mr. Huffle.

Pei. Who? Hodge Huffle?

Tip. What's he?

Pei. A cheater, and another fine gentleman,
A friend o' the chamberlain's! Jordan's! Mr. Huffle?
He's Burst's protection.

Fly. Fights and vapours for him.

Pei. He will be drunk so civilly.

Fly. So discreetly——

Pei. And punctually! just at his hour.

Fly. And then

Call for his Jordan with that hum and state,
As if he piss'd the politicks!

Pei. And sup
With his tuft-taffata night gear, here, so silently!

Fly. Nothing but musick!

Pei. A dozen of bawdy songs.

Tip. And knows the general this?

Fly. O no, sir; *dormit*,

Dormit patronus, still, the master sleeps.

They'll steal to bed.

Pei. In private, sir, and pay
The fidlers with that modesty, next morning.

Fly. Take a dejeune of muskadel and eggs!

Pei. And pack away i' their trundling cheats, like

Tru. Mysteries, mysteries, Ferret. [gipsies.

Fer. I, we see, Trundle,

What the great officers in an inn may do;

I do not say the officers of the crown,

But the Light-Heart.

Tip. I'll see the Bat and Huffle.

Fer. I ha' some business, sir, I crave your pardon—

Tip. What?

Fer. To be sober.

Tip. Pox, go get you gone then.

Trundle shall stay.

Tru. No, I beseech you, colonel,
Your lordship has a mind to be drunk private,
With these brave gallants! I will step aside
Into the stables, and salute my mares. [whip-stock.

Pei. Yes, do, and sleep with 'em, let him go, base
He's as drunk as a fish now, almost as dead.

Tip. Come, I will see the flicker-mouse, my Fly.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Prudence, usher'd by the host, takes her seat of judicature; Nurse, Frank, the two lords, Beaufort and Latimer, assist of the bench; the Lady and Lovel are brought in, and sit on the two sides of the stage, confronting each other.

Ferret, Trundle.

Pru. Here set the hour; but first produce the parties;
And clear the court. The time is now of price.

Host. Jug, get you down, and Trundle get you up,
You shall be crier. Ferret here, the clerk.
Jordan, smell you without, till the ladies call you;
Take down the fiddlers too, silence that noise,
Deep i' the cellar, safe.

Pru. Who keeps the watch?

Host. Old Sheelinin, here, is the madam tell-clock.

Nur. No fait and trot, sweet maister, I shall sleep;
I' fait I shall.

Bea. I prithee do then, scritch-owl.
She brings to mind the fable of the dragon,
That kept th' Hesperian fruit. Would I could charm her.

Host. Trundle will do it with his hum. Come Trundle,
Proceed him Ferret, i' the form.

Fer. "Oyez, oyez, oyez."

Tru. "Oyez, oyez, &c."

Fer. Whereas there hath been awarded,

Tru. Whereas there hath, &c.

Fer. By the queen regent of love,

Tru. By the queen regent, &c.

Fer. In this high court of sovereignty,

Tru. In this high, &c.

Fer. Two special hours of address,

Tru. Two special hours, &c.

Fer.

Fer. To Herbert Lovel, appellant,

Tru. To Herbert Lovel, &c.

Fer. Against the lady Frampul, defendant.

Tru. Against the lady, &c.

Fer. Herbert Lovel, come into the court,

Tru. Herbert Lovel, come, &c.

Fer. Make challenge to thy first hour,

Tru. Make challenge, &c.

Fer. And save thee and thy bail,

Tru. And save thee, &c.

Host. Lo, louting, where he comes into the court!
Clerk of the the sovereignty, take his appearance,
And how accoutred, how design'd he comes!

Fer. 'Tis done. Now crier call the lady Frampul,
And by the name of

Frances, lady Frampul, defendant,

Tru. Frances, lady Frampul, &c.

Fer. Come into the court,

Tru. Come into, &c.

Fer. Make answer to the award,

Tru. Make answer, &c.

Fer. And save thee and thy bail,

Tru. And save thee, &c.

Enter Lady.

Host. She makes a noble and a just appearance.
Set it down likewise, and how arm'd she comes.

Pru. Usher of love's court, give 'em their oath,
According to the form, upon love's missal.

Host. Arise, and lay your hands upon the book.

Herbert Lovel, appellant, and lady Frances Fram-
pul, defendant, you shall swear upon the liturgy of
love, *Ovid de arte amandi*, that you neither have, ne
will have, nor in any wise bear about you, thing, or
things, pointed, or blunt, within these lists, other than
that are natural and allow'd by the court: no inchant-
ments, arms, or weapons, stones of virtue, herb of grace,
charm,

charm, character, spell, philtre, or other power than love's only, and the justness of your cause. So help you love, his mother, and the contents of this book: kiss it. Return unto your seats. Crier, bid silence.

Tru. "Oyez, oyez, oyez, oyez."

Fer. I' the name o' the sovereign of love,

Tru. I' the name o' the, &c.

Fer. Notice is given by the court,

Tru. Notice is given, &c.

Fer. To the appellant, and defendant,

Tru. To the appellant, &c.

Fer. That the first hour of address proceeds,

Tru. That the first hour, &c.

Fer. And love save the sovereign,

Tru. And love save, &c.

Every man or woman keep silence, pain of imprisonment.

Pru. Do your endeavours in the name of love.

Lov. To make my first approaches, then, in love.

Lad. Tell us what love is, that we may be sure

There is such a thing, and that it is in nature.

Lov. Excellent lady, I did not expect

To meet an infidel! much less an atheist!

Here in love's list! of so much unbelief!

To raise a question of his being——

Hof. Well charg'd!

Lov. I rather thought, and with religion think,

Had all the characters of love been lost,

His lines, dimensions, and whole signature

Raz'd and defac'd, with dull humanity:

That both his nature, and his essence, might

Have found their mighty instauration here;

Here, where the confluence of fair and good

Meets to make up all beauty. For what else

Is love, but the most noble, pure affection

Of what is truly beautiful and fair?

Desire of union with the thing beloved?

Bea. Have the assistants of the court their votes,
And writ of privilege, to speak them freely?

Pru. Yes, to assist, but not to interrupt.

Bea. Then I have read somewhere, that man and wo-
Were, in the first creation, both one piece, [man
And being cleft asunder, ever since
Love was an appetite to be rejoin'd.

As for example——

Nur. Cramo-cree! what mean'st thou?

Bea. Only to kiss and part.

Host. So much is lawful.

Lat. And stands with the prerogative of love's court!

Lov. It is a fable of Plato's, in his banquet,
And utter'd there by Aristophanes.

Host. 'Twas well remembred here, and to good use.
But on with your description, what love is.
Desire of union with the thing belov'd.

Lov. I meant a definition. For I make
Th' efficient cause, what's beautiful and fair.
The formal cause, the appetite of union.
The final cause the union itself.
But larger if you'll have it by description:
It is a flame and ardour of the mind,
Dead, in the proper corps, quick in another's:
Transfers the lover into the loved.
The he or she that loves, engraves or stamps
Th' idea of what they love, first in themselves:
Or like to glasses, so their minds take in
The forms of their belov'd, and them reflect.
It is the likeness of affections,
Is both the parent and the nurse of love.
Love is a spiritual coupling of two souls,
So much more excellent, as it least relates
Unto the body; circular, eternal,
Not feign'd, or made, but born: and then so precious,
As nought can value it but itself. So free,

As

As nothing can command it but itself.

And in itself so round and liberal,

As where it favours, it bestows itself.

(*Bea.* And that do I; here my whole self I tender,
According to the practice o' the court.

Nur. I, 'tish a naughty practish, a lew'd practish,
Be quiet man, dou shalt not leip her here.

Bea. Leap her? I lip her, foolish queen at arms,
Thy blazon's false: wilt thou blaspheme thine office?)

Lov. But we must take and understand this love
Along still as a name of dignity;
Not pleasure.

(*Host.* Mark you that, my light young lord?)

Lov. True love hath no unworthy thought, no light,
Loose unbecoming appetite, or strain.
But fixed, constant, pure, immutable.

(*Bea.* I relish not these philosophical feasts;
Give me a banquet of sense, like that of Ovid:
A form to take the eye; a voice mine ear;
Pure aromack to my scent: a soft,
Smooth, dainty hand to touch; and for my taste,
Ambrosiack kisses to melt down the palate.)

Lov. They are the earthly, lower form of lovers,
Are only taken with what strikes the senses!
And love by that loose scale. Altho' I grant,
We like what's fair and graceful in an object,
And (true) would use it, in the all we tend to,
Both of our civil and domestick deeds,
In ordering of an army, in our stile,
Apparel, gesture, building, or what not:
All arts and actions do affect their beauty.
But put the case, in travel I may meet
Some gorgeous structure, a brave frontispiece,
Shall I stay captive i' the outer court,
Surpris'd with that, and not advance to know
Who dwells there, and inhabiteth the house?

There

There is my friendship to be made, within,
With what can love me again: not with the walls,
Doors, windows, architraves, the frieze, and cornice.
My end is lost in loving of a face,
An eye, lip, nose, hand, foot, or other part,
Whose all is but a statue, if the mind
Move not, which only can make the return.
The end of love, is to have two made one
In will, and in affection, that the minds
Be first inoculated, not the bodies.

Bea. Gi'e me the body, if it be a good one.

Fra. Nay, sweet, my lord, I must appeal the sovereign
For better quarter, if you hold your practice.

Fru. Silence, on pain of imprisonment: hear the court.

Lov. The body's love is frail, subject to change,
And alter still with it: the mind's is firm⁴,
One and the same, proceedeth first from weighing,
And well examining what is fair and good;
Then what is like in reason, fit in manners;
That breeds good-will: good-will desire of union.
So knowledge first begets benevolence,
Benevolence breeds friendship, friendship love:
And where it starts or steps aside from this,
It is a meer degenerate appetite,
A lost, oblique, deprav'd affection,
And bears no mark or character of love.

Lad. How am I changed! by what alchemy
Of love, or language, am I thus translated!
His tongue is tipt with the philosopher's stone,
And that hath touch'd me thro' my every vein⁵!

I feel

⁴ ———— *Subject to change,*
And alter still with it, the mind's firm.] A deficient monosyllable has affected the sense and the measure: to restore both, it is necessary to read, "The mind's is firm."
⁵ *And that hath touch'd me thro' ev'ry vein.]* The same mistake is apparent here with that taken notice of in the last note: to complete the measure of this verse, I would read:

"And

I feel that transmutation o' my blood,
As I were quite become another creature,
And all he speaks it is projection!

Prn. Well feign'd, my lady: now her parts begin!

Lat. And she will act them subtilly.

Prn. She fails me else.

Lov. Nor do they trespass within bounds of pardon,
That giving way, and license to their love,
Divest him of his noblest ornaments⁶,
Which are his modesty and shamefac'dness:
And so they do, that have unfit designs
Upon the parties they pretend to love.
For what's more monstrous, more a prodigy,
Than to hear me protest truth of affection
Unto a person that I would dishonour?
And what's a more dishonour, than defacing
Another's good with forfeiting mine own;
And drawing on a fellowship of sin?
From note of which, tho', for a while, we may
Be both kept safe, by caution, yet the conscience
Cannot be cleans'd. For what was hitherto
Call'd by the name of love, becomes destroy'd
Then with the fact; the innocency lost,
The bateing of affection soon will follow:
And love is never true that is not lasting.
No more than any can be pure or perfect,
That entertains more than one object: *Dixi*⁷.

"And that hath touch'd me thro' my ev'ry vein."

The word *my* occurring in the next line, it was easy for the compositor of the press to leave it out in the preceding one.

⁶ That GIVEN WAY, and license to their love,

Divest him of his noblest ornaments.] The words *given way*, must either be the ablative case absolute, and so equivalent to *way* and *license* being given to their love; or, which is most probable, *given* is a corruption, and the true lesson is,

"That giving way and license to their love,

"Divest him of his noblest ornaments."

⁷ That entertains more than one object: *Dixi*.] The usual expression, when the advocate had finished his harangue.

Lad.

Lad. O speak, and speak for ever! let mine ear
Be feasted still, and filled with this banquet!
No sense can ever surfeit on such truth!
It is the marrow of all lovers tenents!
Who hath read Plato, Heliodore, or Tatius,
Sidney, D' Urfé, or all Love's fathers, like him?
He's there the master of the sentences,
Their school, their commentary, text, and gloss,
And breaths the true divinity of love!

Pru. Excellent actor! how she hits this passion!

Lad. Where have I liv'd, in heresie, so long
Out o' the congregation of love,
And stood irregular, by all his canons?

Lat. But do you think she plays?

Pru. Upo' my sovereignty;
Mark her anon.

Lat. I shake, and am half jealous.

Lad. What penance shall I do to be receiv'd,
And reconciled to the church of love?
Go on procession, bare-foot, to his image,
And say some hundred penitential verses,
There, out of Chaucer's Troilus and Cresside?
Or to his mother's shrine, vow a wax-candle
As large as the town May-pole is, and pay it!
Enjoin me any thing this court thinks fit,
For I have trespass'd, and blasphemed love;
I have, indeed, despis'd his deity,
Whom (till this miracle wrought on me) I knew not.
Now I adore love, and would kiss the rushes
That bear this reverend gentleman, his priest,
If that would expiate—but I fear it will not.
For, though he be somewhat struck in years, and old
Enough to be my father, he is wise,
And only wise men love, the other covet.
I could begin to be in love with him,
But will not tell him yet, because I hope

T' enjoy the other hour with more delight,
And prove him farther.

Pru. Most Socratick lady!

Or, if you will ironick! gi' you joy
O' your Platonick love here, mr. Lovel.
But pay him his first kifs, yet, i' the court,
Which is a debt, and due: for the hour's run.

Lad. How swift is time, and slyly steals away
From them would hug it, value it, embrace it?
I should have thought it scarce had run ten minutes,
When the whole hour is fled. Here, take your kifs,
Which I most willingly tender you in court. [fir,

(*Bea.* And we do imitate——)

Lad. And I could wish,
It had been twenty—so the sovereign's
Poor narrow nature had decreed it so——
But that is past, irrevocable, now:
She did her kind, according to her latitude——

Pru. Beware you do not conjure up a spirit
You cannot lay.

Lad. I dare you do your worst,
Shew me but such an injustice: I would thank you
To alter your award.

Lat. Sure she is serious!
I shall have another fit of jealousy!
I feel a grudging!

Host. Chear up, noble guest,
We cannot guess what this may come to yet;
The brain of man or woman is uncertain!

Lov. Tut, she dissembles! all is personated,
And counterfeit comes from her! if it were not,
The Spanish monarchy, with both the Indies,
Could not buy off the treasure of this kifs,
Or half give balance for my happiness.

Host. Why, as it is yet, it glads my Light-Heart
To see you rouz'd thus from a sleepy humour

Of drouzy, accidental melancholy ;
And all those brave parts of your soul awake,
That did before seem drown'd, and buried in you !
That you express your self, as you had back'd
The muses horse ! or got Bellerophon's arms !
What news with Fly ?

Fly. News of a newer lady,
A finer, fresher, braver, bonnier beauty,
A very bona roba, and a bouncer !
In yellow, glistering, golden sattin.

Lad. Pru,
Adjourn the court.

Pru. Cry, Trundle —

Tru. Oyez,
Any man, or woman, that hath any personal attendance
To give unto the court ; keep the second hour,
And Love save the sov'reign.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Jug, Barnaby, Jordan.

Jug. O Barnaby !

Jor. Welcome, Barnaby : where hast thou

Bar. I' the foul weather.

[been ?

Jug. Which has wet thee, Bar.

Bar. As dry as a chip ! good Jug, a cast o' thy name,
As well as thy office : two jugs !

Jug. By and by.

Jor. What lady's this thou hast brought here ?

Bar. A great lady !

I know no more ; one that will try you, Jordan.

She'll find your gage, your circle, your capacity.

X 2

How

How do's old Staggers the smith, and Tree the fadler?
Keep they their penny club still?

Jor. And th' old catch too,
Of whoop Barnaby.

Bar. Do they sing at me?

Jor. They are reeling at it in the parlour now.

Bar. I'll to 'em: gi' me a drink first.

Jor. Where's thy hat?

Bar. I lost it by the way—Gi' me another.

Jug. A hat?

Bar. A drink.

Jug. Take heed of taking cold, Bar——

Bar. The wind blew't off at Highgate, and my lady
Would not endure me light to take it up,
But made me drive bare-headed i' the rain.

Jor. That she might be mistaken for a countess?

Bar. Troth, like enough! she might be an o'er-
For ought I know. [grown dutchess,

Jug. What! with one man!

Bar. At a time,

They carry no more, the best of 'em.

Jor. Nor the bravest.

Bar. And she is very brave!

Jor. A stately gown!

And petticoat, she has on!

Bar. Ha' you spy'd that, Jordan?

You are a notable peerer, an old Rabbi,
At a smock's hem, boy.

Jug. As he is chamberlain,
He may do that by his place.

Jor. What's her squire?

Bar. A toy, that she allows eight pence a day,
A slight man-net, to port her up and down '.

* *A slight MAN-NET.*] Rather *mannet* without the hyphen, a
little man.

Come shew me to my play-fellows, old Staggers,
And father Tree.

Jer. Here this way, Barnaby.

S C E N E II.

Tipto, Burst, Huffle, Fly.

Tip. Come, let us take in fresco, here, one quart.

Bur. Two quarts, my man of war, let's not be stinted.

Huf. Advance three Jordans, varlet o' the house.

Tip. I do not like your Burst, bird; he is saucy :
Some shop-keeper he was ?

Fly. Yes, sir.

Tip. I knew it,
A broke-wing'd shop-keeper : I nose 'em streight.
He had no father, I warrant him, that durst own him ;
Some foundling in a stall, or the church-porch ;
Brought up i' the hospital ; and so bound prentice ;
Then master of a shop ; then one o' th' inquest ;
Then breaks out bankrupt, or starts alderman :
The original of both is a church porch——

Fly. Of some, my colonel.

Tip. Good faith, of most
O' your shop-citizens ! th' are rude animals !
And let 'em get but ten mile out a town,
Th' out swagger all the wapentake.

Fly. What's that ?

Tip. A Saxon word to signifie the hundred.

Bur. Come let us drink, sir Glorious, some brave
Upon our tip-toes. [health

Tip. To the health o' the Bursts.

Bur. Why Bursts ?

Tip. Why Tiptoes ?

Bur. O, I cry you mercy !

X 3

Tip.

Tip. It is sufficient.

Huf. What is so sufficient?

Tip. To drink to you is sufficient.

Huf. On what terms?

Tip. That you shall give security to pledge me.

Huf. So you will name no Spaniard, I will pledge
(you,

Tip. I rather chuse to thirst; and will thirst ever,
Than leave that cream of nations un-cry'd up.
Perish all wine, and gust of wine.

Huf. How! spill it?

Spill it at me?

Tip. I reckon not, but I spill it *.

Fly. Nay, pray you be quiet, noble bloods.

Bur. No Spaniards,

I cry, with my cousin Huffle:

Huf. Spaniards? pilchers?

Tip. Do not provoke my patient blade. It sleeps,
And would not hear thee: Huffle, thou art rude,
And dost not know the Spanish composition.

Bur. What is the recipe? name the ingredients.

Tip. Valour.

Bur. Two ounces!

Tip. Prudence.

* *Huf.* How! spill it?
Spill it at me?

Tip. I reckon not, but I spill it.] Mr. Theobald, ever jealous
of the honour of his be'oved Shakespeare, calls this a flirt upon the
servants in *Romeo and Juliet*, where the dead-doing affront is gi-
ven, by biting their thumbs at each other.

"*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

"*Sam.* I do bite my thumb, sir.

"*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

"*Sam.* No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite
" my thumb, sir." Act 1. sc. 1.

But, I believe, in both places, the poets intended only to ridicule
the vapouring language, at that time so much in vogue.

Bur.

Bur. Half a dram!

Tip. Justice.

Bur. A penny weight!

Tip. Religion.

Bur. Three scruples!

Tip. And of Gravidad.

Bur. A full-face!

Tip. He carries such a dose of it in his looks;
Actions and gestures, as it breeds respect
To him from savages, and reputation
With all the sons of men.

Bur. Will it give him credit
With gamesters, courtiers, citizens, or tradesmen?

Tip. He'll borrow money on the stroke of his beard!
Or turn of his mustaccio! his meer cuello,
Or ruff about his neck, is a bill of exchange
In any bank in Europe! not a merchant
That sees his gait, but straight will furnish him
Upon his pace!

Huf. I have heard the Spanish name
Is terrible to children in some countries;
And us'd to make them eat their bread and butter,
Or take their worm-seed.

Tip. Huffle, you do shuffle.

[*To them*] *Stuffe, Pinnacia:*

Bur. 'Slid, here's a lady!

Huf. And a lady gay!

Tip. A well-trimm'd lady!

Huf. Let's lay her aboard,

Bur. Let's hail her first.

Tip. By your sweet favour, lady,

Sta. Good gentlemen be civil, we are strangers.

Bur. An' you were Flemings, sir!

Huf. Or Spaniards!

Tip. They're here, have been at Sevil i' their days,
And at Madrid too!

Pin. He is a foolish fellow,
I pray you mind him not, he is my protection.

Tip. In your protection he is safe, sweet lady.
So shall you be in mine.

Huf. A share, good colonel,

Tip. Of what?

Huf. Of your fine lady! I am Hodge,
My name is Huffle.

Tip. Huffling Hodge, be quiet.

Bur. And I pray you, be you so, glorious colonel,
Hodge Huffle shall be quiet.

Huf. A lady gay, gay :
For she is a lady gay, gay, gay. For she's a lady gay.

Tip. Bird o' the Vespers, Vespertilio Burst ;
You are a gentleman o' the first head.
But that head may be broke, as all the body is——
Burst, if you tie not up your Huffle quickly,

Huf. Tie dogs, not men.

Bur. Nay, pray thee, Hodge, be still.

Tip. This steel here rides not on this thigh in vain.

Huf. Shew'st thou thy steel and thigh, thou glo-
rious dirt?

Then Hodge sings Samson, and no ties shall hold.

Peirce, Jug, Jordan. [To them]

Pei. Keep the peace, gentlemen : what do you mean?

Tip. I will not discompose my self for Huffle.

Pin. You see what your entreaty and pressure still
Of gentlemen, to be civil, doth bring on?
A quarrel? and perhaps man-slaughter? You
Will carry your goole about you still? your plan-
[ing-iron?]
Your tongue to smother all! is not here fine stuff?

Stu. Why, wife?

Pin. Your wife? ha' not I forbidden you that?

Stu.

Do you think I'll call you husband i' this gown,
Or any thing in that jacket, but protection?
Here tie my shoe, and shew my velvet petticoat,
And my silk stocking! why do you make me a lady,
If I may not do like a lady in fine clothes.

Stu. Sweet-heart, you may do what you will with me.

Pin. I: I knew that at home; what to do with you;
But why was I brought hither? to see fashions?

Stu. And wear them too, sweet-heart, but this wild
[company——

Pin. Why do you bring me in wild company?
You'd ha' me tame, and civil, in wild company?
I hope I know, wild company are fine company,
And in fine company, where I am fine my self,
A lady may do any thing, deny nothing
To a fine party, I have heard you say't.

[*To them*] *Peirce.*

Pei. There are a company of ladies above
Desire your ladyship's company, and to take
The surety of their lodgings from the affront
Of these half beasts, were here e'en now, the centaurs.

Pin. Are they fine ladies?

Pei. Some very fine ladies.

Pin. As fine as I?

Pei. I dare use no comparisons,
Being a servant, sent——

Pin. Spoke like a fine fellow!
I would thou wert one; I'd not then deny thee:
But, thank thy lady.

[*To them*] *Hofst.*

Hofst. Madam, I must crave you
To afford a lady a visit, would excuse
Some harshness o' the house, you have receiv'd
From the brute guests.

Pin. This's a fine old man!
I'd go with him an' he were a little finer!

Stu.

Stu. You may, sweet heart, it is mine host.

Pin. Mine host!

Host. Yes, madam, I must bid you welcome.

Pin. Do then.

Stu. But do not stay.

Pin. I'll be advis'd by you; yes!

SCENE III.

[*To them*] *Latimer, Beaufort, Lady, Pru, Frank, Host, Pinnacia, Stuffe.*

Lat. What more than Thracian barbarism was this!

Bea. The battle o' the Centaurs, with the Lapithes!

Lad. There is no taming o' the monster Drink.

Lat. But what a glorious beast our Tipto shew'd!
He would not discompose himself, the don!

Your Spaniard ne'er doth discompose himself.

Bea. Yet, how he talk'd, and roar'd i' the beginning!

Pru. And ran as fast as a knock'd marrow-bone.

Bea. So they did all at last, when Lovel went down,
And chas'd 'em 'bout the court.

Lat. For all's don Lewis!
Or fencing after Euclid!

Lad. I ne'er saw
A lightning shoot so, as my servant did,
His rapier was a meteor, and he wav'd it
Over 'em, like a comet, as they fled him!
I mark'd his manhood! every stoop he made*
Was like an eagle's at a flight of cranes!
(As I have read somewhere.)

Bea. Bravely exprest.

Lat. And like a lover!

Lad. Of his valour, I am!
He seem'd a body rarify'd to air!
Or that his sword, and arm were of a piece,

* Every stoop he made
Was like an eagle's.] *Stop,* I conjecture, is a corruption, and the
true word *sloop* is a term in hawking.

They

They went together so ! here comes the lady.

Bea. A bouncing bona roba ! as the Fly said.

Fra. She is some giantess ! I'll stand off,
For fear she swallow me.

Lad. Is not this our gown, Pru,
That I bespoke of Stuffle ?

Pru. It is the fashion !

Lad. I, and the silk ! feel : sure it is the same !

Pru. And the same petticoat, lace and all !

Lad. I'll swear it.

How came it hither ? make a bill of inquiry.

Pru. Yo' have a fine suit on, madam ! and a rich

Lad. And of a curious making ! [one !

Pru. And a new !

Pin. As new as day.

Lad. She answers like a fish-wife !

Pin. I put it on since noon, I do assure you.

Pru. Who is your taylor ?

Lad. 'Pray you, your fashioner's name.

Pin. My fashioner is a certain man o' mine own,
He is i' the house : no matter for his name.

Host. O, but to satisfy this bevy of ladies,
Of which a brace, here, long'd to bid you welcome.

Pin. He is one, in truth, I title my Protection :
Bid him come up.

Host. Our new lady's protection !
What is your ladyship's stile ?

Pin. Countess Pinnacia.

Host. Countess Pinnacia's man, come to your lady !

Pru. Your ladyship's taylor ! mass Stuffle !

Lad. How Stuffle ! he the Protection !

Host. Stuffle looks like a remnant.

Stu. I am undone, discover'd !

Pru. 'Tis the suit, madam,
Now, without scruple ! and this some device
To bring it home with.

Pin.

Pin. Why upon your knees?
Is this lady your godmother?

Stu. Mum, Pinnacia.
It is the lady Frampul; my best customer:

Lad. What shew is this that you present us with?

Stu. I do beseech your ladyship, forgive me.
She did but 'say the suit on.

Lad. Who? which she?

Stu. My wife, forsooth.

Lad. How? mistress Stuffle? your wife!
Is that the riddle?

Pru. We all look'd for a lady,
A dutchess, or a countess at the least.

Stu. She is my own lawfully begotten wife,
In wedlock. We ha' been coupled now seven years.

Lad. And why thus masqu'd? you like a footman,
And she your countess! [ha!]

Pin. To make a fool of himself,
And of me too.

Stu. I pray thee, Pinnace, peace.

Pin. Nay, it shall out, since you have call'd me wife,
And openly dis-ladied me! tho' I am discountess'd
I am not yet dis-countenanc'd. These shall see.

Hest. Silence!

Pin. It is a foolish trick, madam, he has;
For tho' he be your taylor, he is my beast.
I may be bold with him, and tell his story.
When he makes any fine garment will fit me,
Or any rich thing that he thinks of price,
Then must I put it on, and be his countess.
Before he carry it home unto the owners.
A coach is hir'd, and four horses; he runs
In his velvet jacket thus, to Rumford, Croyden,
Hounslow, or Barnet, the next bawdy road;
And takes me out, carries me up, and throws me
Upon a bed.

Lad.

Lad. Peace, thou immodest woman.
She glories in the bravery o' the vice.

Lat. 'Tis a quaint one!

Bea. A fine species
Of fornicating with a man's own wife,
Found out by (what's his name?)

Lat. Mr. Nick Stuffle.

Host. The very figure of preoccupation
In all his customers best clothes.

Lat. He lies
With his own Succuba, in all your names.

Bea. And all your credits.

Host. I, and at all their costs.

Lat. This gown was then bespoken for the sove-
Bea. I, marry was it. [reign?

Lat. And a main offence
Committed 'gainst the sovereignty; being not brought
Home i' the time. Beside, the prophanation,
Which may call on the censure of the court.

Host. Let him be blanketed. Call up the quarter-
Deliver him o'er to Fly. [master.

Stu. O good, my lord.

Host. Pillage the pinnacle.

Lad. Let his wife be stript.

Bea. Blow off her upper deck.

Lat. Tear all her tackle.

Lad. Pluck the polluted robes over her ears;
Or cut them all to pieces, make a fire o' them. [tures.

Pru. To rags and cinders, burnt th' idolatrous ves-

Host. Fly, and your fellows, see that the whole
Be thoroughly executed. [censure

Fly. We'll toss him bravely,
Till the stuff stink again.

Host. And send her home,
Divested to her flannel, in a cart.

Lat.

Lat. And let her footman beat the bason afore her¹.

Fly. The court shall be obey'd.

Host. Fly, and his officers,
Will do it fiercely.

Stu. Merciful queen Pru.

Pru. I cannot help you.

Bea. Go thy ways, Nick. Stuffle,
Thou hast nickt it for a fashioner of venerie!

Lat. For his own hell, tho' he run ten mile for't.

Pru. O, here comes Lovel, for his second hour.

Bea. And after him the type of Spanish valour.

S C E N E IV.

*Lady, Lovel, Tipto, Latimer, Beaufort, Pru, Frank,
Nurse, Host.*

Lad. Servant, what have you there?

Lov. A meditation,
Or rather a vision, madam, and of beauty,
Our former subject.

Lad. Pray you let us hear it.

Lov. " It was a beauty that I saw
" So pure, so perfect, as the frame
" Of all the universe was lame,
" To that one figure could I draw,
" Or give least line of it a law!

¹ *And let her footman BEAT THE BASON afore her.]* Alluding to the custom of old, when bawds and other infamous persons were carted. A mob of people used to precede them *beating basons*, and other utensils of the same kind, to make the noise and tumult the bigger. Thus Stow describes the punishment of a priest, who was taken in criminal conversation with another man's wife; "The first day he rode in a carry, the second on a horse, his face to the horse-tail, the third, led betwixt twaine, and every day rung with *basons*." This explains a passage in the *Silent Woman*, where Morole, amongst other execrations on the barber Cutbeard, says, "Let there be no bawd carted that year, to employ a *bason* of his." Act 3 sc. 5.

" A skin

" A skein of silk without a knot !

" A fair march made without a halt !

" A curious form without a fault !

" A printed book without a blot !

" All beauty, and without a spot."

Lad. They are gentle words, and would deserve a
Set to 'em, as gentle. [note,

Lov. I have try'd my skill,
To close the second hour, if you will hear them ;
My boy by that time will have got it perfect.

Lad. Yes, gentle servant. In what calm he speaks,
After this noise and tumult, so unmov'd,
With that serenity of countenance,
As if his thoughts did acquiesce in that
Which is the object of the second hour,
And nothing else.

Pru. Well then, summon the court.

Lad. I have a suit to the sovereign of Love;
If it may stand with the honour of the court,
To change the question but from love to valour,
To hear it said, but what true valour is,
Which oft begets true love.

Lat. It is a question
Fit for the court to take true knowledge of,
And hath my just assent.

Pru. Content.

Bea. Content

Fra. Content. I am content, give him his oath.

Host. Herbert Lovel, " Thou shalt swear upon the
" Testament of Love, to make answer to this question
" propounded to thee by the court, What true va-
" lour is ? and therein to tell the truth, the whole
" truth, and nothing but the truth. So help thee
" Love, and thy bright sword at need."

Lov. So help me, Love, and my good sword at need.

It

It is the greatest vertue, and the safety
 Of all mankind, the object of its danger.
 A certain mean 'twixt fear and confidence :
 No inconsiderate rashness, or vain appetite
 Of false encountering formidable things ;
 But a true science of distinguishing
 What's good or evil. It springs out of reason,
 And intends to perfect honesty, the scope
 Is always honour, and the publick good :
 It is no valour for a private cause.

Bea. No ? not for reputation ?

Lov. That's man's idol,
 Set up 'gainst God, the maker of all laws,
 Who hath commanded us we should not kill ;
 And yet we say, we must for reputation.
 What honest man can either fear his own,
 Or else will hurt another's reputation ?
 Fear to do base, unworthy things, is valour ;
 If they be done to us, to suffer them
 Is valour too. The office of a man
 That's truly valiant, is considerable
 Three ways ; the first is in respect of matter,
 Which still is in danger ; in respect of form,
 Wherein he must preserve his dignity ;
 And in the end, which must be ever lawful.

Lat. But men, when they are heated, and in passion,
 Cannot consider.

Lov. Then it is not valour.
 I never thought an angry person valiant :
 Virtue is never aided by a vice.
 What need is there of anger and of tumult ;
 When reason can do the same things, or more ?

Bea. O yes, 'tis profitable, and of use ;
 It makes us fierce, and fit to undertake.

Lov. Why, so will drink make us both bold and rash,
 Or phrensie if you will ; do these make valiant ?

They

They are poor helps, and virtue needs them not.
No man is valianter by being angry,
But he that could not valiant be without :
So that it comes not in the aid of virtue,
But in the stead of it.

Lat. He holds the right.

Lev. And 'tis an odious kind of remedy,
To owe our health to a disease.

Tip. If man
Should follow the dictamen of his passion,
He could not 'scape——

Bea. To discompose himself.

Lat. According to don Lewis!

Host. Or Caranza!

Lev. Good colonel Glorious, whilst we treat of va-
Dismiss your self. [lour,

Lat. You are not concern'd.

Lev. Go drink,
And congregate the hostlers and the tapsters,
The under-officers o' your regiment ;
Compose with them, and be not angry valiant.

Bea. How does that differ from true valour ? [Tipto goes out.

Lev. Thus.

In the efficient, or that which makes it :
For it proceeds from passion, not from judgment :
Then brute beasts have it, wicked persons ; there
It differs in the subject ; in the form,
'Tis carried rashly, and with violence ;
Then i' the end, where it respects not truth,
Or publick honesty, but meer revenge.
Now confident, and undertaking valour,
Sways from the true, two other ways, as being
A trust in our own faculties, skill, or strength,
And not the right, or conscience o' the cause,
That works it : then i' the end, which is the victory,
And not the honour.

Bea. But the ignorant valour,
That knows not why it undertakes, but doth it
T' escape the infamy meerly——

Lov. Is worst of all :

That valour lies i' the eyes o' the lookers on ;
And is call'd valour with a witness.

Bea. Right.

Lov. The things true valour's exercis'd about,
Are poverty, restraint, captivity,
Banishment, loss of children, long disease :
† The least is death. Here valour is beheld,
Properly seen ; about these it is present :
Not trivial things ; which but require our confidence.
And yet to those we must object our selves,
Only for honesty : if any other
Respects be mixt, we quite put out her light.
And as all knowledge, when it is remov'd,
Or separate from justice, is call'd craft,
Rather than wisdom : so a mind affecting,
Or undertaking dangers, for ambition,
Or any self-pretext, not for the publick,
Deserves the name of daring, not of valour.
And over-daring is as great a vice,
As over-fearing.

Lat. Yes, and often greater.

Lov. But as it is not the meer punishment,
But cause that makes a martyr, so it is not
Fighting, or dying ; but the manner of it,
Renders a man himself. A valiant man
Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,
But worthily, and by selected ways :
He undertakes with reason, not by chance.
His valour is the salt to his other virtues,
They are all unseason'd without it. The waiting-maids,

† *THE LEAST IS DEATH.*] Our author means, that death, a natural and necessary evil, is, of all others, the *least* feared or regarded by the truly magnanimous and brave.

Or

Or the concomitants of it, are his patience,
His magnanimity, his confidence,
His constancy, security, and quiet ;
He can assure himself against all rumour !
Despairs of nothing ! laughs at contumelies !
As knowing himself advanced in a height
Where injury cannot reach him, nor aspersion
Touch him with soil !

Lad. Most manly utter'd all :
As if Achilles had the chair in valour,
And Hercules were but a lecturer !
Who would not hang upon those lips for ever * !
That strike such musick ! I could run on them ;
But modesty is such a school-mistress
To keep our sex in awe.

Pru. Or you can feign ; my
Subtle and dissembling lady mistress.

Lat. I fear she means it, Pru, in too good earnest !

Lov. The purpose of an injury 'tis to vex
And trouble me ; now nothing can do that
To him that's valiant. He that is affected
With the least injury, is less than it.
It is but reasonable to conclude
That should be stronger, still, which hurts, than that
Which is hurt. Now no wickedness is stronger
Than what opposeth it : not fortune's self,
When she encounters virtue, but comes off
Both lame and less ! why should a wise man then
Confess himself the weaker, by the feeling
Of a fool's wrong ? there may an injury
Be meant me. I may chuse, if I will take it.
But we are now come to that delicacy
And tenderness of sense, we think an insolence
Worse than an injury, bare words worse than deeds ;

* Who would not hang up those lips for ever.] The passion of
this speech is lost by the negligence of the printer, who has here
given us hang up, for hang upon, a nervous poetical expression.

We are not so much troubled with the wrong,
 As with the opinion of the wrong ; like children,
 We are made afraid with visors ! such poor sounds
 As is the lie, or common words of spight,
 Wise laws thought never worthy a revenge ;
 And 'tis the narrowness of human nature,
 Our poverty, and beggary of spirit,
 To take exception at these things. He laugh'd at me !
 He broke a jest ! a third took place of me !
 How most ridiculous quarrels are all these ?
 Notes of a queasie and sick stomach, labouring
 With want of a true injury ! the main part
 Of the wrong, is our vice of taking it.

Lat. Or our interpreting it to be such.

Lov. You take it rightly. If a woman, or child
 Give me the lie, would I be angry ? no,
 Not if I were i' my wits, sure I should think it
 No spice of a disgrace. No more is theirs,
 If I will think it, who are to be held
 In as contemptible a rank, or worse.
 I am kept out a masque, sometime thrust out,
 Made wait a day, two, three, for a great word,
 Which (when it comes forth) is all frown and forehead !
 What laughter should this breed, rather than anger !
 Out of the tumult of so many errors,
 To feel with contemplation, mine own quiet !
 If a great person do me an affront,
 A giant of the time, sure I will bear it
 Or out of patience, or necessity !
 Shall I do more for fear, than for my judgment ?
 For me now to be angry with Hodge Huffle,

How most ridiculous quarrels are all these ? It is not improbable, that the zeal and good sense our author hath expressed against the senseless and impious mode of duelling, so prevalent at that time, might contribute to raise a party against him in order to damn his play, which accounts for its want of success, when represented on the stage.

Or

Or Burst, (his broken charge) if he be saucy,
Or our own type of Spanish valour, Tipto,
(Who were he now necessitated to beg
Would ask an alms, like Conde Olivares)
Were just to make my self, such a vain animal
As one of them. If light wrongs touch me not,
No more shall great ; if not a few, not many.
There's nought so sacred with us but may find
A sacrilegious person, yet the thing is
No less divine, 'cause the prophane can reach it.
He is shot-free, in battle is not hurt,
Not he that is not hit. So he is valiant,
That yields not unto wrongs ; not he that 'scapes 'em :
They that do pull down churches, and deface
The holiest altars, cannot hurt the God-head.
A calm wise man may shew as much true valour,
Amidst these popular provocations,
As can an able captain shew security
By his brave conduct, through an enemy's country.
A wise man never goes the people's way :
But as the planets still move contrary
To the world's motion ; so doth he, to opinion.
He will examine, if those accidents
(Which common fame calls injuries) happen to him
Deservedly, or no ? Come they deservedly,
They are no wrongs then, but his punishments :
If undeservedly, and he not guilty,
The doer of them, first, should blush, not he.

Lat. Excellent !

Bea. Truth, and right !

Fra. An oracle

Could not have spoken more !

Lad. Been more believ'd !

Pru. The whole court runs into your sentence, sir !
And see your second hour is almost ended.

Lad. It cannot be ! O clip the wings of time,
Good Pru, or make him stand still with a charm.

Distil the gout into it, cramps, all diseases
 T' arrest him in the foot, and fix him here :
 O, for an engine, to keep back all clocks !
 Or make the sun forget his motion !
 If I but knew what drink the time now lov'd,
 To set my Trundle at him, mine own Barnaby !

Pru. Why ? I'll consult our Shelee-nien, To-mas,

Nur. *Er grae Chrest.*

Bea. Wake her not.

Nur. *Tower een cuppan*

D'usque bagb doone.

Pru. Usque-bagh's her drink.

But 'twi' not make the time drunk.

Host. As't hath her.

Away with her, my lord, but marry her first, *Pru.*

Pru. I, that'll be sport anon too for my lady.

But she hath other game to fly at yet :

The hour is come, your kifs.

Lad. My servant's song, first.

Pru. I say the kifs, first ; and I so enjoin'd it :

At your own peril, do, make the contempt.

Lad. Well, sir, you must be pay'd, and legally.

Pru. Nay nothing, sir, beyond.

Lov. One more—I except.

This was but half a kifs, and I would change it.

Pru. The court's dissolv'd, remov'd, and the play
 No sound, or air of love more, I decree it. (ended.

Lov. From what a happiness hath that one word
 Thrown me into the gulf of misery ?

To what a bottomless despair ? how like

A court removing, or an ended play,

Shews my abrupt precipitate estate,

By how much more my vain hopes were increas'd

By these false hours of conversation ?

Did not I prophesie this of my self,

And gave the true prognosticks ? O my brain !

How art thou turned ! and my blood congeal'd !

My

My sinews slackned ! and my marrow melted !
That I remember not where I have been,
Or what I am ? only my tongue's on fire ;
And burning downward, hurls forth coals and cinders ;
To tell, this temple of love will soon be ashes !
Come indignation, now, and be my mistress.
No more of Love's ungrateful tyranny ;
His wheel of torture, and his pits of bird-lime,
His nets of nooses, whirl-pools of vexation,
His mills, to grind his servants into powder——
I will go catch the wind first in a sieve,
Weigh smock, and measure shadows, plough the water ;
And sow my hopes there, e're I stay in love.

Lad. My jealousy is off, I am now secure.

Lov. Farewel the craft of crocodiles, womens piety,
And practice of it, in this art of flattering,
And fooling men. I ha' not lost my reason,
Though I have lent my self out for two hours,
Thus to be baffled by a chamber-maid,
And the good actor, her lady, afore mine host
Of the Light-Heart, here, that hath laught at all——

Host. Who, I ?

Lov. Laugh on, sir, I'll to bed and sleep,
And dream away the vapour of love, if th' house
And your leer drunkards let me *.

Lad.

* *Lov.* I'll to bed and sleep,

If th' house, and your LEER DRUNKARDS let me.] The word occurs before in *Bartholomew fair* ; " The author doth promise a strutting horse-courser, with a leer drunkard, two or three to attend him, in as good equipage as you would wish." Indeed, And tho' the meaning of the word *leer* cannot very easily be settled, the expression seems in both places to denote noisy, laughing, roaring drunkards : and this observation will give light to a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher, which the ingenious editor could not so readily explain. Launcelot, in *Monsieur Thomas*, act 4. sc. 2. is describing a riot, or frolick, as the moderns call it, which his young master had engaged in the night before : and in relating the incidents of this action, he has the following phrase ;

" *Feous*

Lad. Pru.

Pru. Sweet madam,

Lad. Why would you let him gothus?

Pru. In whose power

Was it to stay him, prop'rer than my lady's?

Lad. Why, in her lady's? are not you the sovereign?

Pru. Would you in conscience, madam, ha' me vex
His patience more?

Lad. Not but apply the cure,
Now it is vex.

Pru. That's but one body's work:

Two cannot do the same thing handsomely.

Lad. But had not you the authority absolute?

Pru. And were not you i' rebellion, lady Frampul,
From the beginning?

Lad. I was somewhat froward,
I must confess, but frowardness sometime
Becomes a beauty, being but a visor
Put on. You'll let a lady wear her masque, Pru.

Pru. But how do I know, when her ladyship is
To leave it off, except she tell me so? [pleas'd

Lad. You might have known that by my looks, and
Had you been but regardant, or observant. [language,
One woman reads another's character,
Without the tedious trouble of deciphering,
If she but give her mind to't; you knew well,
It could not sort with any reputation

"Footra for leers and leerings;—O the noise,

"The noise we made."

Mr. Seward, not finding a meaning to *leers* and *leerings* that would suit the context, proposes *laus* and *lauiers* as a conjectural emendation, but does not venture to insert it in the text. But *leers* and *leerings* seem to signify the same with *leer-drunkards*, and *leer-drinkings*, and this sense of it agrees well with the context; as if he had said, the most jovial set of noisy bacchanalian drunkards were sons of silence and calm midnight, compared to the clamour and tumult we raised on this occasion.

"Footra for leers and leerings: O the noise,

"The noise we made."

Of mine, to come in first, having stood out
So long, without conditions for mine honour.

Pru. I thought you did expect none, you so jeer'd
And put him off with scorn—— [him,

Lad. Who, I, with scorn?
I did express my love to idolatry rather,
And so am justly plagu'd, not understood.

Pru. I swear I thought you had dissembled, madam,
And doubt you do so yet.

Lad. Dull, stupid wench!
Stay i' thy state of ignorance still, be damn'd;
An idiot chambermaid! hath all my care,
My breeding thee in fashion, thy rich clothes,
Honour, and titles wrought no brighter effects
On thy dark soul than thus? Well! go thy ways;
Were not the taylor's wife to be demolish'd,
Ruin'd, uncas'd, thou should'st be she, I vow.

Pru. Why, take your spangled properties, your
And scarfs. [gown

Lad. *Pru*, *Pru*, what dost thou mean?

Pru. I will not buy this play-boy's bravery
At such a price, to be upbraided for it,
Thus, every minute.

Lad. Take it not to heart so.

Pru. The taylor's wife? there was a word of scorn!

Lad. It was a word fell from me, *Pru*, by chance.

Pru. Good madam, please to undeceive your self,
I know when words do slip, and when they are darted
With all their bitterness: uncas'd, demolish'd?
An idiot—chambermaid, stupid, and dull?
Be damn'd for ignorance? I will be so;
And think I do deserve it, that, and more,
Much more I do.

Lad. Here comes mine host! no crying!
Good *Pru*. Where is my servant Lovel, host?

Host. You ha' sent him up to bed, would you would
And make my house amends! [follow him!

Lad.

Lad. Would you advise it?

Host. I would I could command it. My Light Heart
Should leap till midnight.

Lad. Pray thee be not sullen,
I yet must ha' thy counsel. Thou shalt wear, Pru,
The new gown yet.

Pru. After the taylor's wife?

[jest.

Lad. Come, be not angry, or griev'd: I have a pro-

Host. Wake Sheelee-nien Thomas! is this your
[heraldry?

And keeping of records, to loose the main?

Where is your charge?

Nur. *Gra Chreeft!*

Host. Go ask th' oracle

O' the bottle, at your girdle, there you lost it:

You are a sober setter of the watch.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Host, Fly.

Host. **C**OME Fly and Legacy, the bird o' the Heart:
Prime insect of the inn, professor, quarter-
As ever thou deserved'st thy daily drink, [master,
Padling in sack, and licking i' the same,
Now shew thy self an implement of price,
And help to raise a nap to us, out of nothing.
Thou saw'st 'em married?

Fly. I do think I did,
And heard the words, Philip, I take thee, Læticæ.
I gave her too, was then the father Fly,
And heard the priest do his part, far as five nobles
Would lead him i' the lines of matrimony.

Host. Where were they married?

Fly. I' the new stable.

Host.

Host. Ominous !

I ha' known many a church been made a stable,
But not a stable made a church till now :
I wish 'em joy. Fly, was he a full priest ?

Fly. He belly'd for it, had his velvet sleeves,
And his branch'd cassock, a side sweeping gown,
All his formalities, a good cramm'd divine !
I went not far to fetch him, the next inn,
Where he was lodg'd, for the action.

Host. Had they a licence !

Fly. Licence of love, I saw no other, and purse
To pay the duties both of church and house ;
The angels flew about.

Host. Those birds send luck :

And mirth will follow. I had thought to ha' sacrific'd,
To merriment to-night, i' my Light-Heart, Fly,
And like a noble poet, to have had
My last act best : but all fails i' the plot.
Lovel is gone to bed ; the lady Frampul
And sov'reign Pru fall'n out : Tipto and his regiment
Of mine-men, all drunk dumb, from his whoop Barnaby,
To his hoop Trundle : they are his two tropicks.
No project to rear laughter on, but this,
The marriage of lord Beaufort with Lætitia.
Stay ! what is here ! the sattin gown redeem'd !
And Pru restor'd in't to her lady's grace !

Fly. She is set forth in't ! rigg'd for some employment !

Host. An embassy at least !

Fly. Some treaty of state !

Host. 'Tis a fine tack about ! and worth the observing.

S C E N E II.

Lady, Prudence, Host, Fly.

Lad. Sweet Pru, I, now thou art a queen indeed !
These robes do royally ! and thou becom'st 'em !
So they do thee ! rich garments only fit

The

The parties they are made for! they shame others.
 How did they shew on goody taylor's back!
 Like a caparison for a sow, God save us!
 Thy putting 'em on hath purg'd, and hallow'd 'em
 From all pollution meant by the mechanicks.

Pru. Hang him, poor snip, a secular shop-wit!
 H' hath nought but his sheers to claim by, and his mea-
 His prentice may as well put in for his needle, [sures:
 And plead a stitch.

Lad. They have no taint in 'em
 Now of the taylor.

Pru. Yes, of his wife's hanches,
 Thus thick o' fat; I smell 'em, o' the say.

Lad. It is restorative, Pru! with thy but chafing it,
 A barren hind's grease may work miracles.
 Find but his chamber-door, and he will rise
 To thee! or if thou pleasest, feign to be
 The wretched party herself, and com'st unto him
In forma pauperis, to crave the aid
 Of his knight-errant valour, to the rescue
 Of thy distressed robes! name but thy gown,
 And he will rise to that!

Pru. I'll fire the charm first,
 I had rather die in a ditch with mistress Shore,
 Without a smock, as the pitiful matter has it,
 Than owe my wit to clothes, or ha' it beholden.

Host. Still spirit of Pru!

Fly. And smelling o' the sovereign!

^o *Like a COMPARI-ON for a sow, God save us!*] I will not affirm
 that *comparison* for a sow, is a corruption, as it may possibly allude
 to a homely proverb we have amongst us; but should the reader be
 inclined to think the present reading erroneous, we may alter it,
 without departing widely from the traces of the letters, by substi-
 tuting a *caparison*

Since the writing of these notes, I was favoured with the edition
 of this play, in 8vo. of 1631; and in that I had the satisfaction of
 finding the conjectural emendations I have made confirmed; and in
 particular, *caparison* is here the reading of that edition.

Pru.

Pru. No, I will tell him, as it is indeed ;
I come from the fine froward, Frampul lady,
Once was run mad with pride, wild with self-love ;
But late encountring a wise man, who scorn'd her,
And knew the way to his own bed, without
Borrowing her warming-pan, she hath recover'd
Part of her wits ; so much as to consider
How far she hath trespass'd, upon whom, and how.
And now sits penitent and solitary,
Like the forsaken turtle, in the volary
Of the Light-Heart, the cage, she hath abus'd,
Mourning her folly, weeping at the height
She measures with her eyes, from whence she is fall'n,
Since she did branch it on the top o' the wood.

Lad. I pr'y thee, Pru, abuse me enough, that's use me
As thou think'st fit, any coarse way, to humble me,
Or bring me home again, or Lovel on :
Thou dost not know my sufferings, what I feel,
My fires and fears are met ; I burn and freeze,
My liver's one great coal, my heart shrunk up
With all the fibres, and the mass of blood
Within me, is a standing lake of fire,
Curl'd with the cold wind of my gelid sighs,
That drive a drift of fleet through all my body,
And shoot a February through my veins.
Until I see him, I am drunk with thirst,
And surfeited with hunger of his presence.
† I know not whér I am, or no, or speak,
Or whether thou dost hear me.

Pru. Spare expressions.
I'll once more venture for your ladyship,
So you will use your fortunes reverently.

* I know not WHERE I am, or no.] *Where* has no relation to place, but is here only a contraction of *whether*, and is spelt in the edition of 1631 in the manner it is given above : and our author so uses it in his epigrams ;

" Who shall doubt, Donne, *whether* I a poet be,

" *When* I dare send my epigrams to thee."

Epig. 96.

Lad.

Lad. Religiously, dear Pru ; Love and his mother,
I'll build them several churches, shrines, and altars,
And over head, I'll have, in the glass windows,
The story of this day be painted, round,
For the poor laity of love to read.
I'll make myself their book, nay, their example,
To bid them take occasion by the forelock,
And play no after-games of love hereafter.

Host. And here your host, and's Fly, witness your
And like two lucky birds, bring the presage [vows,
Of a loud jest : lord Beaufort married is.

Lad. Ha !

Fly. All to-be-married.

Pru. To whom, not your son ?

Host. The same, Pru. If her ladyship could take truce
A little with her passion, and give way
To their mirth now running.

Lad. Runs it mirth, let't come,
It shall be well receiv'd, and much made of it.

Pru. We must of this, it was our own conception.

S C E N E III.

Latimer, [To them.]

Lat. Room for green rushes, raise the fiddlers, cham-
Call up the house in arms. [berlain,

Host. This will rouse Lovel.

Fly. And bring him on too.

Lat. Sheelee-nien

Runs like a heifer, bitten with the brieze,
About the court, crying on Fly, and cursing.

Fly. For what, my lord ?

Lat. Yo' were best hear that from her,
It is no office, Fly, fits my relation.
Here come the happy couple ! Joy, lord Beaufort.

Fly. And my young lady too.

Host. Much joy, my lord !

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Beaufort, Frank, Servant, [To them.]

Beau. I thank you all ; I thank thee, father Fly.
Madam, my cousin, you look discompos'd,
I have been bold with a sallad after supper,
O' your own lettice here.

Lad. You have, my lord.
But laws of hospitality, and fair rites,
Would have made me acquainted.

Bea. I' your own house,
I do acknowledge : else I much had trespass'd.
But in an inn, and publick, where there is license
Of all community ; a pardon o' course
May be su'd out.

Lat. It will, my lord, and carry it.
I do not see, how any storm or tempest
Can help it now.

Pru. The thing being done and past,
Yet bear it wisely, and like a lady of judgment.

Bea. She is that, secretary Pru.

Pru. Why secretary,
My wise lord ? is your brain lately married !

Bea. Your reign is ended, Pru, no sovereign now :
Your date is out, and dignity expir'd.

Pru. I am annull'd, how can I treat with Lovel,
Without a new commission ?

Lad. Thy gown's commission.

Host. Have patience, Pru, expect, bid the lord joy.

Pru. And this brave lady too. I wish them joy.

Pei. Joy.

Jor. Joy.

Jug. All joy.

Host. I, the house full of joy.

Fly. Play the bells, fiddlers, crack your strings with joy.

Pru. But lady Lættice, you shew'd a neglect
Un-to-be-pardon'd, to'ards my lady, your kinswoman,
Not to advise with her.

Bea.

Bea. Good politick Pru,
Urge not your state advice, your after-wit²;
'Tis near upbraiding. Get our bed ready, chamberlain,
And host, a bride-cup, you have rare conceits,
And good ingredients; ever an old host,
Upo' the road, has his provocative drinks.

Lat. He is either a good bawd, or a physician.

Bea. 'Twas well he heard you not, his back was turn'd.
A bed, the genial bed, a brace of boys
To-night I play for.

Pru. Give us points, my lord.

Bea. Here take 'em, Pru, my cod-piece point, and all.
I ha' clasps, my Læticæ' arms, here take 'em, boys.
What, is the chamber ready? Speak, why stare you
On one another?

Jor. No, sir.

Bea. And why no?

Jor. My master has forbid it. He yet doubts,
That you not married.

Bea. Ask his vicar general,
His Fly, here.

Fly. I must make that good, they are married.

Host. But I must make it bad, my hot young lord.
Gi' him his doublet again, the air is piercing;
You may take cold, my lord. See whom you ha' mar-
Your host's son, and a boy. [ried,

Fly. You are abus'd.

Lad. Much joy, my lord.

Pru. If this be your Lætitia,
She'll prove a counterfeit mirth, and a clip'd lady.

Ser. A boy, a boy, my lord has married a boy!

Lat. Raise all the house in shout and laughter, a boy!

Host. Stay, what is here! peace, rascals, stop your
throats.

* *Urge not your STATE ADVICE, your after-wit.*] What is the
meaning of *state advice*? Grave advice; such as befits the solemn-
ity of a state? Or is it not better to suppose it an error, and that
state advice was the poet's original word? especially as the follow-
ing expression seems to countenance the emendation.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Nurse. [To them.

That maggot, worm, that insect! O my child,
My daughter! where's that Fly? I'll fly in his face,
The vermin, let me come to him.

Fly. Why nurse Sheele?

Nur. Hang thee, thou parasite, thou son of crums
And orts, thou hast undone me, and my child,
My daughter, my dear daughter.

Host. What means this?

Nur. O sir, my daughter, my dear child is ruin'd,
By this your Fly, here, married in a stable,
And sold unto a husband.

Host. Stint thy cry,
Harlot, if that be all, didst thou not sell him
To me for a boy? and brought'st him in boys rags
Here to my door, to beg an alms of me?

Nur. I did, good master, and I crave your pardon;
But 'tis my daughter, and a girl.

Host. Why said'st thou
It was a boy, and sold'st him then to me
With such entreaty, for ten shillings, carlin?

Nur. Because you were a charitable man
I heard, good master, and would breed him well,
I would ha' giv'n him you for nothing gladly.
Forgive the lie o' my mouth, it was to save
The fruit of my womb. A parent's needs are urgent,
And few do know that tyrant o'er good natures.
But you reliev'd her, and me too, the mother,
And took me into your house to be the nurse,
For which heaven heap all blessings on your head,
Whilst there can one be added.

Host. Sure thou speak'st

Vol. IV.

Z

Quite

Quite like another creature than th' hast liv'd
Here, i' the house, a Sheelee-nien Thomas,
An Irish beggar.

Nur. So I am, God help me.

Host. What art thou? tell: the match is a good match,
For ought I see: ring the bells once again.

Bea. Stint, I say, fiddlers.

Lad. No going off, my lord. [sing!

Bea. Nor coming on, sweet lady, things thus stand.

Fly. But what's the heinousness of my offence?
Or the degrees of wrong you suffer'd by it?

In having your daughter match'd thus happily,
Into a noble house, a brave young blood,

And a prime peer o' the realm?

Bea. Was that your plot, Fly?

Gi' me a cloke, take her again among you.

I'll none o' your Light-Heart fosterlings, no inmates,
Supposititious fruits of an host's brain,

And his Fly's hatching, to be put upon me.

There is a royal court o' the Star-chamber,

Will scatter all these mists, disperse these vapours,

And clear the truth. Let beggars match with beggars,
That shall decide it. I will try it there.

Nur. Nay then, my lord, it's not enough I see
You are licentious, but you will be wicked.

Yo' are not alone content to take my daughter,
Against the law; but having taken her,

You would repudiate, and cast her off,

Now at your pleasure, like a beast of power,

Without all cause, or colour of a cause,

That, or a noble, or an honest man,

Should dare t'except against; her poverty,
Is poverty a vice?

Bea. Th' age counts it so. [think so,

Nur. God help your lordship, and your peers that
If any be: if not, God bless them all,

And

And help the number o' the virtuous,
If poverty be a crime. You may object
Our beggary to us, as an accident,
But never deeper, no inherent baseness.
And I must tell you now, young lord of dirt,
As an incensed mother, she hath more
And better blood running i' those small veins,
Than all the race of Beauforts have in ma's,
Though they distil their drops from the left rib
Of John o' Gaunt.

Host. Old mother o' records,
Thou know'st her pedigree then: whose daughter is she?

Nur. The daughter and co-heir to the lord Frampul,
This lady's sister!

Lad. Mine? what is her name?

Nur. Lætitia.

Lad. That was lost!

Nur. The true Lætitia.

Lad. Sister, O gladness! then you are our mother?

Nur. I am, dear daughter.

Lad. On my knees I bless
The light I see you by.

Nur. And to the author
Of that blest light, I ope my other eye,
Which hath almost, now, seven years been shut,
Dark as my vow was, never to see light,
Till such a light restor'd it, as my children,
Or your dear father, who, I hear, is not.

Bea. Give me my wife, I own her now, and will
[have her.

Host. But you must ask my leave first, my young lord.
Leave is but light. Ferret, go bolt your master,
Here's gear will startle him. I cannot keep
The passion in me, I am e'en turn'd child,
And I must weep. Fly, take away mine host,
My beard and cap here, from me, and fetch my lord;
I am

I am her father, sir, and you shall now
 Ask my consent, before you have her. Wife!
 My dear and loving wife! my honour'd wife!
 Who here hath gain'd but I? I am lord Frampul,
 The cause of all this trouble: I am he
 Have measur'd all the shires of England over,
 Wales, and her mountains, seen those wilder nations,
 Of people in the Peak, and Lancashire;
 Their pipers, fiddlers, rushers, puppet-masters,
 Juglers and gipsies, all the sorts of canters,
 And colonies of beggars, tumblers, ape carriers;
 For to these savages I was addicted,
 To search their natures, and make odd discoveries,
 And here my wife, like a She-Mandevile,
 Ventured in disquisition after me.

Nur. I may look up, admire, I cannot speak
 Yet to my lord.

Host. Take heart, and breathe, recover,
 Thou hast recover'd me, who here had coffin'd
 Myself alive, in a poor hostelry,
 In penance of my wrongs done unto thee,
 Whom I long since gave lost.

Nur. So did I you,
 Till stealing mine own daughter from her sister,
 I lighted on this error hath cur'd all.

Bea. And in that cure, include my trespass, mother,
 And father, for my wife——

Host. No, the Star-chamber.

Bea. Away with that, you sour the sweetest lettice
 Was ever tasted.

Host. Gi' you joy, my son,
 Cast her not off again. O call me father,
 Lovel, and this your mother, if you like;
 But take your mistress, first, my child: I have power
 To give her now, with her consent; her sister
 Is given already to your brother Beaufort.

Lov.

Lev. Is this a dream now, after my first sleep?
Or are these phant'ies made i' the Light Heart?
And sold i' the New Inn?

Host. Best go to bed,
And dream it over all. Let's all go sleep,
Each with his turtle. Fly, provide us lodgings;
Get beds prepar'd; yo' are master now o' the inn,
The lord o' the Light-Heart, I give it you.
Fly was my fellow-gipsy. All my family,
Indeed, were gipsys, tapsters, ostlers, chamberlains,
Reduced vessels of civility.
But here stands Pru, neglected, best deserving
Of all that are i' the house, or i' my heart,
Whom though I cannot help to a fit husband,
I'll help to that will bring one, a just portion:
I have two thousand pound in bank for Pru,
Call for it when she will.

Bea. And I as much.

Host. There's somewhat yet, four thousand pound!
[that's better,
Than sounds the proverb, "Four bare legs in a bed."

Lev. Me and her mistress, she hath power to coin
Up into what she will.

Lad. Indefinite Pru.

Lat. But I must do the crowning act of bounty!

Host. What's that, my lord?

Lat. Give her myself, which here
By all the holy vows of love I do,
Spare all your promis'd portions, she's a dowry
So all-sufficient in her virtue and manners,
That fortune cannot add to her.

Pru. My lord,
Your praises are instructions to mine ears,
Whence you have made your wife to live your servant.

Host. Lights: get us several lights.

Lev. Stay, let my mistress

But hear my vision sung, my dream of beauty,
Which I have brought, prepar'd, to bid us joy,
And light us all to bed, 'twill be instead
Of airing of the sheets with a sweet odour.

Host. 'Till be an incense to our sacrifice
Of love to-night, where I will woo afresh,
And like Mæcenas, having but one wife,
I'll marry her every hour of life hereafter¹.

They go out with a song.

¹ *And like MÆCENAS, having but ONE WIFE,*

I'll marry her every hour of life hereafter.] *Tereatia*, the wife of *Mæcenas*, is reported to have been not of the most gentle and complying manners, which necessarily produced many quarrels and reconcilements between her and her husband: this gave occasion to those words of *Seneca*, to which our poet alludes; *Hunc esse, qui uxorem millies duxit, cum unam habuerit.* *Senec. Epist. 114.*

EPILOGUE.

- “ **P**Lays in themselves have neither hopes nor fears ;
“ Their fate is only in their hearers ears :
“ If you expect more than you had to-night,
“ The maker is sick, and sad. But do him right ;
“ He meant to please you : for he sent things fit,
“ In all the numbers both of sense and wit ;
“ If they ha’ not miscarried ! if they have,
“ All that his faint and faltring tongue doth crave,
“ Is, that you not impute it to his brain,
“ That’s yet unhurt, altho’ set round with pain,
“ It cannot long hold out. All strength must yield ;
“ Yet judgment would the last be in the field,
“ With a true poet. He could have hal’d in
“ The drunkards, and the noises of the inn,
“ In his last act ; if he had thought it fit
“ To vent you vapours in the place of wit :
“ But better ’twas that they should sleep, or spue,
“ Than in the scene to offend him or you.
“ This he did think ; and this do you forgive :
“ When e’er the carcase dies, this art will live :
“ And had he liv’d the care of king and queen,
“ His art in something more yet had been seen ;
“ But mayors and shrieves may yearly fill the stage :
“ A king’s, or poet’s birth do ask an age.”

Another EPILOGUE there was, made for the play, in the poet's defence, but the play liv'd not in opinion, to have it spoken.

“ **A** Jovial host, and lord of the New Inn,
“ ‘Clep’t the Light-Heart, with all that past therein,
“ Hath been the subject of our play to-night,
“ To give the king, and queen, and court delight.
“ But then we mean the court above the stairs,
“ And past the guard; men that have more of ears
“ Than eyes to judge us: such as will not hiss,
“ Because the chambermaid was named Cis.
“ We think it would have serv’d our scene as true,
“ * If, as it is, at first we’d call’d her Pru,
“ For any mystery we there have found,
“ Or magic in the letters or the sound.
“ She only meant was for a girl of wit,
“ To whom her lady did a province fit;
“ Which she would have discharg’d, and done as well,
“ Had she been christned Joyce, Grace, Doll, or
“ Nell.”

** If, as it is, at first we’d call’d her Pru.] In the first draught of the play, the chambermaid’s name was Cicely, which, it seems, was not approv’d of by the audience, and therefore altered by the poet to Prudence. In the edition of 1631, she is sometimes called Cis, and sometimes Pru, by mistake of the printer.*

The just indignation the author took at the vulgar
censure of his play, by some malicious spectators,
begat this following Ode to himself.

COME leave the lothed stage,
And the more lothsome age¹;
Where pride and impudence, in faction knit,
Usurp the chair of wit!
Indicting and arraigning every day,
Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious, vain
Commission of the brain
Run on and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn:
They were not made for thee, less thou for them.

Say that thou pour'st them wheat,
And they will acorns eat;
'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste
On such as have no taste.
To offer them a surfeit of pure bread,
Whose appetites are dead!
No, give them grains their fill,
Husks, draff to drink and swill.
If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,
Envy them not, their palate's with the swine.

¹ Come leave the loathed stage,
And the more lothsome age.] This ode of our poet to him-
self, gave occasion to two others; one in praise of Jonson, and
endeavouring to dissuade him from this resolution, by Thomas
Randolph; the other in answer to Jonson, and severely taxing
him with arrogance and vanity, by Feltham, a writer of note in
that age, and the author of a book which had its day of fame,
intituled, *Resolves*.

No doubt some moldy tale,
 Like Pericles, and stale
 As the shrieves crusts, and nasty as his fish-
 Scraps, out of every dish
 Thrown forth, and rank'd into the common tub,
 May keep up the play-club :
 There sweepings do as well
 As the best order'd meal.
 For who the relish of these guests will fit,
 Needs set them but the alms-basket of wit.

And much good do't you then :
 Brave plush and velvet-men
 Can feed on orts : and safe in your stage-clothes,
 Dare quit upon your oaths,
 The stagers and the stage-wrights too (your peers)
 Of larding your large ears
 With their soul comick socks ;
 Wrought upon twenty blocks :
 Which if they are torn, and turn'd, and patch'd enough,
 The gamesters share your guilt, and you their stuff.

Leave things so prostitute,
 And take th' Alcaick lute ;
 Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre,
 Warm thee by Pindar's fire :
 And though thy nerves be shrunk, and blood be cold,
 E're years have made thee old ;
 Strike that disdainful heat
 Throughout to their defeat :
 As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
 May blushing swear no palsy's in thy brain.

But when they hear thee sing
 The glories of thy king,

His zeal to God, and his just awe o'er men :
They may, blood-shaken then,
Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers ;
As they shall cry, like ours,
In sound of peace or wars,
No harp e'er hit the stars,
In tuning forth the acts of his sweet reign ;
And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his waine.

His zeal to God, and his just awe o'er men;
 They may, blood-shaken then,
 Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers;
 As they shall cry, like ours,
 In sound of peace or wars,
 We have e'er hit the mark,
 In coming forth the sons of his sweet reign;
 And raising Charles his charter 'bove his wane.

THE
MAGNETICK LADY;

OR,

Humours Reconcil'd.

A

C O M E D Y.

*Jam lapides suus ardor agit, ferrumque tenetur
Illecebris—*
Claud. de Magnet.

T H E

MAGNETICK LADY;

O R

Humours Reconcil'd

A

O M E D Y.

Printed by J. Smith, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, near St. Dunstons Church, in the City of London.
1711.

Dramatis Personæ.

Dramatis Personæ.

LADY LOADSTONE, the Magnetick Lady.
MISTRESS POLISH, her gossip and she-parasite.
MISTRESS PLACENTIA, her niece.
PLEASANCE, her waiting-woman.
MISTRESS KEEP, the niece's nurse.
MOTHER CHAIR, the midwife,
MR. COMPASS, a scholar mathematick.
CAPTAIN IRONSIDE, a soldier.
PARSON PALATE, prelate of the parish.
DOCTOR RUT, physician to the house.
TIM. ITEM, his apothecary.
SIR DIAPHANOUS SILKWORM, a courtier.
MR. PRACTISE, a lawyer.
SIR MOTH INTEREST, an usurer, or money-bawd.
MR. BIAS, a vi-politick, or sub-secretary.
MR. NEEDLE, the lady's steward and taylor.

The CHORUS by way of *Induction*.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE

Boy.

hum

ladies

court

Pr

Da

firrah

Boy

that

etito's

Vol.

THE
INDUCTION,
OR
CHORUS.

Two gentlemen entring upon the stage.

Mr. Probet and Mr. Damplay.

A boy of the house meets them:

Boy. **W**HAT do you lack, gentlemen? what is't you lack? any fine fancies, figures, humours, characters, ideas, definitions of lords and ladies? Waiting-women, parasites, knights, captains, courtiers, lawyers, what do you lack?

Pro. A pretty prompt boy for the poetick shop.

Dam. And a bold! where's one o' your masters, sirrah, the poet?

Boy. Which of 'em? sir, we have divers that drive that trade, now: poets, poetaccio's, poetasters, poetito's—

Dam. And all haberdashers of small wit, I presume; we would speak with the poet o' the day, boy.

Boy. Sir, he is not here. But I have the dominion of the shop, for this time, under him, and can shew you all the variety the stage will afford for the present.

Pro. Therein you will express your own good parts, boy.

Dam. And tie us two to you for the gentle office.

Pro. We are a pair of publick persons (this gentleman and my self) that are sent thus coupled unto you, upon state-business.

Boy. It concerns but the state of the stage, I hope.

Dam. O, you shall know that by degrees, boy. No man leaps into a business of state, without fording first the state of the business.

Pro. We are sent unto you, indeed, from the people.

Boy. The people! which side of the people?

Dam. The venison side, if you know it, boy.

Boy. That's the left side. I had rather they had been the right.

Pro. So they are. Not the faces, or grounds of your people, that sit in the oblique caves and wedges of your house, your sinful six-penny mechanicks——

Dam. But the better and braver sort of your people! plush and velvet outsides! that stick your house round like so many eminences——

Boy. Of clothes, not understandings? they are at pawn. Well, I take these as a part of your people though; what bring you to me from these people?

Dam. And all haberdashers of small wit.] Shakespear has an expression of the like kind, in *King Henry the Eighth*, act 1. scene 1.

Porter's Man. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit that railed upon me, till her pink'd porrenger fell off her head.

Dr. Gail
D.

Dam. You have heard, boy, the ancient poets had it in their purpose, still to please this people.

Pro. I, their chief aim was——

Dam. *Populo ut placerent*: (if he understands so much.)

Boy. (*Quas fecissent fabulas.*) I understand that sin^r I learn'd Terence, i^r the third form at Westminster: go on, sir.

Pro. Now, these people have employed us to you, in all their names, to entreat an excellent play from you.

Dam. For they have had very mean ones from this shop of late, the stage as you call it.

Boy. Troth, gentlemen, I have no wares which I dare thrust upon the people with praise. But this, such as it is, I will venture with your people, your gay gallant people: so as you, again, will undertake for them, that they shall know a good play when they hear it; and will have the conscience and ingenuity beside to confess it.

Pro. We'll pass our words for that; you shall have a brace of us to engage our selves.

Boy. You'll tender your names, gentlemen, to our book then?

Dam. Yes, here's mr. Probee; a man of most powerful speech, and parts to persuade.

Pro. And mr. Damplay will make good all he undertakes.

Boy. Good mr. Probee, and mr. Damplay! I like your securities: whence do you write your selves?

Pro. Of London, gentlemen; but Knights brothers, and Knights friends, I assure you.

Dam. And Knights fellows too. Every poet writes squire now.

Boy. You are good names! very good men, both of you! I accept you.

A 2 2

Dam.

Dam. And what is the title of your play here?
The Magnetick Lady?

Boy. Yes, sir, an attractive title the author has given it.

Pro. *A magnete*, I warrant you.

Dam. O no, from *magnus, magna, magnum*.

Boy. This gentleman hath found the true magnitude——

Dam. Of his portal or entry to the work, according to Vitruvius.

Boy. Sir, all our work is done without a portal——or Vitruvius. *In foro*, as a true comedy should be. And what is conceal'd within, is brought out, and made present by report.

Dam. We see not that always observ'd by your authors of these times; or scarce any other.

Boy. Where it is not at all known, how should it be observ'd? The most of those your people call authors, never dreamt of any decorum, or what was proper in the scene; but grope at it i' the dark, and feel or fumble for it: I speak it, both with their leave, and the leave o' your people.

Dam. But, why Humours Reconcil'd, I would fain know?

Boy. I can satisfy you there too, if you will. But, perhaps you desire not to be satisfied.

Dam. No? why should you conceive so, boy?

Boy. My conceit is not ripe yet; I'll tell you that anon. † The author beginning his studies of this kind, with Every Man in his Humour; and after, Every

† *The author beginning his studies of this kind, with Every Man in his Humour* } We must except those pieces which were offered to the stage before that play, and which did not succeed so well. *The Case is altered* has, I think, plain marks of being one of his earlier compositions.

Man out of his Humour ; and since, continuing in all his plays, especially those of the comick thread, whereof the New-Inn was the last, some recent humours still, or manners of men, that went along with the times ; finding himself now near the close, or shutting up of his circle, hath fancied to himself, in idea, this Magnetick Mistrefs : a lady, a brave bountiful house-keeper, and a virtuous widow ; who having a young niece, ripe for a man and marriageable, he makes that his center attractive, to draw thither a diversity of guests, all persons of different humours to make up his perimeter. And this he hath call'd Humours Reconcil'd.

Pro. A bold undertaking, and far greater than the reconciliation of both churches ; the quarrel between humours having been much the ancients ; and, in my poor opinion, the root of all schism and faction both in church and common-wealth.

Boy. Such is the opinion of many wise men, that meet at this shop still ; but how he will speed in it, we cannot tell, and he himself (it seems) less cares. For he will not be entreated by us, to give it a prologue. He has lost too much that way already, he says. He will not woo the gentile ignorance so much, But careless of all vulgar censure, as not depending on common approbation, he is confident it shall super-please judicious spectators, and to them he leaves it to work with the rest, by example or otherwise.

Dam. He may be deceiv'd in that, boy : few follow examples now, especially if they be good.

Boy. The play is ready to begin, gentlemen, I tell you, lest you might defraud the expectation of the people, for whom you are delegates : please you take a couple of seats and plant your selves, here, as near my standing as you can : fly every thing you see to

the mark, and censure it freely ; so you interrupt not the series or thread of the argument, to break or pucker it, with unnecessary questions. For, I must tell you, (not out of mine own dictamen, but the author's) a good play is like a skain of silk ; which, if you take by the right end, you may wind off at pleasure, on the bottom or card of your discourse, in a tale or so ; how you will : but if you light on the wrong end, you will pull all into a knot or else-lock ; which nothing but the sheers, or a candle, will undo or separate.

Dam. Stay ! who be these, I pray you ?

Boy. Because it is your first question, (and these be the prime persons) it would in civility require an answer : but I have heard the poet affirm, that to be the most unlucky scene in a play, which needs an interpreter ; especially, when the auditory are awake ; and such are you, he presumes ; *ergo*——

THE
MAGNETICK LADY;
OR,
Humours Reconcil'd.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Compass, Ironside.

Com. **W**ELCOME, good captain Ironside,
and brother;
You shall along with me. I'm lodg'd
hard by
Here, at a noble lady's house i' th' street,
The lady Loadstone's, (one will bid us welcome)
Where there are gentlewomen and male guests,
Of several humours, carriage, constitution,
A a 4 Profession

Profession too ; but so diametral
 One to another, and so much oppos'd,
 As if I can but hold them all together,
 And draw 'em to a sufferance of themselves,
 But 'till the dissolution of the dinner,
 I shall have just occasion to believe
 My wit is magisterial ; and our selves
 Take infinite delight i' the success.

Iron. Troth, brother Compass, you shall pardon me ;
 I love not so to multiply acquaintance
 At a meal's cost ; 'twill take off o' my freedom
 So much ; or bind me to the least observance.

Com. Why, Ironside, you know I am a scholar,
 And part a soldier ; I have been employ'd
 By some the greatest statesmen o' the kingdom,
 These many years ; and in my time convers'd
 With sundry humours, suiting so my self
 To company, as honest men, and knaves,
 Good-fellows, hypocrites, all sorts of people,
 Though never so divided in themselves,
 Have studied to agree still in the usage
 And handling of me (which hath been fair too.)

Iron. Sir, I confess you to be one well read
 In men, and manners ; and that usually,
 The most ungovern'd persons, you being pre 'ent,
 Rather subject themselves unto your censure
 Than give you least occasion of distaste,
 By making you the subject of their mirth
 But (to deal plainly with you, as a brother)
 When ever I distrust i' my own valour,
 I'll never bear me on another's wit,
 Or offer to bring off, or save my self,
 On the opinion of your judgment, gravity,
 Discretion, or what else. But (being away)
 You're sure to have less wit-work, gentle brother,
 My humour being as stubborn as the rest,
 And as unmanageable.

Com.

Com. You do mistake

My carast of your friendship all this while!
Or at what rate I reckon your assistance,
Knowing by long experience, to such animals,
Half-hearted creatures, as these are, your fox there,
Unkennel'd with a cholerick, ghastly aspect,
Or two or three comminatory terms,
Would run their fears to any hole of shelter,
Worth a day's laughter! I am for the sport:
For nothing else.

Iron. But, brother, I ha' seen

A coward meeting with a man as valiant
As our St. George (not knowing him to be such,
Or having least opinion that he was so)
Set to him roundly, I, and swinge him soundly:
And i' the virtue of that error, having
Once overcome, resolv'd for ever after
To err; and think no person, nor no creature
More valiant than himself.

Com. I think that too:

But, brother, (could I over entreat you)
I have some little plot upon the rest,
If you would be contented to endure
A sliding reprehension at my hands,
To hear your self or your profession glanc'd at
In a few slighting terms; it would beget
Me such a main authority, o' the byc,
And do your self no disrepute at all!

Iron. Compass, I know that universal causes
In nature produce nothing, but as meeting
Particular causes to determine those,
And specify their acts. This is a piece
Of Oxford science, stays with me e'er since
I left that place; and I have often found
The truth thereof, in my private passions:
For I do never feel my self perturb'd

With

With any general words 'gainst my profession,
 Unless by some smart stroke upon my self
 They do awake, and stir me: else, to wise
 And well experienc'd men, words do not signify;
 They have no power, save with dull grammarians,
 Whose souls are nought but a Syntaxis of them.

Com. Here comes our parson, parson Palate here,
 A venerable youth! I must salute him,
 And a great clerk! he's going to the ladies:
 And tho' you see him thus, without his cope,
 I do assure you he's our parish pope!
 God save my reverend clergy, parson Palate.

S C E N E II.

Palate, Compass, Ironside.

Pal. The witty mr. Compass! how is't with you?

Com. My lady stays for you, and for your counsel,
 Touching her niece, mrs. Placentia Steel!

—————*To wife*

*And well-experienc'd men, words do BUT signify;
 They have no power, save with dull grammarians.]* The meaning of this sentence is not very clear; if we adhere to the present pointing, the word *but* in the first line, I apprehend, should be changed to *not*: and the sense will then be, that general words can make little or no impression upon wise and well experienc'd persons.

—————*To wife*

And well experienc'd men, words do not signify:
 if we retain the present reading, it seems necessary to remove the stop after the word *signify*, and the whole will run thus;

—————*To wife*

*And well-experienc'd men, words do but signify i. e. shew
 They have no power, save with dull grammarians.*
 The sentiment is much the same, if we prefer this reading, tho' possibly the former may render it easier and more exact.

Who

Who strikes the fire of full fourteen to-day,
Ripe for a husband.

Pal. I, she chimes, she chimes.

Saw you the doctor Rut, the house physician?
He's sent for too.

Com. To council? time you were there.
Make haste, and give it a round quick dispatch,
That we may go to dinner betimes, parson;
And drink a health or two more to the business.

Iron. This is a strange put-off! a reverend youth,
You use him most surreverently methinks!
What call you him? Palate Please? or Parson Palate?

Com. Ail's one, but shorter! I can gi' you his cha-
He is the prelate of the parish, here, [racter:

And governs all the dames, appoints the cheer,
Writes down the bills of fare, pricks all the guests,
Makes all the matches and the marriage feasts
Within the ward; draws all the parish wills,
Designs the legacies, and strokes the gills
Of the chief mourners: and (whoever lacks)
Of all the kindred, he hath first his blacks.
Thus holds he weddings up, and burials,
As his main tithing; with the gossips stalls,
Their pews; he's top still, at the publick mess;
Comforts the widow, and the fatherless,
In funeral sack: sits 'bove the alderman;
For of the wardmote quest, he better can
The mystery, than the Levitick law:
That piece of clerkship doth his vestry awe.
He is as he conceives himself, a fine
Well furnish'd, and apparelled divine.

Iron. Who made this epigram, you?

Com. No, a great clerk

As any's of his bulk (Ben. Jonson) made it.

Iron. But what's the other character, doctor Rut?

Com.

Com. The same man made 'em both : but his is
 And not in rhyme, but blanks. I'll tell you that, too. ^{[shorter,}
Rut is a young phyfician to the family:
 That, letting God alone, ascribes to nature
 More than her share ; licentious in difcourse,
 And in his life a profeft voluptuary ;
 The flave of money, a buffoon in manners ;
 Obscene in language, which he vents for wit ;
 Is fawcy in his logicks, and difputing ;
 Is any thing but civil, or a man.
 See here they are ! and walking with my lady,
 In confultation, afore the door ;
 We will flip in, as if we faw 'em not.

S C E N E III.

Lady, Palate, Rut.

Lad. I, 'tis his fault, ſhe's not beſtow'd,
 My brother Intereſt's.

Pal Who, old ſir Moth ?

Lad. He keeps off all her ſuitors, keeps the portion
 Still in his hands ; and will not part withal,
 On any terms.

Pal. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ ;*
 Thence flows the cauſe o' the main grievance.

¹ *That, letting God alone, ascribes to nature
 More than her ſhare.]* The poet in this, and the preceding
 character of the parſon, imitates the manner and the ſentiments of
 Chaucer : but we muſt not think that our author's deſcription was
 intended to comprehend the faculty in general. As to the remark
 above, ſomething of the ſame kind is obſerved by lord Bacon ; and
 our old bard too tells us of his phyſician, that

“ His ſtudy was but lytel on the Byble.”

Rut.

Rut. That

It is a main one! how much is the portion?

Lad. No petty sum.

Pal. But sixteen thousand pound.

Rut. He should be forc'd, madam, to lay it down.

When is it payable?

Lad. When she is married.

Pal. Marry her, marry her, madam.

Rut. Get her married.

Lose not a day, an hour——

Pal. Not a minute.

Pursue your project real, mr. Compass

Advis'd you to. He is the perfect Instrument

Your ladyship should sail by.

Rut. Now, mr. Compass

Is a fine witty man; I saw him go in, now.

Lad. Is he gone in?

Pal. Yes, and a feather with him,

He seems a soldier.

Rut. Some new suitor, madam.

Lad. I am beholding to him; he brings ever

Variety of good persons to my table,

And I must thank him, tho' my brother Interest

Dislike of it a little.

Pal. He likes nothing

That runs your way.

Rut. Troth, and the other cares not.

He'll go his own way, if he think it right.

Lad. He's a true friend! and there is mr. Practice,

The fine young man of law, comes to the house:

My brother brooks him not, because he thinks

He is by me assigned for my niece;

He will not hear of it.

Rut. Not of that ear;

But yet your ladyship doth wisely in it——

Pal. 'Twill make him to lay down the portion sooner,

If he but dream you'll match her with a lawyer.

Lad. So mr. Compass says. It is between
The lawyer, and the courtier, which shall have her.

Pal. Who, sir Diaphanous Silkworm?

Rut. A fine gentleman,
Old mr. Silkworm's heir.

Pal. And a neat courtier,
Of a most elegant thread.

Lad. And so my gossip
Polish assures me. Here she comes! good Polish
Welcome in troth! how do'st thou, gentle Polish?

Rut. Who's this?

Pal. Dame Polish, her she-parasite,
Her talking, soothing, sometime governing gossip.

S C E N E IV.

Polish, Lady, Palate, Rut.

Pol. Your ladyship is still the lady Loadstone,
That draws, and draws unto you, guests of all sorts:
The courtiers, and the soldiers, and the scholars,
The travellers, physicians, and divines,
* As doctor Ridley writ, and doctor Barlow.
They both have wrote of you, and mr. Compass.

Lad. We mean, they shall write more, e're it be
[long]

* As doctor RIDLEY writ, and doctor BARLOW,
They both have wrote of you, and mr. COMPASS.] Doctor Bar-
low discovered many uses of the magnet, or load-stone, which were
unknown before his time, and was the first inventor of the compass-
box, as it is now used at sea: in 1616 he published a book called
Magnetical Advertisment, &c. which was soon after animadverted
upon by dr. Mark Ridley, a physician. To this dispute our author
makes an allusion in these lines. Dr. Barlow died in 1625.

Pol. Alas, they are both dead, and't please you ; but
Your ladyship means well, and shall mean well,
So long as I live. How does your fine niece,
My charge, mistress Placentia Steel ?

Lad. She is not well.

Pol. Not well ?

Lad. Her doctor says so.

Rut. Not very well ; she cannot shoot at butts,
Or manage a great horse, but she can cranch
A sack of small-coal, eat you lime, and hair,
Soap-ashes, loam, and has a dainty spice
O' the green-sickness !

Pol. 'Od shield !

Rut. Or the dropsy !

A toy, a thing of nothing. But my lady, here,
Her noble aunt.

Pol. She is a noble aunt !
And a right worshipful lady, and a virtuous ;
I know it well !

Rut. Well, if you know it, peace.

Pal. Good sister Polish, hear your betters speak.

Pol. Sir I will speak, with my good lady's leave,
And speak, and speak again ; I did bring up
My lady's niece, mrs. Placentia Steel,
With my own daughter (who's Placentia too)
And waits upon my lady, is her woman :
Her ladyship well knows mrs. Placentia
Steel (as I said) her curious niece, was left
A legacy to me, by father and mother,
With the nurse Keep that tended her : her mother
She died in child-bed of her, and her father
Liv'd not long after : for he lov'd her mother !
They were a godly couple ! yet both dy'd,
(As we must all.) No creature is immortal,
I have heard our pastor say : no, not the faithful !
And they did die (as I said) both in one month.

Rut.

Rut. Sure she is not long-liv'd, if she spend breath
[thus.

Pol. And did bequeath her to my care and hand,
To polish and bring up. I moulded her,
And fashion'd her, and form'd her; she had the sweat
Both of my brows and brains (my lady knows it)
Since she could write a quarter old.

Lad. I know not
That she could write so early, my good gossip.
But I do know she was so long your care,
Till she was twelve year old; that I call'd for her,
And took her home; for which I thank you, Polish,
And am beholden to you.

Rut. I sure thought
She had a lease of talking for nine lives——

Pol. It may be she has.

Pol. Sir, sixteen thousand pound
Was then her portion! for she was, indeed,
Their only child! and this was to be paid
Upon her marriage, so she married still
With my good lady's liking here, her aunt:
(I heard the will read) mr. Steel, her father,
The world condemn'd him to be very rich,
And very hard; and he did stand condemn'd
With that vain world, till, as 'twas proved after,
He left almost as much more to good uses
In sir Moth Interest's hands, my lady's brother,
Whose sister he had married: he holds all
In his close gripe. But mr. Steel was liberal,
And a fine man; and she a dainty dame,
And a religious, and a bountiful——

SCENE

S C E N E V.

[*To them*] *Compass, Ironside.*

Pol. You knew her, mr. Compass?

Com. Spare the torture,
I do confess without it.

Pol. And her husband,
What a fine couple they were? and how they liv'd?

Com. Yes.

Pol. And lov'd together like a pair of turtles!

Com. Yes.

Pol. And feasted all the neighbours.

Com. Take her off
Some body that hath mercy.

Rut. O he knows her,
It seems!

Com. Or any measure of compassion:
Doctors, if you be Christians, undertake
One for the soul, the other for the body!

Pol. She would dispute with the doctors of divinity,
At her own table! and the Spittle preachers!
And find out the Armenians?

Rut. The Armenians?

Pol. I say, the Armenians.

Com. Nay, I say so too!

Pol. So mr. Polish call'd 'em, the Armenians!

Com. And Medes and Persians, did he not?

Pol. Yes, he knew 'em,
And so did mistress Steel: she was his pupil.

^s *Rut.* *The ARMENIANS?*] The folio of 1640, the *Arminians*.
But the present reading with the interrogative point, is more humorous, as it preserves the blunder; tho' the *Arminians* are intended.

The Armenians, he would say, were worse than papists:
And then the Persians were our Puritans,
Had the fine piercing wits!

Com. And who, the Medes?

Pol. The middle men, the luke-warm protestants.

Rut. Out, out.

Pol. Sir, she would find them by their branching:
Their branching sleeves, brancht cassocks, and brancht
Beside their texts. [doctrine,

Rut. Stint karlin: I'll not hear.

Confute her, parson.

Pol. I respect no parsons,
Chaplains, or doctors, I will speak.

Lad. Yes, so't be reason,
Let her.

Rut. Death, she cannot speak reason.

Com. Nor sense, if we be masters of our senses!

Iro. What mad woman ha' they got here to bait?

Pol. Sir, I am mad in truth, and to the purpose;
And cannot but be mad, to hear my lady's
Dead sister slighted, witty mrs. Steel.

Iro. If she had a wit, death has gone near to spoil it,
Assure your self.

Pol. She was both witty and zealous,
And lighted all the tinder o' the truth
(As one said) of religion, in our parish;
She was too learned to live long with us!
She could the Bible in the holy tongue,
And read it without pricks; had all her Masoreth;
Knew Burton and his Bull, and scribe Prin, gent,
Presto-be-gon, and all the Pharisees⁶.

Lad.

⁶ *Knew BURTON and his BULL, and SCRIBE PRIN, gent.*

PRESTO-BE-GON, and all the Pharisees.] Henry Burton published a tract in the year 1627, entitled, The baiting of the Pope's Bull, 4to. This was the person who lost his ears with Pryn and Basswick.

Dr. GRAY.
The

Lad. Dear gossip,
Be you gone, at this time, too, and vouchsafe
To see your charge, my niece.

Pol. I shall obey
If your wise ladyship think fit: I know
To yield to my superiors.

Lad. A good woman!
But when she is impertinent, grows earnest,
A little troublesome, and out of season:
Her love and zeal transport her.

Com. I am glad
That any thing could port her hence. We now
Have hope of dinner, after her long grace.
I have brought your ladyship a hungry guest here,
A soldier, and my brother, captain Ironside:
Who being by custom grown a sanguinary,
The solemn and adopted son of slaughter,
Is more delighted i' the chase of an enemy,
An execution of three days and nights,
Than all the hope of numerous succession,
Or happiness of issue could bring to him.

Rut. He is no suitor then?

Pal. So it should seem.

Com. And if he can get pardon at heaven's hand
For all his murthers, is in as good case
As a new christen'd infant: (his employments

The voluminous *Pryn* is rightly characterised by the title of *Scribe*; and perhaps he is again alluded to, in the description of one who suffers without any shame, or sense of his sufferings; where there seems also to be a reference to his *Histrionic*;

"One that hath lost his ears by a just sentence

"O' the Star-chamber, a right valiant knave,

"And is a histrionical contempt."

Act. 3. sc. 5.

Our author means any particular person by the term *Præsto be-gon*, we may imagine he alludes to the famous Dr. *Preston*, at that time the head of the presbyterian party.

B b 2

Continu'd

Continu'd to him, without interruption,
 And not allowing him or time or place
 To commit any other sin, but those)
 Please you to make him welcome for a meal, madam.

Lad. The nobleness of his profession makes
 His welcome perfect; tho' your coarse description
 Would seem to fully it.

Iro. Never, where a beam
 Of so much favour doth illustrate it,
 Right knowing lady.

Pal. She hath cur'd all well,

Rut. And he hath fitted well the compliment.

SCENE VI.

[*To them*] *Sir Diaphanous, Practice.*

Com. No, here they come: the prime magnetick
 [guests]

Our lady Loadstone so respects: the Arctick!
 And th' Antarctick! sir Diaphanous Silkworm!
 A courtier extraordinary; who by diet
 Of meats and drinks, his temperate exercise,
 Choice musick, frequent baths, his horary shifts
 Of shirts, and waistcoats, means to immortalize
 Mortality itself, and makes the essence
 Of his whole happiness the trim of court.

Dia. I thank you, mr. Compass, for your short
 Encomiastick.

Rut. It is much in little, sir.

Pal. Concise and quick; the true style of an orator.

Com. But mr. Practice here, my lady's lawyer,
 Or man of law, (for that is the true writing)
 A man so dedicate to his profession,
 And the preferments go along with it,

As scarce the thund'ring bruit of an invasion,
Another eighty eight, threatning his country
With ruin, would no more work upon him,
Than Syracusa's sack on Archimede :
So much he loves that night-cap ! the bench-gown !
With the broad guard o' th' back ! these shew a man
Betroth'd unto the study of our laws !

Pra. Which you but think the crafty impositions
Of subtile clerks, feats of fine understanding,
To abuse clots and clowns with, mr. Compass,
Having no ground in nature to sustain it,
Or light, from those clear causes ; to the inquiry
And search of which, your mathematical head
Hath so devow'd itself.

Com. Tut, all men are
Philosophers, to their inches. There's within
Sir Interest, as able a philosopher,
In buying and selling ! has reduc'd his thrift
To certain principles, and i' that method,
As he will tell you instantly, by logarithms,
The utmost profit of a stock employed :
(Be the commodity what it will) the place,
Or time, but causing very, very little,
Or, I may say, no paralax at all,
In his pecuniary observations !
He has brought your niece's portion with him, madam ;
At least, the man that must receive it : here
They come negociating the affair ;
You may perceive the contract in their faces,
And read th' indenture. If you'll sign 'em : so.

SCENE VII.

[*To them*] *Interest, Bias.**Pal.* What is he, mr. Compass?*Com.* A vi-politick!

Or a sub-aiding instrument of state!

A kind of a laborious secretary

To a great man! (and likely to come on)

Full of attendance! and of such a stride

In business politick or oeconomick,

As well his lord may stoop t' advise with him,

And be prescribed by him in affairs

Of highest consequence, when he is dull'd,

Or wearied with the less.

Dia. 'Tis mr. Bias,

Lord Whach'um's politick.

Com. You know the man?*Dia.* I ha' seen him wait at court, there, with his
Of papers and petitions. [maniples]*Pra.* He is one

That over rules tho', by his authority

Of living there; and cares for no man else:

Neglects the sacred letter of the law;

And holds it all to be but a dead heap

Of civil institutions: the rest only

Of common men, and their causes, a farrago,

Or a made dish in court; a thing of nothing.

Com. And that's your quarrel at him? a just plea.*Int.* I tell you, sister Loadstone——*Com.* (Hang your ears

This way, and hear his praises: now Moth opens.)

Int. I ha' brought you here the very man! the jewel

Of all the court! close mr. Bias! sister,

Apply him to your side! or you may wear him

Here o' your breast! or hang him in your ear!

He's a fit pendant for a lady's tip!

A chry-

A chrysolite, a gem ; the very agate
Of state and polity ; cut from the quar *
Of Machiavel, a true Cornelian,
As Tacitus himself ! and to be made
The brooch to any true state-cap in Europe !

Lad. You praise him, brother, as you had hope to
[sell him.]

Com. No, madam, as he had hope to sell your niece
Unto him.

Lad. 'Ware your true jests, mr. Compass ;
They will not relish.

Int. I will tell you, sister,
I cannot cry his caract up enough :
He is unvaluable : all the lords
Have him in that esteem, for his relations,
Corants, avises, correspondences
With this ambassador, and that agent ! he
Will screw you out a secret from a statift——

Com. So easy, as some cobbler worms a dog.

Int. And lock it in the cabinet of his memory——

Com. 'Till't turn a politick insect or a fly,
Thus long !

Int. You may be merry, mr. Compass ;
But though you have the reversion of an office,
You are not in it, sir.

Bia. Remember that.

Com. Why should that fright me, mr. Bi——, from
Whose ass you are ?
[telling]

Int. Sir, he is one can do
His turns there, and deliver too his letters
As punctually, and in as good a fashion,
As e'er a secretary can in court.

Iro. Why, is it any matter in what fashion

* ————Cut from the QUAR
Of Machiavel.] Quarry, says Mr. Theobald, is the true read-
ing. But quar is an abbreviation ; and quar-pits is in some places
the usual word for stone-pits, or quarries.

A man deliver his letters, so he not open 'em ?

Bia. Yes, we have certain precedents in court,
From which we never swerve once in an age :
And (whatsoe'er he thinks) I know the arts
And sciences do not directlier make
A graduate in our universities,
Than an habitual gravity prefers
A man in court.

Com. Which, by the truer style,
Some call a formal flat servility.

Bia. Sir, you may call it what you please ; but we
(That tread the path of publick busineses)
Know what a tacit shrug is, or a shrink ;
The wearing the callot, the politick hood,
And twenty other parerga, o' the bye,
You seculars understand not : I shall trick him,
If his reversion come i' my lord's way.

Dia. What is that, mr. Practice ? you sure know ?
Mas' Compasses reversion ?

Pra. A fine place,
(Surveyor of the projects general)
I would I had it.

Pal. What is't worth ?

Pra. O sir,
A *nemo scit.*

Lad. We'll think on't afore dinner.

C H O R U S.

Boy. **N**OW gentlemen, what censure you of our
protasis, or first act ?

Pro. Well, boy, it is a fair presentment of your ac-
tors ; and a handsome promise of somewhat to come
hereafter.

Dam. But there is nothing done in it, or concluded
therefore I say, no act.

Boy.

Boy. A fine piece of logick! do you look, mr. Dam-play, for conclusions in a protasis? I thought the law of comedy had reserved to the catastrophe; and that the epitasis (as we are taught) and the catastasis, had been intervening parts, to have been expected. But you would have all come together, it seems: the clock should strike five at once, with the acts.

Dam. Why, if it could do so, it were well, boy.

Boy. Yes, if the nature of a clock were to speak, not strike. So, if a child could be born in a play, and grow up to a man, i' the first scene, before he went off the stage: and then after to come forth a squire, and be made a knight: and that knight to travel between the acts, and do wonders i' the Holy Land or elsewhere; kill Paynims, wild boars, dun cows, and other monsters; beget him a reputation, and marry an emperor's daughter for his mistress: convert her father's country; and at last come home lame, and all-to-be-laden with miracles.

Dam. These miracles would please, I assure you, and take the people! for there be of the people, that will expect miracles, and more than miracles from this pen.

Boy. Do they think this pen can juggle? I would we had Hokos pokos for 'em then, your people; or Travitanto Tudesko.

Dam. Who's that, boy?

Boy. Another juggler, with a long name. Or that your expecters would be gone hence now, at the first act; or expect no more hereafter than they understand.

Dam. Why so, my peremptory Jack?

Boy. My name is John, indeed——Because, who expect what is impossible, or beyond nature, defraud themselves.

Pro.

Pro. Nay, there the boy said well: they do defraud themselves, indeed.

Boy. And therefore, mr. Damplay, unless like a solemn justice of wit, you will damn our play, unheard, or unexamin'd; I shall entreat your mistress, madam Expectation, if she be among these ladies, to have patience, but a pissing while: give our springs leave to open a little, by degrees; a source of ridiculous matter may break forth anon, that shall steep their temples, and bathe their brains in laughter, to the fomenting of stupidity itself, and the awaking any velvet lethargy in the house.

Pro. Why do you maintain your poet's quarrel so with velvet and good clothes, boy? we have seen him in indifferent good clothes ere now.

Boy. And may do in better, if it please the king (his master) to say Amen to it, and allow it, to whom he acknowledgeth all. But his clothes shall never be the best thing about him, though; he will have somewhat beside, either of human letters, or severe honesty, shall speak him a man, though he went naked.

Pro. He is beholden to you, if you can make this good, boy.

Boy. Himself hath done that already, against envy.

Dam. What's your name, sir? or your country?

Boy. John Try-gust my name: a Cornish youth, and the poet's servant.

Dam. West country breed I thought, you were so bold.

Boy. Or rather saucy; to find out your palate, mr. Damplay. 'Faith we do call a spade a spade, in Cornwall. If you dare damn our play, i' the wrong place, we shall take heart to tell you so.

Pro. Good boy.

A C T

Keep.

Pla

Hurt

Ple

My m

Keep

As an

Fix up

Pla

Here's

Of pur

Keep

Ple.

Keep

Ple.

Keep

Ple.

Keep

Ple.

Keep

And cu

Pla.

The co

Ple.

My lad

Keep

Ple.

Keep

Ple.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Keep, Placentia, Pleasance.

Keep. Sweet mistress, pray you be merry: you are
To have a husband now. [sure

Pla. I, if the store
Hurt not the choice.

Ple. Store is no sore, young mistress,
My mother is wont to say.

Keep. And she'll say wisely
As any mouth i' the parish. Fix on one,
Fix upon one, good mistress.

Pla. At this call too,
Here's mr. Practise, who is call'd to the bench
Of purpose.

Keep. Yes, and by my lady's means——

Ple. 'Tis thought to be the man.

Keep. A lawyer's wife.

Ple. And a fine lawyer's wife.

Keep. Is a brave calling.

Ple. Sweet mistress Practise!

Keep. Gentle mistress Practise!

Ple. Fair, open mistress Practise!

Keep. I, and close,
And cunning mistress Practise!

Pla. I not like that;
The courtier's is the neater calling.

Ple. Yes,
My lady Silk-worm.

Keep. And to shine in plush. [worm.

Ple. Like a young night-crow, a Diaphanous Silk-

Keep. Lady Diaphanous sounds most delicate!

Ple. Which would you chuse now, mistress?

Pla.

Pla. 'Cannot tell.

The copy does confound one.

Ple. Here's my mother.

SCENE II.

Polish, Keep, Placentia, Pleasance, Needle.

Pol. How now, my dainty charge, and diligent nurse?
What were you chanting on? (God bless you, maiden.)

[*To her daughter kneeling.*

Keep. We were enchanting all; wishing a husband
For my young mistress here. A man to please her.

Pol. She shall have a man, good nurse, and must
[have a man:

A man and a half, if we can chuse him out:
We are all in council within, and sit about it:
The doctors and the scholars; and my lady,
Who's wiser than all us——Where's mr. Needle?
Her ladyship so lacks him to prick out
The man: how does my sweet young mistress?
You look not well methinks! how do you, dear charge?
You must have a husband, and you shall have a husband.
There's two put out to making for you; a third
Your uncle promises: but you must still
Be rul'd by your aunt, according to the will
Of your dead father and mother (who are in heaven.)
Your lady-aunt has choice i' the house for you:
We do not trust your uncle; he would keep you
A batchelor still, by keeping of your portion:
And keep you not alone without a husband,
But in a sickness: I, and the green sickness,
The maiden's malady; which is a sickness:

¹ *The copy does confound one.*] The choice, plenty, from the
Latin *copia*; it has been observed too before.

A kind of a disease, I can assure you,
And like the fish our mariners call Remora——

Keep. A Remora, mistress!

Pol. How now, goody nurse?

Dame Keep of Katerns? what? have you an oar
I' the cock-boat, 'cause you are a sailor's wife,
And come from Shadwell? I say a Remora:
For it will stay a ship that's under sail!
And stays are long and tedious things to maids!
And maidens are young ships that would be sailing
When they be rigg'd; wherefore is all their trim else?

Nee. True; and for them to be staid——

Pol. The stay is dangerous:

You know it, mr. Needle.

Nee. I know somewhat;

And can assure you from the doctor's mouth,
She has a dropsy, and must change the air,
Before she can recover.

Pol. Say you so, sir?

Nee. The doctor says so.

Pol. Says his worship so?

I warrant 'em he says true then; they sometimes
Are soothsayer, and always cunning men.
Which doctor was it?

Nee. E'en my lad's doctor;

The neat house-doctor; but a true stone-doctor.

Pol. Why? hear you, nurse? how comes this geer
[to pass?]

This is your fault in truth: it shall be your fault,
And must be your fault: why is your mistress sick?
She had her health the while she was with me.

Keep. Alas, good mistress Polish, I am no saint,
Much less my lady, to be urg'd give health,
Or sickness, at my will; but to await
The stars good pleasure, and to do my duty.

Pol. You must do more than your duty, foolish nurse:
You

You must do all you can ; and more than you can,
More than is possible ; when folks are sick,
Especially a mistress, a young mistress.

Keep. Here's mr. doctor himself cannot do that.

Pol. Doctor Do-all can do it. Thence he's call'd so.

S C E N E III.

Rut, Polish, Lady, Keep, Placentia.

Rut. Whence ? what's he call'd ?

Pol. Doctor, do all you can,

I pray you, and beseech you, for my charge here.

Lad. She is my tend'ring gossip, loves my niece.

Pol. I know you can do all things, what you please, sir,
For a young damsel, my good lady's niece, here !
You can do what you list.

Rut. Peace, Tiffany.

Pol. Especially in this new case of the dropsy.
The gentlewoman (I do fear) is leven'd.

Rut. Leven'd ? what's that ?

Pol. Puff, blown, an't please your worship.

Rut. What ! dark by darker ? what is blown ? puff ?
[*speak English*—

Pol. Tainted (an't please you) some do call it.
She swells, and so swells with it—

Rut. Give her vent,
If she do swell. A gimblet must be had :
It is a tympanites she is troubled with ;
There are three kinds : the first is ana-sarca
Under the flesh a tumour : that's not hers,
The second is ascites, or aquosus,
A watry humour ; that is not hers neither.
But tympanites (which we call the drum)
A wind bombs in her belly, must be unbrac'd,
And with a faucet, or a peg, let out,

And

And she'll do well : get her a husband.

Pol. Yes,

I say so, mr. doctor, and betimes too.

Lad. As

Soon as we can : let her bear up to-day,
Laugh, and keep company, at gleek or crimp.

Pol. Your ladyship says right, crimp sure will cure her.

Rut. Yes, and gleek too ; peace, gossip Tittle-tattle.
She must to-morrow down into the country,
Some twenty miles ; a coach and six brave horses ;
Take the fresh air a month there, or five weeks ;
And then return a bride up to the town,
For any husband i' the hemisphere
To chuck at, when she has dropt her tympany.

Pol. Must she then drop it ?

Rut. Thence 'tis call'd a dropsy.
The tympanites is one spice of it ;
A toy, a thing of nothing, a meer vapour ;
I'll blow't away.

Lad. Needle, get you the coach
Ready against to-morrow morning.

Nee. Yes, madam.

Lad. I'll down with her myself, and thank the doctor.

Pol. We all shall thank him. But, dear madam, think,
Resolve upon a man this day.

Lad. I ha' done't.

To tell you true (sweet gossip) here is none
But master doctor, he shall be o' the council.
The man I have design'd her to, indeed,
Is master Practise ; he's a neat young man,
Forward, and growing up in a profession !
Like to be some body, if the hall stand,
And pleading hold ! A prime young lawyer's wife,
Is a right happy fortune.

Rut. And she bringing
A plentiful a portion, they may live

Like

Like king and queen at common law together!
Sway judges; guide the courts; command the clerks;
And fright the evidence; rule at their pleasures,
Like petty sovereigns in all cases!

Pol. O, that

Will be a work of time; she may be old
Before her husband rise to a chief judge,
And all her flower be gone. No, no, a lady
O' the first head I'd have her; and in court:
The lady Silk-worm, a Diaphanous lady:
And be a vi-countess, to carry all
Before her (as we say) her gentleman-usher,
And cast-off pages, bare, to bid her aunt
Welcome unto her honour at her lodgings.

Rut. You say well, lady's gossip; if my lady
Could admit that, to have her niece precede her.

Lad. For that, I must consult mine own ambition,
My zealous gossip.

Pol. O, you shall precede her:

You shall be a countess! sir Diaphanous
Shall get you made a countess! here he comes;
H'as my voice certain: O fine courtier!
O blessed man! the bravery pickt out,
To make my dainty charge a vi-countess:
And my good lady, her aunt, countess at large!

S C E N E IV.

[*To them,*] *Diaphanous, Palate.*

Dia. I tell thee, parson, if I get her, reckon
Thou hast a friend in court; and shalt command
A thousand pound, to go on any errand,
For any church-preferment thou hast a mind to.

Pal. I thank your worship: I will so work for you,
As you shall study all the ways to thank me:

I'll work my lady, and my lady's friends ;
Her gossip, and this doctor, and squire Needle,
And mr. Compass, who is all in all ;
The very Fly she moves by : he is one
That went to sea with her husband, sir John Loadstone,
And brought home the rich prizes ; all that wealth
Is left her ; for which service she respects him ;
A dainty scholar in the mathematicks ;
And one she wholly employs. Now dominus Practise
Is yet the man (appointed by her ladyship)
But there's a trick to set his cap awry,
If I know any thing : he hath confest
To me in private that he loves another,
My lady's woman, mrs. Pleasance ; therefore
Secure you of rivalship *.

Dia. I thank thee,
My noble parson ; there's five hundred pound
Waits on thee more for that.

Pol. Accost the niece ;
Yonder she walks alone ; I'll move the aunt :
But here's the gossip ; she expects a morsel.
Ha' you ne'er a ring or toy to throw away ?

Dia. Yes, here's a diamond of some threescore pound,
I pray you give her that.

Pal. If she will take it.

Dia. And there's an emerald for the doctor too :
Thou parson, thou shalt coin me ; I am thine.

Pal. Here mr. Compass comes : do you see my lady,
And all the rest, how they flutter about him ?
He is the oracle of the house and family.
Now is your time ; go nick it with the niece :
I will walk by, and hearken how the chimes go.

* SECURE you of rivalship.] That is, be in no concern, or take
no thought about it. The Latin *securus* is sometimes taken in that
sense ; and from thence our poet hath formed his verb *secure*.

S C E N E V.

[*To them*] *Compass.*

Com. Nay, parson, stand not off; you may approach:
 This is no such hid point of state we handle,
 But you my hear it: for we are all of counsel.
 The gentle mr. Practise hath dealt clearly
 And nobly with you, madam.

Lad. Ha' you talk'd with him,
 And made the overture?

Com. Yes, first I mov'd
 The business trusted to me by your ladyship,
 I' your own words, almost your very syllables,
 Save where my memory trespass'd 'gainst their elegance,
 For which I hope your pardon. Then I enlarg'd,
 In my own homely stile, the special goodness
 And greatness of your bounty in your choice,
 And free conferring of a benefit
 So without ends, conditions, any tie
 But his mere virtue, and the value of it,
 To call him to your kindred, to your veins,
 Insert him in your family, and to make him
 A nephew by the offer of a niece,
 With such a portion; which when he had heard,
 And most maturely acknowledg'd (as his calling
 Tends all unto maturity) he return'd
 A thanks as ample as the courtesy,
 (In my opinion;) said it was a grace
 Too great to be rejected or accepted
 By him! but as the terms stood with his fortune,
 He was not to prevaricate with your ladyship,
 But rather to require ingenuous leave,
 He might with the same love that it was offer'd
 Refuse it, since he could not with his honesty
 (Being he was engag'd before) receive it.

Pla.

Pal. The same he said to me.

Com. And nam'd the party?

Pal. He did, and he did not.

Com. Come, leave your schemes,
And fine amphibolies, parson.

Pal. You'll hear more.

Pol. Why, now your ladyship is free to chuse
The courtier sir Diaphanous: he shall do it,
I'll move it to him myself.

Lad. What will you move to him?

Pol. The making you a countess.

Lad. Stint, fond woman.

Know you the party mr. Practise means? [*To Compass.*

Com. No, but your parson says he knows, madam.

Lad. I fear he fables; parson, do you know
Where mr. Practise is engag'd?

Pal. I'll tell you;

But under seal, her mother must not know:
'Tis with your ladyship's woman, mrs. Pleasance.

Com. How!

Lad. He is not mad?

Pal. O hide the hideous secret
From her; she'll trouble all else. You do hold
A cricket by the wing*.

Com. Did he name Pleasance?
Are you sure, parson!

Lad. O 'tis true, your mistress!
I find where your shoe wrings you, mr. Compass:
But you'll look to him there.

Com. Yes, here's sir Moth,
Your brother, with his Bias, and the party

* ————You do hold

A cricket by the wing.] A Greek proverbial expression; our author has used it before in the *Apologetical dialogue* at the end of the *Postaster*; and again in the *Fox*, act 3. scene 3. where the reader will find it explained.

Deep in discourse; 'twill be a bargain and sale,
I see, by their close working of their heads,
And running them together so in counsel,

Lad. Will mr. Practise be of counsel against us?

Com. He is a lawyer, and must speak for his fee,
Against his father and mother, all his kindred,
His brothers or his sisters; no exception
Lies at the common-law. He must not alter
Nature for form, but go on in his path——
It may be he'll be for us. Do not you
Offer to meddle, let them take their course:
Dispatch, and marry her off to any husband;
Be not you scrupulous; let who can have her:
So he lay down the portion, though he geld it;
It will maintain the suit against him; somewhat,
Something in hand is better than no birds;
He shall at last accompt for the utmost farthing,
If you can keep your hand from a discharge.

Pol. Sir, do but make her worshipful aunt a coun-
[tess,

And she is yours, her aunt has worlds to leave you!
The wealth of six East-Indian fleets at least!
Her husband, sir John Loadstone, was the governour
O' the company seven years.

Dia. And came there home
Six fleets in seven years?

Pol. I cannot tell,
I must attend my gossip her good ladyship.

Pla. And will you make me a vi-countess too? For,
How do they make a countess? in a chair?
Or 'pon a bed?

Dia. Both ways, sweet bird, I'll shew you.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

[*To them*] *Interest, Praetise, Bias, Compass, Palate,
Rut, Ironside.*

Int. The truth is, mr. Praetise, now we are sure
That you are off, we dare come on the bolder :
The portion left was sixteen thousand pound,
I do confesse it, as a just man should.
And call here mr. Compass, with these gentlemen,
To the relation ; I will still be just.
Now for the profits every way arising,
It was the donor's wisdom, those should pay
Me for my watch, and breaking of my sleeps ;
It is no petty charge, you know that sum,
To keep a man awake for fourteen year.

Pra. But (as you knew to use it i' that time)
It would reward your waking.

Int. That's my industry,
As it might be your reading, study, and counsel ;
And now your pleading, who denies it you ?
I have my calling too. Well, sir, the contract
Is with this gentleman, ten thousand pound.
(An ample portion for a younger brother,
With a soft, tender, delicate rib of man's flesh,
That he may work like wax, and print upon.)
He expects no more than that sum to be tendred,
And he receive it ; these are the conditions.

Pra. A direct bargain, and sale in open market¹.

Int. And what I have furnish'd him withal o' the by,
To appear or so ; a matter of four hundred,
To be deduc'd upo' the payment——

¹ *A direct bargain, and in open sale market.*] The words are misplaced, read

" A direct bargain, and sale in open market."

Bia. Right.

You deal like a just man still.

Int. Draw up this,

Good mr. Practise, for us, and be speedy.

Pra. But here's a mighty gain, fir, you have made
Of this one stock! the principal first doubled,
In the first seven year; and that redoubled
I' the next seven! beside six thousand pound,
There's threescore thousand got in fourteen year,
After the usual rate of ten i' the hundred,
And the ten thousand paid.

Int. I think it be!

Pra. How will you 'scape the clamour and the envy?

Int. Let 'em exclaim and envy, what care I?

Their murmurs raise no blisters i' my flesh.
My monies are my blood, my parents, kindred;
And he that loves not these, he is unnatural.
I am persuaded that the love of money
Is not a virtue only in a subject,
But might besit a prince. And (were there need)
I find me able to make good the assertion,
To any reasonable man's understanding,
And make him to confess it.

Com. Gentlemen,

Doctors, and scholars, you'll hear this, and look for
As much true secular wit, and deep lay-sense,
As can be shown on such a common place.

Int. First, we all know the soul of man is infinite
In what it covets. Who desireth knowledge,
Desires it infinitely. Who covets honour,
Covets it infinitely. It will be then
No hard thing for a coveting man to prove,
Or to confess, he aims at infinite wealth.

Com. His soul lying that way.

Int. Next, every man
Is i' the hope or possibility

Of

Of a whole world ; this present world being nothing,
But the disperfed issue o' th' first one ⁴.

And therefore I cannot see, but a juft man
May, with juft reason, and in office ought
Propound unto himfelf——

Com. An infinite wealth !

I'll bear the burden : go you on, fir Moth.

Int. Thirdly, if we confider man a member
But of the body politick, we know,
By juft experience, that the prince hath need
More of one wealthy, than ten fighting men.

Com. There you went out of the road, a little from
[us.

Int. And therefore, if the prince's aims be infinite,
It muft be in that, which makes all.

Com. Infinite wealth.

Int. Fourthly, 'tis natural to all good fubjects,
To fet a price on money, more than fools
Ought on their miftrefs' picture ; every piece,
Fro' the penny to the twelve-pence, being the hieroglyph,
And fabled fculpture of the fovereign. [phick,

Com. A manifefit conclufion, and a fafe one.

Int. Fifthly, wealth gives a man the leading voice
At all conventions ; and displaceth worth,
With general allowance to all parties :
It makes a trade to take the wall of virtue,
And the mere issue of a fhop right honourable.
Sixthly, it doth enable him that hath it,
To the performance of all real actions,

⁴ ——*This prefent world being nothing,*

But the disperfed iffue of FIRST ONE.] Here feems to be something wanting to explain what is meant by the words *first one*. I correct the line in this manner ;

“ But the disperfed iffue o' th' *first one*,”
i. e. either the first man ; or the first world, which fubfifted before the deluge.

' Referring him to himself still, and not binding
 His will to any circumstance, without him.
 It gives him precise knowledge of himself ;
 For, be he rich, he straight with evidence knows
 Whether he have any compassion,
 Or inclination unto virtue, or no ;
 Where the poor knave erroneously believes,
 If he were rich, he would build churches, or
 Do such mad things. Seventhly, your wise poor men
 Have ever been contented to observe
 Rich fools, and so to serve their turns upon them ;
 Subjecting all their wit to the others wealth,
 And become gentlemen parasites, squire bawds,
 To feed their patron's honourable humours.
 Eighthly, 'tis certain that a man may leave
 His wealth, or to his children, or his friends ;
 His wit he cannot so dispose by legacy,
 As they shall be a Harrington the better for't.

Com. He may entail a jest upon his house,
 Or leave a tale to his posterity,
 To be told after him.

Enter Ironside.

Iro. As you have done here ?
 T'invite your friend and brother to a feast,
 Where all the guests are so meer heterogene,
 And strangers, no man knows another, or cares
 If they be Christians, or Mahometans,
 That here are met.

Com. Is't any thing to you, brother,
 To know religions more than those you fight for ?

Iro. Yes, and with whom I eat. I may dispute,
 And how shall I hold argument with such,

' Referring him to himself still.] i. e. Reserving him to follow
 his own advice or inclination in the end : but no change of the
 words is necessary.

I neither

I neither know their humours nor their heresies ;
Which are religions now, and so receiv'd ?
Here's no man among these that keeps a servant,
T' inquire his master of : yet i' the house
I hear it buz'd there are a brace of doctors,
A fool, and a physician ; with a courtier,
That feeds on mulberry leaves, like a true silk-worm :
A lawyer, and a mighty money-bawd,
Sir Moth ! has brought his politick Bias with him,
A man of a most animadverting humour ;
Who, to endear himself unto his lord,
Will tell him, you and I, or any of us,
That here are met, are all pernicious spirits,
And men of pestilent purpose, meanly affected
Unto the state we live in ; and beget
Himself a thanks with the great men o' the time,
By breeding jealousies in them of us,
Shall cross our fortunes, frustrate our endeavours,
Twice seven years after : and this trick be call'd
Cutting of throats, with a whispering, or a pen-knife.
I must cut his throat now : I am bound in honour,
And by the law of arms, to see it done :
I dare to do it, and I dare profess
The doing of it ; being to such a rascal,
Who is the common offence grown of mankind,
And worthy to be torn up from society.

Com. You shall not do it here, sir.

Iro. Why ? will you

Entreat yourself into a beating for him,
My courteous brother ? If you will, have at you :
No man deserves it better (now I think on't)
Than you, that will keep consort with such fiddlers,
Pragmatick flies, fools, publicans, and moths,
And leave your honest and adopted brother.

Int. Best raise the house upon him to secure us ;
He'll kill us all !

Pal.

Pal. I love no blades in belts.

Rut. Nor I,

Bia. Would I were at my shop again,
In court, safe stow'd up with my politick bundles.

Com. How they are scatter'd!

Iro. Run away like cimici,
Into the crannies of a rotten bed-sted.

Com. I told you, such a passage would disperse 'em,
Although the house were their see-simple in law,
And they possess of all the blessings in it.

Iro. Pray heaven they be not frightened from their sto-
That so my lady's table be disfurnish'd [machs,
Of the provisions!

Com. No, the parson's calling,
By this time, all the covey again, together.
Here comes good tidings! dinner's o' the board.

S C E N E VII.

Compass, Pleasance.

Com. Stay, mrs. Pleasance, I must ask you a question:
Ha' you any suits in law?

Ple. I, mr. Compass?

Com. Answer me briefly, it is dinner-time.
They say you have retain'd brisk mr. Practise
Here, of your counsel; and are to be join'd
A patentee with him.

Ple. In what? who says so?
You are dispos'd to jest.

Com. No, I am in earnest.
It is given out i' the house so, I assure you;
But keep your right to yourself, and not acquaint
A common lawyer with your case. If he
Once find the gap, a thousand will leap after.
I'll tell you more anon.

Ple.

Ple. This riddle shews
A little like a love-trick, o' one face,
If I could understand it. I will study it.

C H O R U S.

Dam. **B**UT whom doth your poet mean now by
this mr. Bias? what lord's secretary doth
he purpose to personate or perstringe?

Boy. You might as well ask me, what alderman, or
alderman's mate, he meant by fir Moth Interest? or
what eminent lawyer, by the ridiculous mr. Practise?
who hath rather his name invented for laughter, than
any offence or injury it can stick on the reverend pro-
fessors of the law: and so the wise ones will think.

Pro. It is an insidious question, brother Damplay:
iniquity itself would not have urg'd it. It is picking
the lock of the scene, not opening it the fair way with
a key. A play, though it apparel and present vices in
general, flies from all particularities in persons. Would
you ask of Plautus, and Terence, (if they both liv'd
now) who were Davus or Pseudolus in the scene? who
Pyrgopolinices or Thraso? who Euclio or Menede-
mus?

Boy. Yes, he would: and enquire of Martial, or
any other epigrammatist, who he meant by Titius or
Sejus, (the common John a Noke, or John a Stile) un-
der whom they note all vices and errors taxable to the
times: as if there could not be a name for a folly fitted
to the stage, but there must be a person in nature found
out to own it.

Dam. Why, I can fancy a person to myself, boy,
who shall hinder me?

Boy. And in not publishing him, you do no man an
injury. But if you will utter your own ill meaning on
that

that person, under the author's words, you make a libel of his comedy.

Dam. O, he told us that in a prologue, long since.

Boy. If you do the same reprehensible ill things, still the same reprehension will serve you, tho' you heard it afore: they are his own words, I can invent no better, nor he.

Pro. It is the solemn vice of interpretation that deforms the figure of many a fair scene, by drawing it awry; and, indeed, is the civil murder of most good plays: if I see a thing vividly presented on the stage, that the glass of custom (which is comedy) is so held up to me by the poet, as I can therein view the daily examples of mens lives, and images of truth, in their manners, so drawn for my delight, or profit, as I may (either way) use them: and will I (rather than make that true use) hunt out the persons to defame, by my malice of misapplying? and imperil the innocence and candour of the author, by this calumny⁶? It is an unjust way of hearing and beholding plays, this, and most unbecoming a gentleman to appear malignantly witty in another's work.

Boy. They are no other but narrow and shrunk natures, shrivel'd up, poor things, that cannot think well of themselves, who dare to detract others. That signature is upon them, and it will last. A half-witted Barbarism! which no barber's art, or his balls, will ever expunge or take out.

Dam. Why, boy? this were a strange empire, or rather a tyranny, you would entitle your poet to, over gentlemen, that they should come to hear and see plays, and say nothing for their money.

⁶ By this calumny.] I apprehend it should be, "by this calumny," for the author is not meant, but the calumnious way of applying general satire to particular persons.

Boy.

Boy. O, yes, say what you will ; so it be to purpose, and in place.

Dam. Can any thing be out of purpose at a play ? I see no reason, if I come here, and give my eighteen pence, or two shillings for my seat, but I should take it out in censure on the stage.

Boy. Your two shilling worth is allow'd you : but you will take your ten shilling worth, your twenty shilling worth, and more : and teach others about you to do the like, that follow your leading face ; as if you were to cry up and down every scene by confederacy, be it right or wrong.

Dam. Who should teach us the right, or wrong, at a play ?

Boy. If your own science cannot do it, or the love of modesty and truth ; all other entreaties or attempts are vain. You are fitter spectators for the bears, than us, or the puppets. This is a popular ignorance indeed, somewhat better apparel'd in you, than the people ; but a hard-handed and stiff ignorance, worthy a trowel, or a hammerman ; and not only fit to be scorn'd, but to be triumph'd o'er.

Dam. By whom, boy ?

Boy. No particular, but the general neglect, and silence. Good mr. Damplay, be yourself still, without a second : few here are of your opinion to-day, I hope ; to-morrow, I am sure there will be none, when they have ruminated this.

Pro. Let us mind what you come for, the play, which will draw on the epitafis now.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Item, Needle, Keep, Pleasance.

Item. **W**HERE's mr. doctor?

Nee. O, mr. Tim Item,
His learned 'pothecary, you are welcome :
He is within at dinner.

Item. Dinner! death!
That he will eat now, having such a business,
That so concerns him!

Nee. Why, can any business
Concern a man like his meat?

Item. O, twenty millions,
To a physician that's in practice: I
Do bring him news from all the points o' the compass,
(That's all the parts of the sublunary globe)
Of times, and double times.

Nee. In, in, sweet Item,
And furnish forth the table with your news:
Deserve your dinner: 'sow out your whole bag full:
The guests will hear it.

Item. I heard they were out.

Nee. But they are piec'd, and put together again;
You may go in, you'll find them at high eating:
The parson has an edifying stomach,

¹ Sow out your whole bag full.] It was suggested to me, that *sew* might here be a corruption, and that the poet might have originally wrote,

" Sew out your whole bag full."

To *sew*, is to set out an entertainment in its proper order, and a *sewer* is a taster or carver. The word is applicable enough to the occasion here; but I do not change the text, because the present reading is consistent with the rest of the sentence. *Sow*, or spread out your whole bag-full before the company.

And

And a perswading palate (like his name :)
He hath begun three draughts of sack "in doctrines,
"And four in uses."

Item. And they follow him?

Nee. No, sir Diaphanous is a recusant
In sack. He only takes it in French wine,
With an allay of water. In, in, *Item*,
And leave your peeping.

Keep. I have a month's mind
To peep a little too. Sweet mas' Needle,
How are they set?

Nee. At the board's end, my lady——

Keep. And my young mistress by her?

Nee. Yes, the parson
On the right hand (as he'll not lose his place
For thrusting) and 'gainst him mrs. Polish:
Next, sir Diaphanous, against sir Moth;
Knights, one again another: then the soldier,
The man of war; and man of peace, the lawyer;
Then the pert Doctor, and the politick Bias,
And mr. Compass circumscribeth all.

Ple. Nurse Keep, nurse Keep; [*A noise within.*]

Nee. What noise is that within?

Ple. Come to my mistress, all their weapons are out.

Nee. Mischief of men! what day, what hour is this?

Keep. Run for the cellar of strong waters, quickly.

S C E N E II.

[*To them after*] *Compass, Ironside.*

Com. Were you a mad-man to do this at table?
And trouble all the guests, to affright the ladies,
And gentlewomen?

Iron. Pox upo' your women,

And

And your half-man there, court-sir Amber-gris,
A perfum'd braggart : he must drink his wine
With three parts water ; and have amber in that too.

Com. And you must therefore break his face with a
And wash his nose in wine ? [glass,

Iron. Cannot he drink
In orthodox, but he must have his gums,
And panym drugs ?

Com. You should have us'd the glass
Rather as balance, than the sword of Justice :
But you have cut his face with it, he bleeds.
Come, you shall take your sanctuary with me ;
The whole house will be up in arms 'gainst you else,
Within this half hour : this way to my lodging.

Rut, Lady, Polish, Keep, carrying Placentia over the stage.

Pleasance, Item.

Rut. A most rude action ! carry her to her bed ;
And use the fricace to her with those oils.

Keep your news, Item, now, and tend this business.

Lad. Good gossip, look to her.

Pol. How do you, sweet charge ?

Keep. She's in a sweat.

Pol. I, and a faint sweat, marry.

Rut. Let her alone to Tim ; he has directions:
I'll hear your news, Tim Item, when you ha' done.

Lad. Was ever such a guest brought to my table ?

Rut. These boistrous soldiers ha' no better breeding.
Here mr. Compass comes : where's your captain,
Rudhudibras de Ironside ?

Com. Gone out of doors.

Lad. Would he had ne'er come in them, I may wish.
He has discredited my house, and board,
With his rude swaggering manners, and endanger'd

My

My niece's health (by drawing of his weapon)
God knows how far ; for mr. Doctor does not:

Com. The doctor is an ass then, if he say so,
And cannot with his conjuring names, Hippocrates,
Galen, or Rasis, Avicen, Averroes,
Cure a poor wenches falling in a swoon :
Which a poor farthing chang'd in Rosa solis,
Or Cinnamon water would.

Lad. How now ? how does she ?

Keep. She's somewhat better : mr. Item, has brought
A little about. [her

Pol. But there's fir Moth, your brother,
Is fall'n into a fit o' the Happyplex ;
It were a happy place for him and us,
If he could to steal to heaven thus : all the house
Are calling mr. Doctor, mr. Doctor.
The Parson he has gi'n him gone, this half hour ;
He's pale in the mouth already for the fear
O' the fierce captain.

Lad. Help me to my chamber,
Nurse Keep : would I could see the day no more,
But night hung over me, like some dark cloud ;
That, buried with this loss of my good name,
And my house might perish thus forgotten——

Com. Her taking it to heart thus more afflicts me
Than all these accidents, for they'll blow over.

S C E N E III.

Pratlice, Silk-worm, Compass.

Pra. It was a barbarous injury, I confess :
But if you will be counsell'd, sir, by me,
The reverend law lies open to repair
Your reputation. That will gi' you damages ;

Five thousand pound for a finger, I have known
Given in court ; and let me pack your jury.

Silk. There's nothing vexes me, but that he has
[stain'd

My new white sattin doublet, and bespatter'd
My spick and span silk-stockings o' the day
They were drawn on ; and here's a spot i' my hose too.

Com. Shrewd maims ! your clothes are wounded
[desperately ;

And that (I think) troubles a courtier more,
An exact courtier, than a gash in his flesh. [much,

Silk. My flesh ? I swear had he giv'n me twice so
I never should ha' reckon'd it. But my clothes
To be defac'd and stigmatiz'd so foully !
I take it as a contumely done me,

Above the wisdom of our laws to right.

Com. Why, then you'll challenge him ?

Silk. I will advise,

Though mr. Practice here doth urge the law ;

* And reparation it will make me of credit,
Beside great damages. (Let him pack my jury.)

Com. He speaks like mr. Practice, one that is
The child of a profession he is vow'd to,
And servant to the study he hath taken,
† A pure apprentice at law ! but you must have
The counsel o' the sword, and square your action

* *And REPUTATION it will make me of credit.*] Here is a tautology, in the words *reputation of credit*, that Jonson could not be guilty of. The true reading seems to be,

And reparation it will make me of credit.

I have given it a place in the text : he said before,

The reverend law lies open to repair

Your reputation——

and this warrants the correction made above.

† *And servant to the study he hath taken,*

A pure APPRENTICE AT LAW !] An apprentice at law was an antient term, by which barristers at law were formerly called.

Unto

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* The
particle
was

Unto their canons, and that brotherhood,
If you do right.

Pra. I tell you, mr. Compass,
You speak not like a friend unto the laws,
Nor scarce a subject, to persuade him thus
Unto the breach o' the peace : fir, you forget
There is a court above, the Star-chamber *,
To punish routs and riots.

Com. No, young master,
Although your name be Practice there in term-time,
I do remember it. But you'll not hear
What I was bound to say ; but like a wild
Young haggard justice, fly at breach o' the peace,
Before you know whether the amorous knight
Dares break the peace of conscience in a duel.

Silk. Troth, mr. Compass, I take you my friend ;
You shall appoint of me in any matter
That's reasonable, so we may meet fair,
On even terms.

Com. I shall persuade no other,
(And take your learned counsel to advise you)
I'll run along with him. You say you'll meet him
On even terms. I do not see indeed
How that can be 'twixt Ironside and you,
Now I consider it. He is my brother.
(I do confess we ha' call'd so twenty year :)
But you are, fir, a knight in court, allied there,
And so befriended, you may easily answer
The worst success : he a known, noted, bold
Boy o' the sword, hath all mens eyes upon him,
And there's no London-jury, but are led
In evidence, as far by common fame,

* *There is a court above, or the star-chamber.] I strike out the
particle of: the Star-chamber was the court in which such offen-
ces were then cognizable.*

As they are by present deposition.
 Then you have many brethren, and near kinsmen.
 If he kill you, it will be a lasting quarrel
 'Twixt them and him. Whereas Rud. Ironside,
 Although he ha' got his head into a beaver,
 With a huge feather, 's but a currier's son,
 And has not two old cordovan skins to leave
 In leather caps to mourn him in, if he die.
 Again, you are generally beloved, he hated
 So much, that all the hearts and votes of men
 Go with you, in the wishing all prosperity
 Unto your purpose: he's a fat, corpulent,
 Unwieldly fellow; you, a dieted spark,
 Fit for the combat. He has kill'd so many,
 As it is ten to one his turn is next.
 You never fought with any; less, slew any:
 And therefore have the better hopes before you⁵.
 I hope these things, thus specified unto you,
 Are fair advantages; you cannot encounter
 Him upon equal terms. Beside, sir Silk-worm,
 He hath done you wrong in a most high degree:
 And sense of such an injury receiv'd
 Should so exacute, and whet your choler,
 As you should count your self an host of men,
 Compar'd to him. And therefore you, brave sir,
 Have no more reason to provoke, or challenge
 Him than the huge great porter has to try
 His strength upon an infant⁶.

⁵ *And therefore have the hopes before you.*] A word appears to be lost at the press; what stood originally in the poet's manuscript is difficult to say. Some epithet as *fairer*, *better*, or any other equivalent term, must be added to complete the sense and measure. I give the last a place, because *fair* occurs in the sentence next following.

⁶ *Than the HUGE GREAT PORTER.*] It may mean any great overgrown porter; but seems, as Dr. Grey observes, particularly to allude to the king's porter, who was very big and tall, near seven feet high.

Silk. Mr. Compass,
You rather spur me on, than any way
Abate my courage to the enterprize.

Com. All counsel's as it's taken: if you stand
On point of honour, not t' have any odds,
I have rather then dissuaded you, than otherwise:
If upon terms of humour and revenge,
I have encourag'd you. So that I think,
I have done the part of a friend on either side:
In furnishing your fear with matter first,
If you have any: or, if you dare fight,
To heighten and confirm your resolution:

Pra. I now do crave your pardon, mr. Compass:
I did not apprehend your way before,
The true perimiter of it; you have circles,
And such fine draughts about!

Silk. Sir, I do thank you,
I thank you, mr. Compass, heartily.
I must confess, I never fought before,
And I'll be glad to do things orderly,
In the right place: I pray you instruct me.
Is't best I fight ambitiously, or maliciously?

Com. Sir, if you never fought before, be wary,
Trust not your self too much.

Silk. Why? I assure you,
I'm very angry.

Com. Do not suffer, though,
The flatuous, windy choler of your heart,
To move the clapper of your understanding,
Which is the guiding faculty, your reason:
You know not, if you'll fight, or no, being brought
Upo' the place.

Silk. O yes, I have imagin'd
Him treble arm'd, provok'd too, and as furious
As Homer makes Achilles; and I find
My self not frightened with his fame one jot.

Com. Well, yet take heed. These fights imaginary,
Are less than skirmishes; the fight of shadows:
For shadows have their figure, motion,
And their umbratil action, from the real
Posture and motion of the body's act:
Whereas (imaginarily) many times,
Those men may fight, dare scarce eye one another,
And much less meet. But if there be no help,
Faith I would wish you, send him a fair challenge.

Silk. I will go pen it presently.

Com. But word it
In the most generous terms.

Silk. Let me alone.

Pra. And silken phrase; the courtliest kind of
[quarrel.

Com. He'll make it a petition for his peace.

Pra. O, yes, of right, and he may do't by law †."

SCENE IV.

*Rut. Palate, Bias, bringing out Interest in a chair:
Item, Polish, following.*

Rut. Come, bring him out into the air a little:
There, set him down. Bow him, yet bow him more,
Dash that same glass of water in his face:
Now tweak him by the nose. Hard, harder yet:
If it but call the blood up from the heart,
I ask no more. See, what a fear can do!
Pinch him in the nape of the neck now; nip him, nip
It. He feels, there's life in him. [him

† *Com.* He'll make it a PETITION for his peace.

Pra. O, yes, OF RIGHT, and he may do't by law.] There is
no account to be found of the time when this play was first re-
presented: the above lines seem to refer to the petition of right, as
it was called; and were probably added by the editor of the folio
in 1640.

Pal.

Pal. He groans, and stirs.

Rut. Tell him the captain's gone.

Int. Ha!

Pal. He's gone, sir.

Rut. Gi' him a box, hard, hard, on his left ear.

Int. O!

Rut. How do you feel your self?

Int. Sore, sore.

Rut. But where?

Int. I' my neck.

Rut. I nipt him there.

Int. And i' my head.

Rut. I box'd him twice or thrice, to move those

Bia. I swear you did. [finews.

Pol. What a brave man's a doctor,
To beat one into health! I thought his blows
Would e'en ha' kill'd him; he did feel no more
Than a great horse.

Int. Is the wild captain gone?
That man of murther?

Bia. All is calm and quiet.

Int. Say you so, cousin Bias? then all's well.

Pal. How quickly a man is lost!

Bia. And soon recover'd!

Pol. Where there are means, and doctors, learned
And their apothecaries, who are not now [men,
(As Chaucer says) their friendship to begin.
Well, could they teach each other how to win
I' their swath bands——

Rut. Leave your poetry, good gossip,
Your Chaucer's clouts, and wash your dishes with 'em,
We must rub up the roots of his disease,
And crave your peace awhile, or else your absence.

Pol. Nay, I know when to hold my peace.

Rut. Then do it.

Gi' me your hand, sir Moth. Let's feel your pulse.
It is a purfiness, a kind of stoppage,

Or humour o' the purse, for want of exercise,
 That you are troubled with: some ligatures
 I' th' neck of your vesica, or *marfupium*,
 Are so close knit, that you cannot evaporate;
 And therefore you must use relaxatives.
 Beside, they say, you are so restive grown,
 You cannot but with trouble put your hand
 Into your pocket to discharge a reckoning.
 And this we sons of physick do call Chiragra,
 A kind of cramp, or hand-gout. You shall purge for't.

It. Indeed your worship should do well t' advise him
 To cleanse his body, all the three high-ways;
 That is, by sweat, purge, and phlebotomy. [him

Rut. You say well, learned Tim; I'll first prescribe
 To give his purse a purge, once, twice a week
 At dice, or cards: and when the weather is open,
 Sweat at a bowling-alley; or be let blood
 I' the lending vein, and bleed a matter of fifty
 Or threescore ounces at a time. Then put
 Your thumbs under your girdle, and have somebody
 Else pull out your purse for you, till with more ease,
 And a good habit you can do it your self.
 And then be sure always to keep good diet;
 And ha' your table furnish'd from one end
 Unto the t'other: it is good for the eyes;
 But feed you on one dish still, ha' your diet-drink
 Ever in bottles ready, which must come
 From the King's-head: I will prescribe you nothing,
 But what I'll take before you mine own self:
 That is my course with all my patients.

Pal. Very methodical, *secundum artem*.

Bia. And very safe *pro captu recipientis*.

Pol. All errant learned men, how they 'spute Latin!

Rut. I had it of a Jew, and a great Rabbi,
 Who every morning cast his cup of White-wine
 With sugar, and by the residence i' the bottom,
 Would make report of any chronick malady,

Such

Such as sir Moth's is, being an oppilation
In that you call the neck o' the money-bladder,
Most anatomical, and by dissection.

Enter Nurse.

Keep. O, mr. Doctor, and his 'pothecary!
Good mr. Item, and my mistress Polish!
We need you all above! she's fall'n again
In a worse fit than ever.

Pol. Who?

Keep. Your charge.

Pol. Come away, gentlemen.

Int. This fit with the doctor
Hath mended me past expectation.

S C E N E V.

Compass, Diaphanous, Practice, Bias, Ironside.

Com. O sir Diaphanous, ha' you done?

Dia. I ha' brought it.

Pra. That's well.

Com. But who shall carry it now?

Dia. A friend:

I'll find a friend to carry it; mr. Bias here
Will not deny me that.

Bia. What is't?

Dia. To carry

A challenge I have writ unto the captain.

Bia. Faith, but I will, sir; you shall pardon me
For a two-reason of state: I'll bear no challenges;
I will not hazard my lord's favour so;
Or forfeit mine own judgment with his honour,
To turn a ruffian: I have to commend me
Nought but his lordship's good opinion;
And to it my Kallygraphy, a fair hand,

Fit.

Fit for a secretary : now you know, a man's hand
Being his executing part in fight,
Is more obnoxious to the common peril——

Dia. You shall not fight, sir, you shall only search
My antagonist ; commit us fairly there
Upo' the ground on equal terms.

Bia. O, sir !

But if my lord should hear I stood at end
Of any quarrel, 'twere an end of me
In a state-course ! I ha' read the politicks ;
And heard th' opinions of our best divines.

Com. The gentleman has reason ! Where was first
The birth of your acquaintance ? or the cradle
Of your strict friendship made ?

Dia. We met in France, sir.

Com. In France ! that garden of humanity,
The very seed-plot of all courtesies :
I wonder that your friendship suck'd that aliment,
The milk of France ; and see this sour effect
It doth produce, 'gainst all the sweets of travel :
There, every gentleman professing arms,
Thinks he is bound in honour to embrace
The bearing of a challenge for another,
Without or questioning the cause, or asking
Least colour of a reason. There's no cowardice,
No poultrounery, like urging why ? wherefore ?
But carry a challenge, die, and do the thing.

Bia. Why, hear you, mr. Compass, I but crave
Your ear in private : I would carry his challenge,
If I but hop'd your captain angry enough
To kill him, for (to tell you truth) this knight
Is an impertinent in court, (we think him :)
And troubles my lord's lodgings, and his table
With frequent, and unnecessary visits,
Which we (the better sort of servants) like not :
Being his fellows in all other places,

But

But at our master's board ; and we disdain
To do those servile offices, oft-times,
His foolish pride and empire will exact,
Against the heart, or humour of a gentleman.

Com. Truth, mr. Bias, I'd not ha' you think
I speak to flatter you ; but you are one
O' the deepest politicks I ever met,
And the most subtilly rational. I admire you.
But do not you conceive in such a case,
That you are accessary to his death,
From whom you carry a challenge with such purpose ?

Bia. Sir, the corruption of one thing in nature,
Is held the generation of another ;
And therefore, I had as lieve be accessary
Unto his death, as to his life.

Com. A new
Moral philosophy too ! you'll carry't then.

Bia. If I were sure 'twould not incense his choler
To beat the messenger.

Com. O I'll secure you,
You shall deliver it in my lodging, safely,
And do your friend a service worthy thanks.

Bia. I'll venture it upon so good induction,
To rid the court of an impediment,
This baggage knight.

[*Enter Ironside.*

Iro. Peace to you all, gentlemen,
Save to this mushroom, who I hear is menacing
Me with a challenge ; which I come to anticipate,
And save the law a labour. Will you fight, sir ?

Dia. Yes, in my shirt.

Iro. O, that's to save your doublet ;
I know it a court-trick ; you had rather have
An ulcer in your body, than a pink
More i' your clothes.

Dia. Captain, you are a coward,

If you'll not fight i' your shirt.

Iro. Sir, I do not mean
To put it off for that, nor yet my doublet:
You've cause to call me coward, that more fear
The stroke of the common and life-giving air,
Than all your fury and the panoply.

Pra. (Which is at best, but a thin linen armour.)
I think a cup of generous wine were better,
Than fighting i' your shirts.

Dia. Sir, sir, my valour,
It is a valour of another nature,
Than to be mended by a cup of wine.

Com. I should be glad to hear of any valours,
Differing in kind; who have known hitherto,
Only one virtue they call fortitude,
Worthy the name of valour.

Iro. Which who hath not,
Is justly thought a coward: and he is such.

Dia. O, you ha' read the play there, the New Inn,
Of Jonson's, that decries all other valour,
But what is for the publick.

Iro. I do that too,
But did not learn it there; I think no valour
Lies for a private cause.

Dia. Sir, I'll redargue you
By disputation.

Com. O let's hear this!
I long to hear a man dispute in his shirt
Of valour, and his sword drawn in his hand.

Pra. His valour will take cold, put on your doublet.

Com. His valour will keep cold, you are deceived;
And relish much the sweeter in our ears:
It may be too, i' the ordinance of nature,
Their valours are not yet so combatant,
Or truly antagonistick, as to fight,
But may admit to hear of some divisions

Of fortitude, may put 'em off their quarrel.

Dia. I would have no man think me so ungovern'd,
Or subject to my passion, but I can
Read him a lecture 'twixt my undertakings
And executions: I do know all kinds
Of doing the business, which the town calls valour.

Com. Yes, he has read the town, Town-top's his
Your first? [author!

Dia. Is a rash head-long unexperience.

Com. Which is in children, fools, or your street-
O' the first head. [gallants

Pra. A pretty kind of valour!

Com. Commend him, he will spin it out in's shirt,
Fine as that thread.

Dia. The next, an indiscreet
Presumption, grounded upon often scapes.

Com. Or th' insufficiency of adversaries:
And this is in your common fighting brothers,
Your old Perdu's, who (after time) do think,
The one, that they are shot-free, the other sword-free.
Your third?

Dia. Is nought but an excess of choler,
That reigns in testy old men——

Com. Noblemens porters,
And self-conceited poets.

Dia. And is rather
A peevishness, than any part of valour.

Pra. He but rehearses, he concludes no valour.

Com. A history of distempers, as they are practis'd,
His harangue undertaketh, and no more.
Your next?

Dia. Is a dull desperate resolving.

Com. In case of some necessitous misery, or
Incumbent mischief.

Pra. Narrowness of mind,
Or ignorance being the root of it.

Dia.

Dia. Which you shall find in gamesters, quite blown
[up.

Com. Bankrupt merchants, undiscovered traitors.

Pra. Or your exemplified malefactors,
That have surviv'd their infamy and punishment.

Com. One that hath lost his ears by a just sentence
O' the Star-chamber, a right valiant knave——
And is a histrionical contempt
Of what a man fears most; it being a mischief
In his own apprehension unavoidable.

Pra. Which is in cowards wounded mortally,
Or thieves adjudg'd to die.

Com. This is a valour
I should desire much to see encourag'd;
As being a special entertainment
For our rogue people, and make oft good sport
Unto 'em, from the gallows to the ground.

Dia. But mine is a judicial resolving,
Or liberal undertaking of a danger——

Com. That might be avoided.

Dia. I, and with assurance,
That it is found in noblemen and gentlemen
Of the best sheaf.

Com. Who having lives to lose,
Like private men, have yet a world of honour
And publick reputation to defend——

Dia. Which in the brave historified Greeks,
And Romans, you shall read of.

Com. And (no doubt)
May in our aldermen meet it, and their deputies,
The soldiers of the city, valiant blades,
Who (rather than their houses should be ransack'd)
Would fight it out, like so many wild beasts;
Not for the fury they are commonly arm'd with,
But the close manner of their fight and custom
Of joining head to head, and foot to foot.

Pro. And which of these so well-prest resolutions

Am

Am I to encounter now ? for comm.only,
Men that have so much choice before 'em, have
Some trouble to resolve of any one.

Bia. There are three valours yet, which fir Diapha-
Hath (with his leave) not touch'd. [nous

Dia. Yea; which are those ?

Pra. He perks at that !

Com. Nay, he does more, he chatters.

Bia. A philosophical contempt of death
Is one : then an infused kind of valour,
Wrought in us by our genii, or good spirits ;
Of which the gallant Ethnicks had deep sense,
Who generally held, that no great statesman,
Scholar, or soldier, e'er did any thing

Sine divino aliquo afflatu.

Pra. But there's a christian valour 'bove these too ?

Bia. Which is a quiet patient toleration
Of whatsoever the malicious world
With injury doth unto you ; and consists
In passion more than action, fir Diaphanous.

Dia. Sure, I do take mine to be christian valour—

Com. You may mistake tho'. Can you justify,
On any cause, this seeking to deface
The divine image in a man ?

Bia. O, sir !

Let 'em alone : is not Diaphanous
As much a divine image, as is Ironside ?
Let images fight, if they will fight, a God's name.

*7 But there's a christian valour 'bove these too.] Perhaps it
should be read 'bove these two ; tho', as the former is sense, I
make no alteration.*

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

[*To them intervening*] *Keep, Needle, Interest.*

Keep. Where's mr. Needle? saw you mr. Needle?
We are undone.

Com. What ails the frantick nurse?

Keep. My mistress is undone, she's crying out!
Where is this man trow? mr. Needle?

Nee. Here.

Keep. Run for the party, mrs Chair, the midwife.
Nay, look how the man stands as he were gok't!
She's lost if you not haste away the party.

Nee. Where's the doctor?

Keep. Where a scoffing man is,
And his apothecary little better;
They laugh and jeer at all: will you dispatch,
And fetch the party quickly to our mistress?
We are all undone! the tympany will out else.

Int. News, news, good news, better than butter'd
[news!]

My niece is found with child, the doctor tells me,
And fall'n in labour.

Com. How?

Int. The portion's paid!

The portion—O the captain! is he here? [Exit.]

Pra. H' has spy'd your swords out! put 'em up,
[put up,

You've driven him hence, and yet your quarrel's end-
[ed.]

Iro. In a most strange discovery.

Pra. Of light gold.

Dia. And crack'd within the ring. I take the omen
As a good omen.

Pra. Then put up your sword,

And

Vo

And on your doublet. Give the captain thanks.

Dia. I had been slur'd else. Thank you, noble cap-
Your quarrelling caus'd all this. [tain ;

Iro. Where's Compass ?

Pra. Gone,
Shrunk hence, contracted to his center, I fear.

Iro. The slip is his then.

Dia. I had like t' have been
Abus'd i' the business, had the slip slur'd on me,
A counterfeit.

Bia. Sir, we are all abus'd :
As many as were brought on to be suitors ;
And we will join in thanks, all to the captain,
And to his fortune that so brought us off.

C H O R U S.

Dam. **T**HIS was a pitiful poor shift o' your poet,
boy, to make his prime woman with child,
and fall in labour, just to compose a quarrel.

Boy. With whose borrowed ears have you heard,
sir, all this while, that you can mistake the current of
our scene so ? The stream of the argument threatned her
being with child from the very beginning ; for it pre-
sented her in the first of the second act with some ap-
parent note of infirmity or defect, from knowledge of
which the auditory were rightly to be suspended by
the author, 'till the quarrel, which was but the acci-
dental cause, hastned on the discovery of it, in occa-
sioning her affright, which made her fall into her
throes presently, and within that compass of time al-
lowed to the comedy ; wherein the poet exprest his
prime artifice, rather than any error, that the detection
of her being with child should determine the quarrel,
which had produc'd it.

Pro. The boy is too hard for you, brother Damplay ; best mark the play, and let him alone.

Dam. I care not for marking the play ; I'll damn it, talk, and do that I come for. I will not have gentlemen lose their privilege, nor I my self my prerogative, for ne'er an over-grown or superannuated poet of 'em all. He shall not give me the law : I will censure and be witty, and take my tobacco, and enjoy my Magna Charta of reprehension, as my predecessors have done before me.

Boy. Even to licence and absurdity.

Pro. Not now, because the gentlewoman is in travel, and the midwife may come on the sooner, to put her and us out of our pain.

Dam. Well, look to your business afterward, boy, that all things be clear, and come properly forth, suited and set together ; for I will search what follows severely, and to the nail.

Boy. Let your nail run smooth then, and not scratch, lest the author be bold to pare it to the quick, and make it smart : you'll find him as severe as your self.

Dam. A shrewd boy ! and has me every where. The midwife is come, she has made haste.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Chair, Needle, Keep.

Cha. **S**TAY, mr. Needle, you do prick too fast Upo' the business : I must take some breath : Lend me my stool ; you ha' drawn a stitch upon me, In faith, son Needle, with your haste.

Nee. Good mother,

Piece

Piece up this breach : I'll give you a new gown,
A new silk grogoran gown. I'll do it, mother.

Keep. What'll you do? you ha' done too much al-
[ready,

With your prick-seam and through-stitch, mr. Needle.
I pray you sit not fabling here old tales,
Good mother Chair, the midwife, but come up.

S C E N E II.

Compass, Keep, Practise.

Com. How now, nurse? where's my lady?

Keep. In her chamber,
Lock'd up, I think : she'll speak with no body.

Com. Knows she o' this accident?

Keep. Alas, sir! no:
Would she might never know it.

Pra. I think her ladyship
Too virtuous, and too nobly innocent,
To have a hand in so ill form'd a business.

Com. Your thought, sir, is a brave thought, and a safe
The child now to be born is not more free [one :
From the aspersion of all spot than she.
She have her hand in plot 'gainst mr. Practise,
If there were nothing else, whom she so loves,
Cries up and values? knows to be a man
Mark'd out for a chief justice in his cradle,
Or a lord paramount, the head o' the hall,
The top, or the top-gallant of our law?
Assure yourself, she could not so deprave
The rectitude of her judgment, to wish you
Unto a wife might prove your infamy,
Whom she esteem'd that part o' the commonwealth,
And had up for honour to her blood.

Pra. I must confess a great beholdingness

E e 2

Unto

Unto her ladyship's offer, and good wishes.
But the truth is, I never had affection,
Or any liking to this niece of hers.

Com. You foresaw somewhat then ?

Pra. I had my notes,
And my prognosticks.

Com. You read almanacks,
And study 'em to some purpose, I believe.

Pra. I do confesse, I do believe, and pray too,
According to the planets, at some times.

Com. And do observe the sign in making love ?

Pra. As in phlebotomy.

Com. And chuse your mistress
By the good days, and leave her by the bad ?

Pra. I do, and I do not.

Com. A little more
Would fetch all his astronomy from Allestree¹.

Pra. I tell you, mr. Compass, as my friend,
And under seal, I cast my eyes long since
Upo' the other wench, my lady's woman,
Another manner of piece for handsomness,
Than is the niece, (but that is *sub sigillo*,
And as I give it you) in hope o' your aid
And counsel in the business.

Com. You need counsel ?
The only famous counsel o' the kingdom,
And in all courts ? That is a jeer in faith,
Worthy your name, and your profession too,
Sharp mr. Practise.

Pra. No, upo' my law,
As I'm a bencher, and now double reader,
I meant in mere simplicity of request.

¹ ——— *A little more,*

Would fetch all his astronomy from ALLESTREE.] This was one Richard allestree of Derby ; and who was about this time a compiler of almanacks.

Com. If you meant so, th' affairs are now perplex'd,
And full of trouble; give 'em breath and settling,
I'll do my best. But in the mean time do you
Prepare the parson. (I am glad to know
This; for my self lik'd the young maid before,
And lov'd her too.) Ha' you a licence?

Pra. No;
But I can fetch one straight.

Com. Do, do, and mind
The parson's pint t' engage him in the business;
A knitting cup there must be.

Pra. I shall do it.

S C E N E III.

Bias, Interest, Compass.

Bias. 'Tis an affront from you, sir; you here brought
Unto my lady's, and to woo a wife, [me
Which since is prov'd a crackt commodity:
She hath broke bulk too soon.

Int. No fault of mine,
If she be crack'd in pieces, or broke round:
It was my sister's fault that owns the house,
Where she hath got her clap, makes all this noise.
I keep her portion safe, that is not scatter'd;
The monies rattle not, nor are they thrown,
To make a mufs yet 'mong the gamesome suitors.

Com. Can you endure that flout, close mr. Bias,
And have been so bred in the politicks?
The injury is done you, and by him only;

² ———— *And mind*

The parson's pint, t'engage him—the business] I see no necessity for this break in the verse; it looks as if the true word was dropt, and its place still kept open: I correct it, by reading,

" t'engage him in the business "

He lent you imprest-money, and upbraids it;
Furnish'd you for the wooing, and now waves you:

Bias. That makes me to expostulate the wrong
So with him, and resent it as I do.

Com. But do it home then.

Bias. Sir, my lord shall know it.

Com. And all the lords o' the court too.

Bias. What a Moth
You are, sir Interest!

Int. Wherein, I entreat you,
Sweet mr. Bias?

Com. To draw in young statesmen,
And heirs of policy into the noose
Of an infamous matrimony.

Bias. Yes,
Infamous, *quasi in communem famam* :
And matrimony, *quasi matter of money*.

Com. Learnedly urg'd, my cunning mr. Bias.

Bias. With his lewd, known, and prostituted niece.

Int. My known and prostitute! how you mistake,
And run upon a false ground, mr. Bias!
(Your lords will do me right.) Now she is prostitute,
And that I know it, (please you understand me)
I mean to keep the portion in my hands,
And pay no monies.

Com. Mark you that, don Bias?
And you shall still remain in bonds to him,
For wooing furniture, and imprest charges.

Int. Good mr. Compass, for the sums he has had
Of me, I do acquit him; they are his own.
Here, before you, I do release him.

Com. Good!

Bias. O sir!

Com. 'Slid, take it: I do witness it:
He cannot hurl away his money better.

Int. He shall get so much, sir, by my acquaintance,
To

To be my friend; and now report to his lords
As I deserve, no otherwise.

Com. But well;
And I will witness it, and to the value:
Four hundred is the price, if I mistake not,
Of your true friend in court. Take hands, you ha'
And bought him cheap. [bought him,

Bias. I am his worship's servant.

Com. And you his slave, fir Moth, seal'd and deliver'd.
Ha' you not studied the court-compliment?
Here are a pair of humours reconcil'd now,
That money held at distance, or their thoughts,
Baser than money.

S C E N E IV.

Polish, Keep, Compass.

Pol. Out, thou caitiff witch!
Bawd, beggar, gipsy; any thing indeed,
But honest woman.

Keep. What you please, dame Polish,
My lady's stroker.

Com. What is here to do!
The gossips out!

Pol. Thou art a traitor to me,
An Eve, the apple, and the serpent too;
A viper, that hast eat a passage through me,
Through mine own bowels, by thy rechiefness*.

Com. What frantick fit is this? I'll step aside,
And hearken to it.

Pol. Did I trust thee, wretch,
With such a secret of that consequence,
Did so concern me, and my child, our livelihood,
And reputation? and hast thou undone us,
By thy connivance, nodding in a corner,

* By thy RECHLESSNESS,] i. e. negligence, want of care.

And suffering her be got with child so basely?
Sleepy, unlucky hag! thou bird of night,
And all mischance to me.

Keep. Good lady empress!

Had I the keeping of your daughter's clicket
In charge? was that committed to my trust?

Com. Her daughter!

Pol. Softly, devil, not so loud:

You'd ha' the house hear, and be witness, would you?

Keep. Let all the world be witness. Afore I'll
Endure the tyranny of such a tongue——
And such a pride——

Pol. What will you do?

Keep. Tell truth,

And shame the she-man-devil in puff'd sleeves;
Run any hazard, by revealing all
Unto my lady; how you chang'd the cradles,
And chang'd the children in 'em.

Pol. Not so high!

[tia,

Keep. Calling your daughter Pleasance there Placen-
And my true mistress by the name of Pleasance.

Com. A horrid secret this! worth the discovery.

Pol. And must you be thus loud?

Keep. I will be louder,

And cry it thro' the house, thro' ev'ry room,
And every office of the laundry-maids,
Till it be borne hot to my lady's ears.
E're I will live in such a slavery,
I'll do away myself.

Pol. Didst thou not swear

To keep it secret? and upon what book?
(I do remember now) The practice of piety.

Keep. It was a practice of impiety,
Out of your wicked forge, I know it now,
My conscience tells me. First, against the infants,
To rob them o' their names, and their true parents;
T'abuse

T'abuse the neighbourhood, keep them in error;
But most my lady: she has the main wrong:
And I will let her know it instantly.

Repentance, if it be true, ne'er comes too late.

Pol. What have I done? conjur'd a spirit up,
I sha' not lay again? drawn on a danger
And ruin on myself thus, by provoking
A peevish fool, whom nothing will pray off
Or satisfy, I fear? her patience stirr'd,
Is turn'd to fury. I have run my bark
On a sweet rock, by mine own arts and trust;
And must get off again, or dash in pieces.

Com. This was a business worth the listning after.

S C E N E V.

Pleasance, Compass.

Ple. O mr. Compass, did you see my mother?
Mistress Placentia, my lady's niece,
Is newly brought to bed o' the bravest boy!
Will you go see it?

Com. First I'll know the father,
E're I approach these hazards.

Ple. Mistress midwife
Has promis'd to find out a father for it,
If there be need.

Com. She may the safelier do't,
By virtue of her place. But pretty Pleasance,
I have a news for you, I think will please you.

Ple. What is it, mr. Compass?

Com. Stay, you must
Deserve it, e're you know it. Where's my lady?

Ple. Retir'd unto her chamber, and shut up.

Com. She hears o' none o' this yet? Well, do you
Command the coach, and fit yourself to travel
A little way with me.

Ple.

Ple. Whither, for God's sake?

Com. Where I'll entreat you, not to your loss, believe
If you dare trust yourself. [it,

Ple. With you the world o'er.

Com. The news will well requite the pains, I assure
And i' this tumult you will not be miss'd. [you,

Command the coach, it is an instant business,
Wo' not be done without you. Parson Palate,
Most opportunely met; step to my chamber;
I'll come to you presently: there is a friend
Or two will entertain you. Mr. Practise;
Ha' you the licence?

S C E N E VI.

Practise, Compass, Pleasance, Palate.

Pra. Here it is.

Com. Let's see it:
Your name's not in't.

Pra. I'll fill that presently.
It has the seal, which is the main, and register'd,
The clerk knows me, and trusts me,

Com. Ha' you the parson?

Pra. They say he's here, he 'pointed to come hither.

Com. I would not have him seen here for a world,
To breed suspicion. Do you intercept him,
And prevent that. But take your licence with you,
And fill the blank; or leave it here with me,
I'll do it for you; stay you for us at his church,
Behind the Old Exchange, we'll come i' th' coach,
And meet you there within this quarter at least.

Pra. I am much bound unto you, mr. Compass;
You have all the law and parts of squire Practise
For ever at your use. I'll tell you news too:
Sir, your reversion's fallen; Thin-wit's dead,
Surveyor of the projects general.

Com.

Com. When died he?

Pru. E'en this morning; I receiv'd it
From a right hand.

Com. Conceal it, mr. Practise,
And mind the main affair you are in hand with.

Ple. The coach is ready, sir.

Com. 'Tis well, fair Pleasance,
Though now we shall not use it; bid the coachman
Drive to the parish-church, and stay about there,
'Till mr. Practise come to him, and employ him:
I have a licence now, which must have entry
Before my lawyer's. Noble parson Palate,
Thou shalt be a mark advanc'd; here's a piece,
And do a feat for me.

Pal. What, mr. Compass?

Com. But run the words of matrimony over
My head and mrs. Pleasance's in my chamber:
There's captain Ironside to be a witness:
And here's a licence to secure thee. Parson!
What do you stick at?

Pal. It is afternoon, sir;
Directly against the canon of the church:
You know it, mr. Compass: and beside,
I am engag'd unto your worshipful friend,
The learned mr. Practise, in that business.

Com. Come on, engage yourself: who shall be able
To say you married us, but in the morning,
The most canonical minute of the day,
If you affirm it? That's a spic'd excuse,
And shews you have set the canon law before
Any profession else, of love, or friendship.
Come mrs. Pleasance, we cannot prevail
With th' rigid parson here; but, sir, I'll keep you
Lock'd in my lodging, 'till't be done elsewhere,
And under fear of Ironside.

Pal. Do you hear, sir?

Com.

Com. No, no, it matters not.

Pal. Can you think, sir,
I would deny you any thing? not to loss
Of both my livings: I will do it for you;
Ha' you a wedding-ring?

Com. I, and a posie:

Annulus hic nobis, quod scit uterque, dabit.

Pal. Good!

This ring will give you what you both desire.
I'll make the whole house chant it, and the parish.

Com. Why, well said, parson. Now, to you my
[news,

That comprehend my reasons, mrs. Pleasance.

S C E N E VII.

Chair, Needle, Polish, Keep.

Cha. Go, get a nurse, procure her at what rate
You can; and out o' th' house with it, son Needle.
It is a bad commodity.

Nee. Good mother,

I know it, but the best would now be made on't.

Cha. And shall. You should not fret so, mrs. Polish,
Nor you, dame Keep; my daughter shall do well,
When she has ta'en my cawdle. I ha' known
Twenty such breaches piec'd up, and made whole,
Without a bum of noise. You two fall out?
And tear up one another?

Pol. Blessed woman!

"Blest be the peace-maker."

[*Without a bum of noise.*] It may be questioned whether the
author did not write,

"Without a *bum* of noise."

But probably it should be *bomb*, from the Latin *lombus*, the buzzing
of a fly or bee.

Keep.

Keep. The peace dresser!
I'll hear no peace from her. I have been wrong'd,
So has my lady, my good lady's worship,
And I will right her, hoping she'll right me.

Pol. Good gentle *Keep*, I pray thee mistress nurse,
Pardon my passion, I was misadvis'd;
Be thou yet better, by this grave sage woman,
Who is the mother of matrons, and great persons,
And knows the world.

Keep. I do confess, she knows
Something——and I know something——

Pol. Put your somethings
Together then.

Cha. I, here's a chance fal'n out
You cannot help; less can this gentlewoman;
I can, and will, for both. First, I have sent
By-chop away; the cause gone, the fame ceaseth.
Then by my cawdle, and my cullis, I set
My daughter on her feet, about the house here;
She's young, and must stir somewhat for necessity,
Her youth will bear it out. She shall pretend
T' have had a fit o' the mother; there is all.
If you have but a secretary landress,
To blanch the linen—Take the former counsels
Into you; keep them safe i' your own breasts,
And make your market of 'em at the highest.
Will you go peach, and cry yourself a fool
At granam's cross? be laugh'd at, and despis'd?
Betray a purpose, which the deputy
Of a double ward, or scarce his alderman,
With twelve of the wisest questmen could find out,
Employed by the authority of the city?
Come, come, be friends; and keep these women-mat-
Smock-secrets to ourselves, in our own verge. [ters,
We shall mar all, if once we ope the mysteries
O' the tyring-house, and tell what's done within:

No

No theatres are more cheated with appearances,
Or these shop-lights, than th'ages, and folk in them,
That seem most curious.

Pol. Breath of an oracle!

You shall be my dear mother; wisest woman
That ever tip'd her tongue, with point of reasons,
To turn her hearers! mistress-Keep, relent,
I did abuse thee; I confess to penance:
And on my knees ask thee forgiveness.

Cba. Rise,

She doth begin to melt, I see it. —

Keep. Nothing

Griev'd me so much, as when you call'd me bawd:
Witch did not trouble me, nor gipsy; no,
Nor beggar. But a bawd was such a name!

Cba. No more rehearsals; repetitions
Make things the worse: the more we stir (you know
The proverb, and it signifies) a stink.
What's done, and dead, let it be buried.
New hours will fit fresh handles to new thoughts.

S C E N E VIII.

Interest, with his foot-boy.

[*To them*] *Compass, Ironside, Silk-worm, Palate, Pleasance.*

[*To them*] *The Lady; and after, Praefise.*

Int. Run to the church, firrah. Get all the drunkards
To ring the bells, and jangle them for joy
My niece has brought an heir unto the house,
A lusty boy. Where is my sister Loadstone?
Asleep at afternoons! it is not wholesome;
Against all rules of physick, lady sister.
The little doctor will not like it. Our niece
Is new deliver'd of a chopping child,

Can

Can call the father by the name already,
If it but ope the mouth round. Mr. Compass,
He is the man, they say, fame gives it out,
Hath done that act of honour to our house,
And friendship, to pump out a son and heir
That shall inherit nothing, surely nothing
From me, at least. I come t'invite your ladyship
To be a witness; I will be your partner,
And give it a horn-spoon, and a treen-dish,
Bastard, and beggars badges, with a blanket
For dame the doxey to march round the circuit,
With bag and baggage.

Com. Thou malicious knight,
Envious sir Moth, that eats on that which feeds thee,
And frets her goodness that sustains thy being;
What company of mankind would own thy brother-
But as thou hast a title to her blood, [hood,
Whom thy ill-nature hath chose out t'insult on,
And vex thus, for an accident in her house,
As if it were her crime! good innocent lady.
Thou shew'st thyself a true corroding vermine,
Such as thou art.

Int. Why, gentle m^r. Compass?
Because I wish you joy of your young son,
And heir to the house you ha' sent us?

Com. I ha' sent you?
I know not what I shall do. Come in, friends:
Madam, I pray you, be pleas'd to trust yourself
Unto our company.

Lad. I did that too late,
Which brought on this calamity upon me,
With all the infamy I hear; your soldier,
That swaggering guest.

Com. Who is return'd here to you,
Your vowed friend and servant, comes to sup with you,
So we do all; and 'll prove he hath deserv'd

That

That special respect and favour from you,
 As not your fortunes, with yourself to boot,
 Cast on a feather-bed, and spread o' th' sheets
 Under a brace of your best Persian carpets,
 Were scarce a price to thank his happy merit.

Int. What impudence is this? can you endure
 To hear it, sister?

Com. Yes, and you shall hear it;
 Who will endure it worse. What deserves he,
 In your opinion, madam, or weigh'd judgment,
 That, things thus hanging (as they do) in doubt,
 Suspended and suspected, all involv'd,
 And wrapt in error, can resolve the knot?
 Redintegrate the fame, first of your house?
 Restore your ladyship's quiet? render then
 Your niece a virgin, and unvitiated?
 And make all plain, and perfect, (as it was)
 A practice to betray you, and your name?

Int. He speaks impossibilities.

Com. Here he stands,
 Whose fortune hath done this, and you must thank him.
 To what you call his swaggering, we owe all this.
 And that it may have credit with you, madam,
 Here is your niece, whom I have married, witness
 These gentlemen, the knight, captain, and parson,
 And this grave politick tell-troth of the court.

Lad. What's she that I call niece then?

Com. Polishes daughter;
 Her mother goodwy' Polish has confess'd it
 To grannum Keep, the nurse, how they did change
 The children in their cradles.

Lad. To what purpose?

Com. To get the portion, or some part of it,
 Which you must now disburse entire to me, sir,
 If I but gain her ladyship's consent.

Lad. I bid God give you joy, if this be true.

Com.

Com. As true it is, lady, lady, i' the song.
'The portion's mine, with interest, fir Moth;
I will not 'bate you a single Harrington,
Of interest upon interest. In mean time,
I do commit you to the guard of Ironside,
My brother here, captain Rud-hudibras:
From whom I will expect you, or your ransom.

Int. Sir, you must prove it, and the possibility,
E're I believe it.

Com. For the possibility,
I leave to trial. Truth shall speak itself.
O, mr Practise, did you meet the coach?

Pra. Yes, sir, but empty.

Com. Why, I sent it for you.
The business is dispatch'd here, e're you come:
Come in, I'll tell you how; you are a man
Will look for satisfaction, and must have it.

All. So we do all, and long to hear the right.

C H O R U S.

Dam. **T**Roth, I am one of those that labour with
the same longing, for it is almost puck-
er'd, and pull'd into that knot by your poet, which I
cannot easily, with all the strength of my imagination,
untie.

Boy. Like enough, nor is it in your office to be
troubled or perplexed with it, but to sit still, and ex-
pect. The more your imagination busies itself, the
more it is intangled, especially if (as I told in the be-
ginning) you happen on the wrong end.

Pro. He hath said sufficient, brother Damplay; our
parts that are the spectators, or should hear a comedy,
are to wait the process and events of things, as the
poet presents them, not as we would corruptly fashion
them. We come here to behold plays, and censure
Vol. IV. F f them,

them, as they are made, and fitted for vs; not to be slave our own thoughts, with censorious spittle tempering the poet's clay, as we were to mould every scene anew: that were a meer plastick or potter's ambition, most unbecoming the name of a gentleman. No, let us mark, and not lose the business on foot, by talking. Follow the right thread, or find it.

Dam. Why, here his play might have ended, if he would ha' let it; and have spar'd us the vexation of a fifth act yet to come, which every one here knows the issue of already, or may in part conjecture.

Boy. That conjecture is a kind of figure-flinging, or throwing the dice, for a meaning was never in the poet's purpose perhaps. Stay, and see his last act, his catastrophe, how he will perplex that, or spring some fresh cheat, to entertain the spectators, with a convenient delight, till some unexpected and new encounter break out to rectify all, and make good the conclusion.

Pro. Which, ending here, would have shown dull, flat, and unpointed; without any shape or sharpness, brother Damplay,

Dam. Well, let us expect then: and wit be with us, o' the poet's part.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Needle, Item.

Nec. **T**ROTH, mr. Item, here's a house divided,

And quarter'd into parts, by your doctor's engine.
H' has cast out such aspersions on my lady's

Niece

Neice here, of having had a child; as hardly
Will be wip'd off, I doubt.

Ite. Why, is't not true?

Nee. True! did you think it?

Ite. Was she not in labour?

The midwife sent for?

Nee. There's your error now!

You ha' drunk o' the same water.

Ite. I believ'd it,

And gave it out too.

Nee. More you wrong'd the party;

She had no such thing about her, innocent creature!

Ite. What had she then?

Nee. Only a fit o' the mother:

They burnt old shoes, goose-feathers, assa-fœtida,

A few horn-shavings, with a bone or two,

And she is well again, about the house.

Ite. Is't possible?

Nee. See it, and then report it.

Ite. Our doctor's urinal-judgment is half-crack'd
[then.

Nee. Crack'd i' the case, most hugely, with my lady,
And sad sir Moth, her brother, who is now
Under a cloud a little.

Ite. Of what? disgrace?

Nee. He is committed to Rud-hudibras,

The captain Ironside, upon displeasure,

From mr. Compass, but it will blow off.

Ite. The doctor shall reverse his instantly,

And set all right again; if you'll assist

But in a toy, squire Needle comes i' my noddle now.

Nee. Good, Needle and noddle? what may't be? I
[long for't.

Ite. Why, but to go to bed; feign a distemper
Of walking i' your sleep, or talking in't
A little idly, but so much, as on it

The doctor may have ground to raise a cure
For's reputation.

Nee. Any thing, to serve
The worship o' the man I love and honour.

S C E N E II.

Polish, Pleasance, Chair, Placentia, Keep:

Pol. O! gi' you joy, madamoiselle Compass,
You are his whirl-pool now; all-to-be-married,
Against your mother's leave, and without counsel!
H' has fish'd fair, and caught a frog, I fear it.
What fortune ha' you to bring him in dower?
You can tell stories now; you know a world
Of secrets to discover.

Plea. I know nothing
But what is told me; nor can I discover
Any thing.

Pol. No, you shall not, I'll take order.
Go, get you in there: it is Ember-week!
I'll keep you fasting from his flesh a-while.

Cha. See who is here? she has been with my lady;
Who kist her, all-to-be-kist her, twice or thrice.

Nee. And call'd her niece again, and view'd her li-

Pol. You ha' done a miracle, mother Chair. [*nen.*

Cha. Not I,

My cawdle has done it. Thank my cawdle heartily.

Pol. It shall be thank'd, and you too, wisest mother;
You shall have a new, brave, four-pound beaver-hat,
Set with enamel'd studs, as mine is here:
And a right pair of crystal spectacles,
Crystal o' th' rock, thou mighty mother of dames,
Hung in an ivory case, at a gold belt,
And silver bells to gingle, as you pass

Before

Before your fifty daughters in procession
To church, or from the church.

Cba. Thanks, mrs. Polish.

Keep. She does deserve as many pensions
As there be pieces in a——maiden-head,
Were I a prince to give 'em.

Pol. Come, sweet charge,
You shall present your self about the house;
Be confident, and bear up; you shall be seen.

S C E N E III.

Compass, Ironside, Practice.

Com. What? I can make you amends, my learned
And satisfy a greater injury [counsel,
To chafed mr. Practice. Who would think
That you could be thus testy?

Iro. A grave head!
Giv'n over to the study of our laws.

Com. And the prime honours of the commonwealth.

Iro. And you to mind a wife.

Com. What should you do
With such a toy as a wife, that might distract you,
Or hinder you i' your course?

Iro. He shall not think on't.

Com. I will make over to you my possession
Of that same place is fall'n, (you know) to satisfy,
Surveyor of the projects general.

Iro. And that's an office you know how to stir in.

Com. And make your profits of.

Iro. Which are (indeed)
The ends of a gown'd man: shew your activity,

¹ *A grave head!*] So edit. of 1716.

And how you are built for business.

Pra. I accept it

As a possession, be't but a reversion.

Com. You first told me 'twas a possession.

Pra. I, I told you that I heard so.

Iro. All is one,

He'll make a reversion a possession quickly.

Com. But I must have a general release from you,

Pra. Do one, I'll do the other.

Com. It's a match,

Before my brother Ironside.

Pra. 'Tis done.

Com. We two are reconcil'd then.

Iro. To a lawyer,

That can make use of a place, any half title
Is better than a wife.

Com. And will save charges
Of coaches, vellute gowns, and cut-work smocks.

Iro. He is to occupy an office wholly.

Com. True, I must talk with you nearer, mr. Prac-
About recovery o' my wife's portion, [tice,
What way I were best to take.

Pra. The plainest way.

Com. What's that, for plainness?

Pra. Sue him at common law :

Arrest him on an action of choke-bail,

Five hundred thousand pound ; it will affright him,

And all his sureties. You can prove your marriage ?

Com. Yes.

We'll talk of it within, and hear my lady.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Interest, Lady, Rut, Item.

Int. I'm sure the vogue o' the house went all that
She was with child, and mr. Compass got it. [way;

Lad. Why, that you see is manifestly false,
H' has married the other; our true niece, he says:
He would not woo 'em both: he is not such
A stallion, to leap all. Again, no child
Appears, that I can find with all my search,
And strictest way of inquiry, I have made
Through all my family. A fit o' the mother,
The women say she had, which the midwife cur'd
With burning bones and feathers: here's the doctor.

Enter Doctor,

Int. O, noble doctor, did not you and your Item
Tell me our niece was in labour?

Rut. If I did,
What follows?

Int. And that mother midnight
Was sent for?

Rut. So she was, and is i' the house still.

Int. But here has a noise been since, she was deli-
Of a brave boy, and mr. Compass's getting. [ver'd

Rut. I know no rattle of gossips, nor their noises.
I hope you take not me for a pimp-errant,
To deal in smock affairs? where's the patient?
The infirm man I was sent for, squire Needle?

Lad. Is Needle sick?

Rut. My 'pothecary tells me
He is in danger; how is't, Tim? where is he?

F f 4

Enter

Enter Item.

He. I cannot hold him down. He's up and walks,
And talks in his perfect sleep, with his eyes shut,
As sensibly as he were broad awake.

See, here he comes ; he's fast asleep, observe him.

Rut. He'll tell us wonders. What do these women
[here ?

S C E N E V.

*Rut, Needle, Interest, Item, Lady, Polish, Chair, Keep,
Placentia.*

Rut. Hunting a man half naked ? you are fine bea-
You'd have his dousets. gles !

Nee. I ha' linen breeks on.

Rut. He hears, but he sees nothing.

Nee. Yes, I see

Who hides the treasure yonder.

Int. Ha ? what treasure ?

Rut. If you ask questions, he wakes presently,
And then you'll hear no more 'till his next fit.

Nee. And whom she hides it for.

Rut. Do you mark, sir ? list.

Nee. A fine she spirit it is, an Indian magpye.
She was an alderman's widow, and fell in love
With our sir Moth, my lady's brother.

Rut. (Hear you ?)

Nee. And she has hid an alderman's estate ;
Dropt through her bill in little holes, i' the garden,
And scrapes earth over 'em ; where none can spy
But I, who see all by the glowworm's light,
That creeps before.

Pol.

Pol. I know the gentlewoman,
Alderman Parrot's widow, a fine speaker,
As any was i' the clothing, or the bevy;
She did become her scarlet and black velvet,
Her green and purple——

Rut. Save thy colours, rainbow,
Or she will run thee o'er, and all thy lights.

Pol. She dwelt in Do-little-lane, a top o' the hill
[there;

I' the round cage, was after fir Chime Squirrel's.
She would eat nought but almonds, I assure you.

Rut. Would thou hadst a dose of pills, a double dose,
O' the best purge, to make thee turn tail t'other way.

Pol. You are a foul-mouth'd, purging, absurd doctor;
I tell you true, and I did long to tell it you.

You ha' spread a scandal i' my lady's house here,
On her sweet niece you never can take off
With all your purges, or your plaister of oaths;
Though you distil your dam-me, drop by drop,
I' your defence. That she hath had a child,
Here she doth spit upon thee, and defie thee,
Or I do't for her.

Rut. Madam, pray you bind her
To her behaviour. Tye your gossip up,
Or send her unto Bet'lem.

Pol. Go thou thither,
'That better hast deserv'd it, shame of doctors:
Where could she be deliver'd? by what charm,
Restor'd to her strength so soon? who is the father?
Or where the infant? ask your oracle,
That walks and talks in his sleep.

Rut. Where is he gone?
You ha' lost a fortune, list'ning to her tabor.
Good madam, lock her up.

Lad. You must give losers
Their leave to speak, good doctor.

Rut.

Rut. Follow his footing
Before he get to his bed : this rest is lost else.

S C E N E VI.

Compass, Practise, Ironside, Polish, Lady.

Com. Where is my wife ? what ha' you done with
Gossip o' the counsels ? [my wife,

Pol. I, sweet mr. Compass,
I honour you and your wife.

Com. Well, do so still.

I will not call you mother tho', but Polish.
Good gossip Polish, where ha' you hid my wife ?

Pol. I hide your wife ?

Com. Or she is run away.

Lad. That would make all suspected, sir, afresh.
Come, we will find her, if she be i' the house.

Pol. Why should I hide your wife, good mr.
[Compass ?

Com. I know no cause, but that you are goody Polish,
That's good at malice, good at mischief, all
That can perplex or trouble a business thoroughly.

Pol. You may say what you will : you're mr. Com.
And carry a large sweep, sir, i' your circle. [pass,

Lad. I'll sweep all corners, gossip, to spring this,
If't be above ground. I will have her cry'd
By the common-cryer, through all the ward,
But I will find her.

Iro. It will be an act
Worthy your justice, madam.

Pra. And become
The integrity and worship of her name.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Rut, Interest, Item, Needle.

Rut. 'Tis such a fly, this gossip, with her buz,
She blows on every thing, in every place!

Int. A busie woman is a fearful grievance!
Will he not sleep again?

Rut. Yes, instantly,
As soon as he is warm. It is the nature
Of the disease, and all these cold dry fumes,
That are melancholick, to work at first,
Slow and insensibly in their ascent,
Till being got up, and then distilling down
Upo' the brain, they have a pricking quality
That breeds this restless rest, which we, the sons
Of physick, call a walking in the sleep,
And telling mysteries, that must be heard
Softly, with art; as we were sewing pillows
Under the patient's elbows, else they'd fly
Into a phrensie, run into the woods,
Where there are noises, huntings, shoutings, hallow-
Amidst the brakes and furzes, over bridges [ings,
Fall into waters, scratch their flesh, sometimes
Drop down a precipice, and there be lost.
How now! what does he?

It. He is up again,
And 'gins to talk.

Int. O the former matter, Item?

It. The treasure and the lady, that's his argument.

Int. O me, happy man! he cannot off it:
I shall know all then.

Rut. With what appetite
Our own desires delude us! hear you, Tim?
Let no man interrupt us.

It. Sir Diaphanous,
And mr. Bias, his court-friends, desire

To

To kiss his niece's hands, and gratulate
The firm recovery of her good fame
And honour——

Int. Good, say to 'em, mr. Item,
My niece is on my lady's side: they'll find her there.
I pray to be but spar'd for half an hour:
I'll see 'em presently.

Rut. Do, put 'em off, Tim,
And tell 'em the importance of the business.
Here, he is come! sooth; and have all out of him:

Nec. How do you, lady-bird? so hard at work, still?
What's that you say? do you bid me walk, sweet bird?
And tell our knight? I will. How? walk knave,
[walk?

I think you're angry with me, Pol. Fine Pol!
Pol's a fine bird! O fine, lady Pol!
Almond for Parrot; Parrot's a brave bird:
Three hundred thousand pieces ha' you stuck
Edge-long into the ground, within the garden?
O bounteous bird!

Int. And me, most happy creature.

Rut. Smother your joy.

Nec. How? and dropp'd twice so many——

Int. Ha! where?

Rut. Contain your self.

Nec. I' the old well?

Int. I cannot, I am a man of flesh and blood:
Who can contain himself, to hear the ghost
Of a dead lady do such works as these?
And a city-lady too o' the strait waste?

Rut. He's gone.

Nec. I will go try the truth of it.

Rut. Follow him, Tim: see what he does; if he
A 'slay of it now, [bring you

Int. I'll say he's a rare fellow,
And has a rare disease.

Rut. And I will work

As rare a cure upon him.

Int. How, good doctor? [of him,

Rut. When he hath utter'd all that you would know
I'll cleanse him with a pill, as small as a pease,
And stop his mouth : for there his issue lies,
Between the muscles o' the tongue.

Int. He's come.

Rut. What did he, Item?

Ite. The first step he stept
Into the garden, he pull'd these five pieces
Up, in a finger's breadth one of another.
The dirt sticks on 'em still.

Int. I know enough.

Doctor, proceed with your cure, I'll make thee famous,
Famous among the sons of the physicians,
Machaon, Podalirius, Esculapius.

Thou shalt have a golden beard, as well as he had ;
And thy Tim Item here, have one of silver ;
A livery beard ! And all thy 'pothecaries
Belong to thee. Where's squire Needle ? gone ?

Ite. He's prick'd away, now he has done the work.

Rut. Prepare his pill, and gi' it him afore supper.

Int. I'll send for a dozen o' labourers to-morrow,
To turn the surface o' the garden up.

Rut. In mold ? bruise every clod ?

Int. And have all sifted ;

For I'll not lose a piece o' the bird's bounty,
And take an inventory of all.

Rut. And then,
I would go down into the well——

Int. My self ;

No trusting other hands : six hundred thousand,
To the first three ; nine hundred thousand pound——

Rut. 'Twill purchase the whole bench of aldermanity,
Stript to their shirts.

Int. There never did accrue
So great a gift to man, and from a lady

I never saw but once; now I remember,
We met at Merchant-taylors-hall, at dinner,
In Thread-needle-street.

Rut. Which was a sign Squire Needle
Should have the threading of this thread.

Int. 'Tis true;
I shall love parrots better while I know him.

Rut. I'd have her statue cut now in white marble.

Int. And have it painted in most orient colours.

Rut. That's right! all city statues must be painted,
Else they be worth nought i' their subtil judgments *.

S C E N E VIII.

Interest, Bias, Rut, Palate.

Int. My truest friend in court, dear mr. Bias;
You hear o' the recovery of our niece
In fame and credit?

Bia. Yes, I have been with her,
And gratulated to her; but I am sorry
To find the author o' the foul aspersion
Here i' your company, this insolent doctor.

Int. You do mistake him; he is clear got off on't.
A gossip's jealousy first gave the hint.
He drives another way, now, as I would have him.
He's a rare man, the doctor, in his way.
H' has done the noblest cure here i' the house,

* — All city statues must be painted,
Else they be worth nought i' their subtil judgments.] This was
probably designed to ridicule the taste, which at that time might
possibly prevail with the connoisseurs in the fine arts, who directed
the elegance and judgment of the city. Gaudy shew, and profusion
of ornament are objects of admiration, with those who have no re-
lish for the decent simplicity of nature. Thus the emperor Nero,
with the true judgment of a citizen, ordered a very beautiful statue
to be gilt; and by augmenting, as he thought, the value, spoilt all
the grace and delicacy of the workmanship. *Pretio perit gratia
artis*, says Pliny, who tells the story of him, *Hist.* 1. 34. c. 8.

On a poor squire, my sister's taylor, Needle,
That talk'd in's sleep; would walk to St. John's wood,
And Waltham forest, scape by all the ponds
And pits i' the way; run over two inch bridges,
With his eyes fast, and i' the dead of night!
I'll ha' you better acquainted with him. Doctor,
Here is my dear, dear, dearest friend in court,
Wife, powerful mr. Bias; pray you salute
Each other, not as strangers, but true friends.

Rut. This is the gentleman you brought to-day,
A suitor to your niece.

Int. Yes.

Rut. You were
Agreed, I heard; the writings drawn between you?

Int. And seal'd.

Rut. What broke you off?

Int. This rumour of her:

Was it not, mr. Bias?

Bia. Which I find

Now false, and therefore come to make amends
I' the first place. I stand to the old conditions.

Rut. Faith give 'em him, sir Moth, whate'er they
You have a brave occasion now to cross [were.
The flanting mr. Compass, who pretends
Right to the portion, by th' other intail.

Int. And claims it. You do hear he's married?

Bia. We hear his wife is run away from him,
Within: she is not to be found i' the house,
With all the hue and cry is made for her
Through every room; the larders ha' been search'd,
The bake-houses and boulting tub, the ovens,
Wash-house and brew-house, nay the very furnace,
And yet she is not heard of.

Int. Be she ne'er heard of,
The safety of Great Britain lies not on't.
You are content with the ten thousand pound,
Defalking the four hundred garnish-money?

That's

That's the condition here, afore the doctor,
And your demand, friend Bias?

Bia. It is, sir Moth.

Enter Palate.

Rut. Here comes the parson then, shall make all sure,

Int. Go you with my friend Bias, parson Palate,
Unto my niece; assure them we are agreed.

Pal. And mrs. Compass too is found within.

Int. Where was she hid?

Pal. In an old bottle-house,
Where they scrap'd trenchers; there her mother had
[thrust her.

Rut. You shall have time, sir, to triumph on him,
When this fine feat is done, and his Rud-Ironside.

S C E N E IX.

*Compass, Pleasance, Lady, Ironside, Practice, Polish,
Chair, Keep, &c.*

Com. Was ever any gentlewoman us'd
So barbarously by a malicious gossip,
Pretending to be mother to her too?

Pol. Pretending! sir, I am her mother, and challenge
A right, and power for what I have done.

Com. Out, hag;
Thou that hast put all nature off, and woman,
For sordid gain, betray'd the trust committed
Unto thee by the dead, as from the living:
Chang'd the poor innocent infants in their cradles;
Defrauded them o' their parents, chang'd their names,
Calling Placentia, Pleasance; Pleasance, Placentia.

Pol. How knows he this?

Com. Abus'd the neighbourhood;
But most this lady. Didst enforce an oath
To this poor woman, on a pious book,
To keep close thy impiety.

Pol.

Pol. Ha' you told this?

Keep. I told it? no, he knows it, and much more,
As he's a cunning man.

Pol. A cunning fool,
If that be all.

Com. But now to your true daughter,
That had the child, and is the proper Pleasance,
We must have an account of that too, gossip.

Pol. This is like all the rest of mr. Compass.

S C E N E X.

Enter to them running, Rut.

Rut. Help, help, for charity; sir Moth Interest
Is fall'n into the well.

Lad. Where? where?

Rut. I' the garden.

A rope to save his life.

Com. How came he there?

Rut. He thought to take possession of a fortune
There newly dropt him, and the old chain broke,
And down fell he i' the bucket.

Com. Is it deep?

Rut. We cannot tell. A rope; help with a rope.

Enter Silk-worm, Ironside, Item, Needle, and Interest.

Sil. He is got out again. The knight is sav'd.

Iro. A little sows'd i' the water; Needle sav'd him.

Itē. The water sav'd him, 'twas a fair escape,

Nee. Ha' you no hurt?

Int. A little wet.

Nee. That's nothing.

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G g

Rut.

Rut. I wish'd you stay, fir, till to-morrow ; and told
It was no lucky hour : since six a clock [you
All stars were retrograde.

Lad. I' the name
Of fate, or folly, how came you i' the bucket ?

Int. That is a quere of another time, sister ;
The doctor will resolve you—who hath done
The admirablest cure upon your Needle !
Gi' me thy hand, good Needle ; thou cam'st timely :
Take off my hood and coat ; and let me shake
My self a little. I have a world of business.
Where is my nephew Bias ? and his wife ?
Who bids God gi' 'em joy ? here they both stand,
As sure affianced, as the parson, or words,
Can tie 'em.

Rut. We all wish 'em joy and happiness.

Sil. I saw the contract, and can witness it.

Int. He shall receive ten thousand pounds to-
[morrow.

You look'd for't, Compass, or a greater sum,
But 'tis dispos'd of, this, another way.
I have but one niece, verily, Compass.

Com. I'll find another. Varlet, do your office.

Var. I do arrest your body, fir Moth Interest,
In the king's name ; at suit of mr. Compass,
And dame Placentia his wife. The action's enter'd,
Five hundred thousand pound.

Int. Hear you this, sister ?
And hath your house the ears to hear it too ?
And to relound the affront ?

Lad. I cannot stop
The laws, or hinder justice. I can be
Your bail, if't may be taken.

Com. With the captain's,
I ask no better.

Rut. Here are better men,

Will

Will give their bail.

Com. But yours will not be taken,
Worshipful doctor ; you are good security
For a suit of clothes, to th' taylor, that dares trust you :
But not for such a sum as is this action.

Varlet, you know my mind.

Var. You must to prison, sir,
Unless you can find bail the creditor likes.

Int. I would fain find it, if you'd shew me where.

Sil. It is a terrible action ; more indeed
Than many a man is worth ; and is call'd Fright-bail.

Iro. Faith I will bail him, at mine own apperil.

Varlet, be gone : I'll once ha' the reputation,
To be security for such a sum.

Bear up, sir Moth.

Rut. He is not worth the buckles
About his belt, and yet this Ironside clashes.

Int. Peace, lest he hear you, doctor ; we'll make
[use of him.

What doth your brother Compass, captain Ironside,
Demand of us, by way of challenge, thus ?

Iro. Your niece's portion ; in the right of his wife.

Int. I have assur'd one portion, to one niece,
And have no more t' account for, that I know of :
What I may do in charity — if my sister
Will bid an off'ring for her maid, and him,
As a benevolence to 'em, after supper,
I'll spit into the bason, and entreat
My friends to do the like.

Com. Spit out thy gall,
And heart, thou viper : I will now no mercy,
No pity of thee, thy false niece, and Needle ;
Bring forth your child, or I appeal you of murder,
You, and this gossip here, and mother Chair.

Cha. The gentleman's fall'n mad !

[Pleasance steps out.
Ple.

Ple. No, mistress Midwife.

I saw the child, and you did give it me,
And put it i' my arms; by this ill token,
You wish'd me such another; and it cry'd.

Pra. The law is plain; if it were heard to cry,
And you produce it not, he may indict
All that conceal't, of felony, and murder.

Com. And I will take the boldness, fir, to do it:
Beginning with fir Moth here, and his doctor.

Sil. Good faith this same is like to turn a bu-
[finess.

Pal. And a shrewd business, marry; they all start
[at it.

Com. I ha' the right thread now, and I will keep it.
You, goody Keep, confess the truth to my lady,
The truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth.

Pol. I scorn to be prevented of my glories,
I plotted the deceit, and I will own it.
Love to my child, and lucre of the portion
Provok'd me; wherein though th' event hath fail'd
In part, I will make use of the best side.
This is my daughter, and she hath had a child
This day, unto her shame, (I now profess it)
By this meer false stick, squire Needle; but
Since this wise knight hath thought it good to change
The foolish father of it, by assuring
Her to his dear friend, mr. Bias; and him
Again to her, by clapping of him on
With his free promise of ten thousand pound,
Afore so many witnesses——

Sil. Whereof I
Am one.

Pal. And I another.

Pol. I should be unnatural
To my own flesh and blood, would I not thank him.
I thank you, fir; and I have reason for it.

For

For here your true niece stands, fine mrs. Compass,
(I'll tell you truth, you have deserv'd it from me.)
To whom you are by bond engag'd to pay
The sixteen thousand pound, which is her portion,
Due to her husband, on her marriage-day.
I speak the truth, and nothing but the truth.

Iro. You'll pay it now, sir Moth, with interest?
You see the truth breaks out on every side of you.

Int. Into what nets of cou'snage am I cast
On every side? each thread is grown a noose^a:
A very mesh: I have run my self into
A double break, of paying twice the money.

Bia. You shall be releas'd, of paying me a penny,
With these conditions.

Pol. Will you leave her then?

Bia. Yes, and the sum, twice told, e're take a wife,
To pick out monsieur Needle's basting-threads.

Com. Gossip, you are paid: tho' he be a fit nature,
Worthy to have a whore justly put on him;
He is not bad enough to take your daughter
On such a cheat. Will you yet pay the portion?

Int. What will you bate?

Com. No penny the law gives.

Int. Yes, Bias's money.

Com. What, your friend in court?
I will not rob you of him, nor the purchase,
Nor your dear doctor here; stand all together,
Birds of a nature all, and of a feather.

Lad. Well, we are all now reconcil'd to truth.
There rests yet a gratuity from me,
To be conferr'd upon this gentleman;

^a *Each thread is grown a noose.*] The corruption is evident; and the sense leads us to an easy correction. There can be no doubt, but *noose* is the true reading. Mr. Theobald placed *woof* in the margin of his copy, as an emendation of the text: but the former seems to be the juster expression.

Who (as my nephew Compass says) was cause
 First of th' offence, but since of all th' amends.
 The quarrel caus'd th' affright, that fright brought on
 The travail, which made peace; the peace drew on
 This new discovery, which endeth all
 In reconciliation.

Com. When the portion
 Is tender'd, and receiv'd.

Int. Well, you must have it;
 As good at first as last.

Lad. 'Tis well said, brother.
 And I, if this good captain will accept me,
 Give him my self, endow him with my estate,
 And make him lord of me, and all my fortunes:
 He that hath sav'd my honour, though by chance,
 I'll really study his, and how to thank him.

Iro. And I embrace you, lady, and your goodness,
 And vow to quit all thought of war hereafter;
 Save what is fought under your colours, madam.

Pal. More work then for the parson, I shall cap
 The Loadstone with an Ironside, I see.

Iro. And take in these, the forlorn couple, with us,
 Needle, and's Thread, whose portion I will think on;
 As being a business waiting on my bounty:
 Thus I do take possession of you, madam,
 My true Magnetick mistress, and my lady¹.

¹ *My true Magnetick mistress, and my lady.*] We have observed before, that our author seldom produced a play, but it created him enemies: whether it was really, as his antagonists gave out, that his satire was levelled at the foibles of some particular person, or whether it proceeded from that envy, which the other play-wrights of those days conceived against one so much their superior in genius and critical abilities. Langhain has preserved part of a satire wrote against this play, by Alexander Gill, with Jonson's answer. Gill was usher to his father in St Paul's school; he was not void of learning, but of no great regularity in his manners, or his way of living. What was the occasion of their difference does not appear, but our poet treats him roughly enough in the following severe reply:

" Shall the prosperity of a pardon still
" Secure thy railing rhimes, infamous Gill
" At libelling ? Shall no Star-chamber peers,
" Pillory, nor whip, nor want of ears,
" All which thou hast incurr'd deservedly,
" Nor degradation from the ministry,
" To be the Denis of thy father's school,
" Keep in thy bawling wit, thou bawling fool ?
" Thinking to stir me, thou hast lost thy end,
" I'll laugh at thee, poor wretched tike : go send
" Thy blotant muse abroad, and teach it rather
" A tune to drown the ballads of thy father :
" For thou hast nought in thee, to cure his fame,
" But tune and noise, the eccho of his shame.
" A rogue by statute, censur'd to be whipt,
" Cropt, branded, slit, neck-stockt ; go, you are stript."



CHORUS

CHORUS changed into an **EPILOGUE**
to the **KING**.

“ **W**ELL, gentlemen, I now must under seal,
“ And th’ author’s charge, wave you, and
make my appeal
“ To the supremest power, my lord the king ;
“ Who best can judge of what we humbly bring.
“ He knows our weakness, and the poet’s faults ;
“ Where he doth stand upright, go firm, or halts ;
“ And he will doom him. To which voice he stands,
“ And prefers that, ’fore all the peoples hands.”

END of VOL. IV.



